CONFESSIONS IN ART

HARRISON S. MORRIS

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CONFESSIONS IN ART

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HARRISON S. MORRIS

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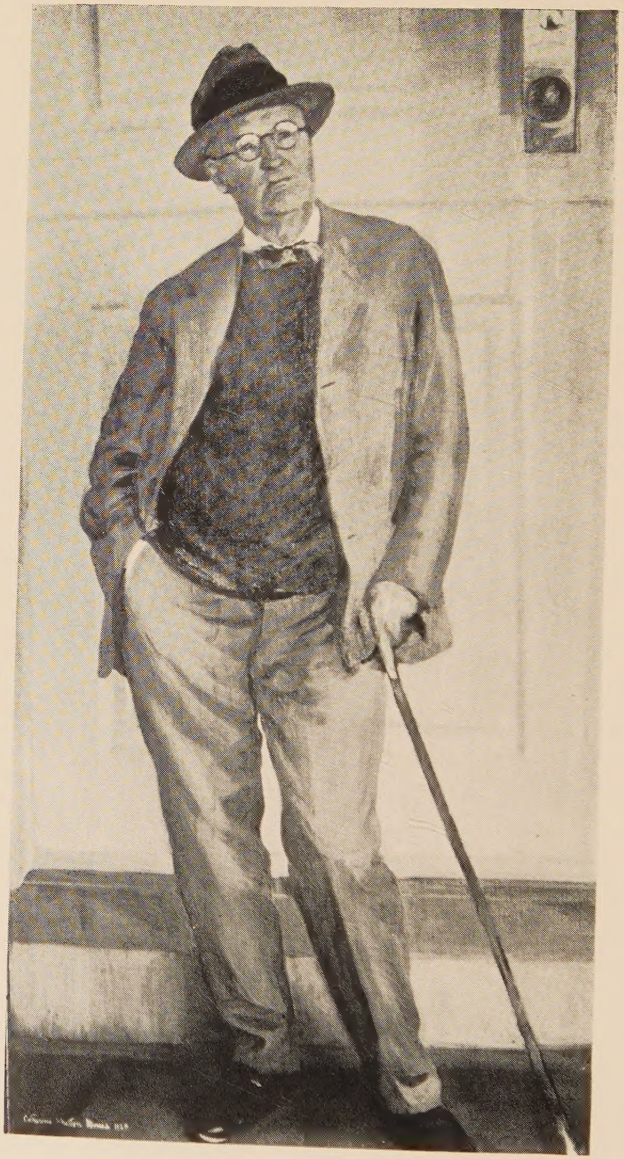

H. S. M.

From a Portrait by His Daughter,
Catharine Morris Wright

CONFESSIONS IN ART

By
HARRISON S. MORRIS

Sometime Managing Director, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; Treasurer, National Institute of Arts and Letters; President, The Art Association of Newport, R. I.; etc.

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CONFESSIONS IN ART

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"You cannot go to the bottom of the subject; but all that you tell us will be new to us. Give us as many anecdotes as you can."

Dr. Samuel Johnson to Boswell
on His Projected Trip to Corsica.

INSTEAD OF A PREFACE

Good old William Dunlap, the Gossip of American Art in the Thirties, put together his memories in "The History of the Arts of Design." This is now the mine where all may dig for the gold of that era. For in it are Stuart, and West, and the Peales, and Sully, and Malbone, and Copley, and all the rest of our precious past in Art.

And here, in these "Confessions," you will meet with the equivalent of those elder great men in the ranks of our own day. For here are Whistler and Sargent and Albert Ryder, Chase and Jo Pennell and Winslow Homer, Twachtman and Abbott Thayer; Brush and Alden Weir, Eakins, and John Alexander; St. Gaudens and Hovenden, Tarbell, Benson, DeCamp, and old John Sartain. They are touched-in by tints of personal contact, and kept alive in anecdote and letter, and in quoted speech.

Instead of a Preface, there is at the close an Envoi, which aims to bring together the loose threads of gossip and attempts to interpret the meaning it encloses.

H. S. M.

Managing Director, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts
1892-1905

Editor, Lippincott's Magazine
1899-1905

Art Editor, Ladies' Home Journal
1905-1907

Chairman Committee on Ways and Means, National Academy of Design, New York
1907-1910

Commissioner General of United States to Roman Art Exposition
1911

Treasurer, National Institute of Arts and Letters

President, The Art Association of Newport, Rhode Island

Cavaliere de Grande Croce decorato del Grande Cordone dell' Ordine della Corona d'Italia

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

H. S. M. *From a portrait by his daughter, Catharine Morris Wright* . . . . . *Frontispiece*

William M. Chase and Harrison S. Morris. *From shadow pictures* 80

Sketch by Abbott Thayer of his "Young Woman" . . 140

Jo Pennell's sketch of Wagman Adams's portraits of Charley Burns, McLure Hamilton, and Pennell—with supporting angels 176

Menu for a dinner to Mark Twain 202

Maxfield Parrish house in a snow-drift 272

CONFESSIONS IN ART

I

EVEN when I was a very young fellow, I decided to write a life of Thomas Sully, the portrait painter. Perhaps this was because my grandfather's family lived close by him in Merchant Street, Philadelphia, and his family and ours were friends. I had heard my lovely aunt tell of sitting for him in, I think, the character of Pride, or Prudence, and there are other vague stories of the day and place. The Monachesi family were also mutual friends and Marian had sat to Sully in the same series. Monachesi was an Italian who came to this country for refuge in '48 and brought with him examples of his painting—for he also was an artist—conspicuously, a beautiful copy of "The Persian Sibyl" by Guercino, which my family had always miscalled "Beatrice Cenci." The headdress was the same, but there the resemblance ceased; and, besides, the name was on the Sibyl's book for any eye to read. This was an object often mentioned amongst us, and I suppose it helped to incline me to write Sully's life—at least to tempt me into the pathways of art—and the wheel of fortune, or some such attribute of luck, has at last carried that rich canvas into my possession.

I had also decided, earlier than this, that I would be a sign-painter, which denoted, no doubt, the same allurements of Destiny. But the rites of the goddess were

somehow barren and neither of these alternatives happened. I trudged till maturity in the avenues of business, and though it may be denied and argued as impossible, it was business that gave me the introduction to art.

But business could not exclude reading and contributions to newspapers and magazines, and acquaintance with artists, and thus by 1892 I was ready to take the Directorship of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

This was the conclusion of some service to the Academy while I was still in the ranks of finance. The old ship of Art—I had almost said hulk—was laboring in the shallow seas of an indifferent public and was struggling with the decay of its timbers too long unrepaired by its easy-going crew. I was asked to advertise the Annual Exhibition of the year before, and thus, if possible, to transfuse into the viscous veins some vitality. This I undertook, against the forebodings of hopeless friends and even the advice of experienced journalists. Nothing, they said, could ever be done to restore that mildewed relic. I was told of the error in moving to Broad Street north of Market, a forgotten corner of the city, where life was sluggish and the cobblestones of the highway gave birth to tufts of grass, where the huge and hideous City Hall cut off the currents of life, and the clannish circles of the south of Market Street refused to penetrate. And when I proposed to have lettered flags flying from the buses, a forlorn line that soon expired of fatal Broad Street blight, I was ridiculed as an audacious young person who was committing suicide at a pathetically immature age.

But we had the flags on the buses and advertisements in the papers and no end of notices and appeals, and a

sort of reviving ichor began to stimulate the blood of the worn-out patient. The old Secretary had left and a new one was on trial. The old one, of long years' incumbency, had recently fought with that most lovable of artists, Thomas Hovenden, and struck him on the brow with an inkstand that mingled the dripping fluid with his blood. He had also quarreled with a visitor who declared she was a stockholder of the Academy and therefore immune from the entrance fee of twenty-five cents. The exaction of that quarter-dollar cost the Academy forty thousand dollars a year. She was Mrs. Wilstach, who inherited the fortune of her husband, a patron of art, and the fortune destined for the Academy was thus left to the Fairmount Park Commission, which, with it, formed the present Wilstach Collection in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park.

But the new Secretary who stepped into the vortex left by the old, lasted only a year, and in July, 1892, I was called from my nineteen years in the treasury of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company to be the Managing Director of the Academy.

This office was a new one, and it superseded the Secretaryship and absorbed it. As the Board were called Directors, and did not manage, I was distinguished from them by the appropriate affix—for manage I had to, with very limited funds, little help from the town, nor much from the Directors. The only asset worth anything was the rich traditions of the oldest art institution in the country.

I could not forget in a thousand years my sensation on that hot July morning when I entered the musty and solemn office of my new job. I had left the excitement and activity of what was called in finance "The Street" for

this! The high dusty office walls were hung with neglected canvases of a barren period, English and early American, too poor to show in the galleries; the outlook through the narrow windows of a bizarre architecture to Broad Street was hopeless; the deserted corridors and galleries were drowsy with the ventilation left over from winter. Only youth, or the impulses left from it, could have survived and achieved; and survive and achieve I must.

The summer passed in exploration of the echoing vistas into which I had entered. The people employed seemed to belong to the same geologic period as the building, but I presently found them rather in a state of trance than actually unserviceable. The dear old Curator had spent his life with the Academy, and everybody—students and artists—loved him. The men of labor in handling and hanging showed, under friendly encouragement, both skill and taste. They had been made comatose by the enervating dusk. But I realized it would take long to lift this spell from the galleries—indeed, I never quite accomplished it, nor has anybody since, especially that corner grimly called by artists "the morgue."

The season for the Annual Exhibition approached with the fall, and my invention was alert for plans that would give it new impulses. I had known Thomas Hovenden slightly. I remembered how he tenderly cherished a broken old gate at his place in Plymouth Meeting because he so loved its mildewed green. He now gave me his genial help, which was the warmth of friendship added to widest acquaintance and influence among the artists. And presently we traveled together to New York and Boston in search of pictures for the show.

In those cities we had called on everybody of rank in

the field of painting and sculpture; in fact we had had, or rather Hovenden had, an ovation wherever we went. I recollect seeing Tarbell and Benson and De Camp in Boston, but with no incidents to mark that first meeting, though many are stored from later years. And in New York I recall best the rap we gave at St. Gaudens's studio door. It was closely guarded to save him from interruption, and only a little sliding window in it was opened to our summons. "What is it?" Hovenden modestly gave his name and mine. The slide shut to. Then again it opened, and the brown—rather golden—curls of St. Gaudens's hair with his clear eyes and lifted chin of brown whisker, smiled a greeting to Hovenden. The door was thrown wide, and we went in. There was a long talk amongst the modeling clay, and I guess we got what we wanted, though I can't remember what it was. St. Gaudens loved dear, honest Hovenden, and gave him visible tokens which now adorn the sweet old house at Plymouth Meeting. There, too, are mementos of W. L. Picknell, who was growing notable, as I came into the field, with his surprising "Route de Concarneau," now in the Corcoran Gallery, and of Bolton and Frank Jones who, with Picknell, made a stained-glass window of shells and painted breadths of glass which still glows in the century-old window frame.

I must dwell a moment on the dear good Hovenden of many lovable qualities. After the Chicago World's Fair, where the celebrated painting, "Breaking the Home Ties," had been surrounded by crowds throughout the show, he was asked to write a piece for the Report of the Art Department of the Exposition; and he chose to tell why popular art was the best art. This was first a short paper, but it enlarged under his enthusiasm to almost a

book, which he used to carry about in his grip for additions as they came to him. He and I occupied separate beds in a room in the ancient Everett House, in New York, on a dripping, stormy night. I was startled in the heavy dusk by a moving white figure at the washstand. I called out for help, and Hovenden whispered soothingly that it was he; he had risen from his bed only to put down a thought. He was writing it on his nightgown with a lead pencil. Another time, he and I went to New York on an artistic errand, and after we had left the hotel I noticed that he still carried his satchel. I turned to go back with him and deposit it in his room. But, no; he refused. It contained the report; and he said he was afraid the hotel might burn down while he was away.

Such endearing naïveté made Hovenden the beloved of everybody. This was mixed with not a little assertive opinion, but that was the salt to give it pungency. His convictions on painting were firm and true. I recollect how he hated the intruding elements of impressionism. He said he could do that sort of thing overnight—and he did. He confided to me that he was going to paint a canvas, and put it up before the jury without his name. I was to receive it at the Academy and run it through the ordeal. It all came off as he planned, and he deeply enjoyed the joke on his fellow jurors—who were more yielding toward the new fad—when they accepted and hung the canvas.

Hovenden's own work dealt with the homely themes of the farmlands or the pioneers of the frontier as they founded a new state—art that was sincerely beautiful in its technical qualities and touching in its fancy—art that is now scornfully called by callow painters—"old hat,"

but which has deep within the seeds of endurance. Nobody can see and forget the figure of John Brown of Osawatomie, a captive on the Court House steps, so rich in character and in color and form—so moving in pathos as he reached down to kiss the little colored baby in its mother's arms.

I must not omit how the report also became a lecture. The day it was billed at the Pennsylvania Academy was chosen as well by a blizzard. Hovenden was away out at Plymouth Meeting in the snow-drifts. But the lecture had to be given. He sleighed over to the station miles away, not on the roads—they were impassable—but by taking down the fence-rails and cutting across-country. The lecture was delivered to a devoted handful under skylights darkened by the drifted snow.

There was another old friend, much older than Hovenden, older than almost anybody, who was eager with his help in those early days. This was John Sartain, who was an artist in mezzotint and engraving, a most capable manager in the business of art, and a treasure-house of memories. I edited his autobiography, "Recollections of a Very Old Man," and you may learn there that he came from the toll-keeper's lodge of his father on a London turnpike in his early twenties, to Philadelphia, where he lived till well past ninety. A paying teller in a bank once emphasized this by refusing to cash his check. "John Sartain—he's dead; you can see his monument up there in the cemetery." The latter was true, for the eccentric old man had erected the shaft and prudently ordered his own epitaph carved on it.

He was vitally alive in my day. He had brought together at the Centennial Exposition the first represen-

tative collection we had seen of contemporary European painting; he had really planted the seed of our new national art, especially in illustration, by securing from Switzerland Schuessele as instructor at the Pennsylvania Academy—for out of Schuessele came Eakins, who grew the flower that all might have the seed; and he had published *Sartain's Magazine,* to which Poe was a contributor. I have listened with a thrill to his stories of Poe—this old man sitting there had talked with Edgar Allan Poe! He had kept him at his house through darkly morbid periods, and once he had sat with him at night by the river and restrained him from suicide. Everything local in art and letters in that dim era of the forties to the sixties had passed under John Sartain's eyes, and not much escaped them that was happening in those nonagenarian years when he befriended me.

One night I found him at the Pennsylvania Historical Society at a convivial table where the wine passed as freely as the laughter. The reception was about over, but not the merriment, and it was proposed that the party should go across the street to the Art Club. It was a notable group: Edmund Clarence Stedman, Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, Richard Henry Stoddard, and John Sartain. Stoddard was a trifle lame and took our arms as we walked around the corner. The gayety was revived in the Club, and it was late when we almost literally carried the witty but now drowsy lyric poet over to his hotel. The venerable boy Sartain and I went home together. In the morning I had an errand at the Club and met Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston in the lobby.

"Why, Mr. Moores," he said, with a Southern richness,

"that ol' man"—meaning Sartain—"oh, Sah, it was wonderful! Why, it was just like po'in' watah into a hole in the groun'." Such was the impression made by John Sartain's abilities with the cup, which with him never inebriated but always drew forth flowing stores of cheer.

II

AS it was too late in my first year to organize a really big annual show of the sort which slowly matures through a year or more, it was decided to begin with two collections belonging to friends. They were easy to secure and to handle, and quite unique in this country at that time.

My old and dear friend, Samuel Bancroft, Jr., of Wilmington, Delaware, had gathered a group of English Pre-Raphaelite paintings and drawings, so rich and numerous as to out-number any known in the possession of a single connoisseur; and my comrade, Herbert Gilchrist, sent to London for the Blakes which his father, author of the "Life of William Blake," had brought together long before any one cared very much for the now priceless examples of that inspired artist. These were shown in two of the rather shabby galleries, and "made a sunshine in a shady place." To the list of Mr. Bancroft's Pre-Raphaelites were added examples from Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago, and Professor Charles Eliot Norton, with some others—all indeed known to be on this side of the sea.

The Blakes have long ago been scattered, and it would now be impossible to repeat such an exhibit. Herbert Gilchrist, who inherited them from his father, was a sensitive artist of delicate taste, whose painting hardly supported him. He found the value of the Blakes necessary to his maintenance, and one by one they passed from him.

He and I were constantly together in that day. He had a studio near Miss Beaux's, and in her rooms we often met for the flavor of delightful talk and tea; and he would lead me to tramp out the streets that overlooked the Schuylkill River, even then polluted with the city's waste, but to him, in the spirit of his English traditions, beautiful in the evening light. His sense of beauty was deep and true, but his sense of humor was what we probably miscall British. I went with him to the exhibition in New York when the "Angelus" by Millet was shown, amongst a marvelous collection of French paintings of the Barbizon School, and after we had examined these tokens of Gallic genius critically and enjoyed their power and loveliness, he whispered in my ear as we were leaving, "The English are a great people!" And though he had been seven times to see the first musical comedy which came over here from England, with Leslie and his merry company of actors, he and I went one night together. When the G.O.W., or Grand Old Woman, huge and heavy, fell on the stage and all the scenery shook long and laughably, the dear innocent Gilchrist whispered to me, "Do you think they did that on purpose?"

But Gilchrist embodied to me noble English traditions. His father was the associate in the London literary group of the Rossettis and of Tennyson, who visited and finally rented the cottage at Haslemere where the Gilchrists had long lived. From Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the elder Gilchrist had received the note-book of William Blake—a relic inconceivably rich—from which came the fabric of his "Life of Blake"; and Herbert's mother it was who wrote the two clear and sympathetic essays on Walt Whitman, spurred by that group of his devoted and earliest advocates in England. This led to a friendship

with Walt Whitman which brought Mrs. Gilchrist, after her husband's death, to Philadelphia in our Centennial year. Later than this, Herbert and I were occasionally together at Walt Whitman's little house in Camden, where Herbert painted a portrait of Walt and was always affectionately received. Just before my Academy days, Herbert had been Instructor in Composition there, which he was well furnished to teach, but he had trouble to control the derisive students, who poked fun at his English manners, and after a year's successful teaching he preferred to retire. I visited him when he left Philadelphia, at Centerport on Long Island, whither he was drawn by the Whitman traditions. Eustace Conway, son of Moncure Conway, who was a stout adherent of Walt's, rented Herbert a small red frame house there, where he was painting a composition of Cleopatra and her barge. In view of this, he had received from a captain on one of his voyages a flat sail of the Egyptian type, full of color, which was a feature in that picture. We could sail out before the wind in Huntington Harbor, but there was a long row back, which gave rise to wonder if Egyptian navigation all went one way. He and I drove over to Walt's birthplace at West Hills, where at that day the "lilacs" still "in the door-yard bloomed," and the white sand of the road touched the doorway—alas, now buried under an asphalt road sacred to nothing but gasoline!

Herbert remembered, as a child, seeing Tennyson, tall and dark and slouch-hatted, brought under the vine-fringed eaves of the Haslemere cottage, after a long walk on the downs with his father, when he as a child was hustled out of the library so that the poet might rest there. In London he took me to his brother's house —the inventor of the Gilchrist process in iron furnace

operation—and I can remember having Buxton Forman, the editor of Keats, among others, come up from the tennis courts for a friendly talk—a large muscular man, with a noble head.

Such were the traditions of that widely cultivated family. Herbert wrote a life of his mother, whose portrait, one of his finest works, he used as a frontispiece, in composition and character the embodiment of gentle, vivacious ladyhood. I meant to secure this canvas as a remembrance of those romantic days, but it must have been lost in the discard when the tragedy of his too-early demise took place. That he should have snuffed the candle of his existence seemed without motive, for his works were appearing in the London exhibitions season by season, and John Sargent and his sister were amongst the devoted friends who believed in his character and his art.

I have strayed far afield from the Pre-Raphaelite exhibition, an indulgence which must be charged to the garrulity of old comradeship. But I should say a word or two, before leaving that exhibition, of Samuel Bancroft. In externalities you would never have credited him with love of beauty in art and letters. He was a business man of large affairs, running a textile mill, and full of its concerns, and indeed President of a short railroad. But in the recesses of his mind there lay the saving grace of the quest of art, and when the door of his charming country house closed—though it was a stone's throw from the mills—he entered the world of intellect and was master of the best culture of England. There he brought together the unparalleled group of English Pre-Raphaelite works, with the attendant literature, which I hope some day will find their place in a public memorial building

in Wilmington, Delaware, his native town, where all may see and use their richness.

The one conspicuous visitor to the Rossetti and Blake show whom I remember, was John Wanamaker. I took him up to the galleries, and he paused a moment at the door for a swift general survey. Then he speeded around both rooms without examining any picture, and came back to me at the door. He said:

"Now—have you got any more?"

And as I had not, we walked downstairs and he left.

I had had many pleasant meetings with him on the side of art. He owned the two huge pictures by Munkacsy: "Christ before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary" —very spectacular and pictorial and overbearing—and when I went to the Academy they were stored in the lecture room, dark and gloomy, and not on view. This led to some new intercourse which finally resulted in a visit of an old Scotch assistant from the Grand Depot of many alluring advertisements. Was the name Mr. Grant? I think so. He said Mr. Wanamaker (Honest John, he was then called, from his square dealing and his leadership of Bethany Church) had ordered him to go into the art business, and had sent him to call on me. Well, what could I do for him? Mr. Wanamaker wanted the two great pictures taken from our rooms and set up in the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany at Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, which he had just then bought. And I was to advise Mr. Grant how to set them up. This was all done as requested, and I watched our workmen installing the two enormous canvases, one at either end of what had been the church. In the basement were held daily religious services and prayer meetings, which were noted on placards at the lower door. I think a charge

of ten cents was asked for seeing the pictures. Well, this seemed perfectly rational. These pictures of religious subjects were not visible at the Academy and could be seen in the church. Why not make them public? But it was not till long after their exhibition that we learned, when the church was sold, that the taxation on a building used for religious purposes is intermitted; and, who knows? this may explain the episode.

Mr. Wanamaker was always very friendly. He once addressed me: "Harrison Morris, you're wasted here; you ought to go to New York." And ultimately I did; and I have a rich little set of Gray's Poems which he gave me for serving on a picture jury in his store.

Another connection of Honest John with art which I hesitate to omit, relates to Paul Bartlett, the sculptor of the "Washington" in Paris, and "Lafayette," and the "Michael Angelo" in the Congressional Library—a commanding artist of high rank.

One night Bartlett came home to dinner with me and stayed till near bedtime. The ladies made music, and there was much enjoyment in his Parisian gossip. He had arranged to stay overnight at John Wanamaker's, further up the Pike, and I went with him in the trolley to Wanamaker's gate, tall and grand, with a gate-house beside it. As we stepped into the drive leading up to the distant mansion, there were barks and yelps and bays and yaps of dogs, big and little, near and distant. The sculptor of animals was daunted—so was I. We went to the gate-house door—there was a deep hound-like bay beneath the porch under our feet. Our knocking brought nothing. To go up the drive was desperate.

I suggested walking back to the railroad station a mile away, and hiring a wagon. This we did, and we safely

negotiated the dogs. John Wanamaker came himself to the door and Bartlett with his bag went in. But that was not enough—I, too, must go in. I was terrified, because the driver of the hack had to meet the next train and could wait only a minute. But John was inexorable; I must come in and have refreshment. I went in; I could do nothing less; but I was out in a jiffy, for if I had not found my hack there at the door, I must have met the dogs alone—not even Bartlett to help assuage their hunger. The case was appalling, and Honest John, surrounded by his luxuries, and his pictures, and his silken smoking robe, never knew our dilemma. Many times after I have felt the cordiality of his friendship accompanied by no such comic risks.

My last call on him was near the end of his uncommon life. He exclaimed, rather wanly and despairingly, for him:

"Harrison Morris, what we have made of Philadelphia! Oh, if I only had my life to live over again!"

Perhaps he would have fallen out of step and opposed the malign forces that nearly all Philadelphians think it respectable to support.

III

BUT that was a digression. I was speaking about the Academy of the Fine Arts. This was 1893, and my first great annual show. The Chicago World's Fair ran from May till October, 1893, and it was clearly wise to form the substance of our exhibition from the best American art displayed there. I went out with Vonnoh and Will Robinson and Carl Newman, who were then Philadelphians, on the Jury, and we plunged into the pictorial riches of that feast with never-ending appetite. The feast had been served by my, afterward, old and very dear friend, Halsey C. Ives, who knew the field as nobody else at that time could. I was on his advisory committee—or, was that at St. Louis, later? And he had the support of everybody who knew anything about art in this country and abroad. He was a dynamic, if genial, character; he knew men—could handle even temperamental painters—even Whistler, with his convincing honesty and the knowledge of what he wanted. And the show was distinctively his own creation.

The most conspicuous examples of American art exhibited were, of course, the three full-length figures by Whistler: "Lady of the Land of Porcelain," "Yellow Buskin," "Fur Jacket." It was necessary to have these, or follow the well-known alternative to mounting Pike's Peak. I got the address of their owner in Glasgow, Alexander Reid, and a long correspondence ensued which led to their presentation in our Sixty-third Annual Exhibition

—December, 1893, to February, 1894. There were two other Whistlers: "Nocturne Valparaiso" and "A Chelsea Girl"; besides Sargent's "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth"; Tryons, Brushes, Wyants, McLure Hamilton's "Gladstone in Downing Street"; Alexander Harrisons, Weeks's, Vedders, Le Farges, a Weir; many of these canvases since become, in the exits of their noble painters, pathetically famous. Indeed, almost everybody conspicuous in that day was brought from Chicago to Philadelphia, and we had a sort of revivifying experience.

Memories crowd in of those mellow fall days at Chicago: the little twilit dinners in open-air booths, with tall talk of Art; the trip to the top of the Main Building so appallingly high that Billy Robinson and I were reduced to crawling on hands and knees over the mid-air pathway; the tumult in the Midway Theater when from the stage it was dramatically announced that the Mayor had been shot; the vast dismantling in the great buildings after the closing as I stayed on to receive the pictures, with my hosts, the John Boyles, himself one of the notable sculptors of the Exposition; the diminishing hootchy-cootchy dances, and the pause after the great noise.

Endless correspondence goes to the making of a great exhibition, and this absorbed the months that followed. There was apathy and antagonism in the dull social crowds of Philadelphia; and besides we were north of Market Street—the dead line of society. No respectable persons—especially such as were not steady on their social pins—could cross that dead line without the danger of social extinction. I lived well above the line in a modest old neighborhood at Twentieth and Cherry, and this was of course a taboo. One night I was dining at the

exclusive table of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the great Shakespearean, and the lady next me said she was looking for a house, and found it very difficult to get one. I asked why she didn't come up near us. Where was that? she asked. Oh, north of Market Street—Twentieth and Race. But she said, "I couldn't; think of my children. It would be impossible. Our friends would desert us." "I'm not so sure," I laughed. "I'm here!" That ended it; but she moved to DeLancey Place within the hallowed limits, including not a little of the black belt and elements of the red-lights—but sanctified to the implacable "set."

Fortunately for me, there were those whose conspicuous merit or learning or talents rose superior to these restrictions; who while living next them were still free from their trammels—"in the night but not of it," as was the goat mentioned by Mark Twain—finer souls like Dr. Weir Mitchell and Mrs. A. L. Wister; Dr. Horace Furness, whose reputation for learning or literature had jumped the Chinese Wall and reached recognition beyond, in the remote and undiscovered vistas of New York and Boston, even the mysterious "abroad."

These welcomed the new vitality at the Pennsylvania Academy, and hardly even the snobbiest of the tilted-noses in the Chinese enclosure dared to ignore their approval. Even a few of the Directors of the Academy —Hem, hem!—began to come to the exhibitions and to take credit for them.

But I anticipate a little. The first of the big shows went off with the accustomed assemblage of "old families" and their understudies present at the one annual reception. Then the impulse died out, and the attendance day by day slackened to one or two echoing foot-

steps in the vault-like galleries. It was going to take years to educate the social elect; if, indeed, they were ever penetrated at all by beauty and truth, by the most necessary refinements of life, that lay next them, but outside their restricted range. How to reach them—how to appeal to the more docile, kindlier groups of the city, who needed culture, taste, the love of beauty as much as those of the social elect who pretended they had them —this was a problem.

I had risen out of business. My instincts were of that métier. System, outlook, knowledge of men had been my education. Here I was in a new region where such instincts had never been applied. Was it not natural to mingle art with the knowledge of affairs—apply business to the propagation of beauty? Of course. So, I believe, for the first time in our art's history, here was an experiment of conducting the business of art as you would conduct the business of commerce. No professor of the fine arts, or of "the history of art" as it is called, which is the only form of teaching in art that ever enters the numskulls of colleges or academies, could apply business to art, because they have no learning in business—just as much a learned profession as their academic ones. And as I had this, and had little else to bring to the solution of this dark problem of the dying Academy, I used it.

IV

THERE had been stodgy old Thursday concerts by the orchestra of Charles Schmitz—a capable conductor buried under the Philadelphia mildew, but leading the only orchestra we had in Philadelphia—indeed the precursor of the present perfect one organized by Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer and his enlightened friends, fine and generous lovers of art—and these concerts afforded in the dead days between exhibitions a peg on which to hang advertising. If you could get a thousand or two people into the Academy once a week to sit on the stone stairs and listen to music, perhaps they would also look at the pictures and take away some illuminating sentiment to rivet their attention. Perhaps. But the galleries were a dismal place, even when the brilliant annual shows were in them, and few stragglers from the music could be enticed there. A reason, but not a good one, was that nearly everybody had, since 1806, seen all the Academy could show of its old collection, the best of which is never old; and as the taste at that day ran to the Barbizon French School, even the best of the old American art made but little appeal.

But the concerts had the substance of publicity, and I used it in every way that my wits could invent. Even to see the stairs and lower corridors full one day a week relieved the desolation of the rest.

Of course, the best of reasons for dwelling on the pictures belonging to the Academy was that there were many

by Gilbert Stuart, by Sully and by Charles Willson Peale, which had come down as heirlooms from a richer and brighter day and a less pursy management. No eye could ignorantly cock its lorgnette at these. They were, and are, the inheritance we have received from our glorious intellectual past. They are no stop-gags to be neglected or passed by. The test of man's limit of culture rests in them; they signify his right to live to the height of human receptivity.

But, no; these immortal things were brushed aside with the rest—a neglected heap of more or less value, like the "Death on the Pale Horse" by West (now *incommunicado* in the Academy cellar); or Farufini's "Cæsar Borgia"; or Bougereau's "Orestes," lately going slowly to pieces in sight of all; and twenty others, including, of course, the "Parisina" by Andre Gastaldi. And the crowds came and went unmoved.

I suppose it was the idea that I was a sort of new broom on which to hang a cleaning up that gave to the Directors the impulse to sell a lot of the over-ripe canvases that had long gathered dust below-stairs. They went at it with more activity than anything I had yet seen. Perhaps the instinct for the chase, so prevailing in business, may have animated them. At all events, they went into the grime of the basement and had a huge group of lifeless canvases brought before them, and condemned almost all. I had hardly any regrets. It did seem ungrateful to sell "Sheridan's Ride" by Thomas Buchanan Read, and Schuessele's big composition, but they belonged to a period which the conventions of the Directors had discarded, and out they went. They went, in fact, to auction in New York, and they kicked up a pretty row. One of them was, by will, to be preserved

forever, and a Mr. Towne took up its cause and pestered the Directors for an age. But nothing worse happened than the exposure of the imperfect records hitherto kept by the management, and a year-long volley of small shot from an obscure newspaper called the *Item,* by its fiery editor, whose stand for righteousness was shocked by the vandalism of the Directors in clandestinely hurrying the lot to New York and selling them secretly, so he charged, by public auction.

In passing, it is pertinent to say that the group left to the Academy by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Field, including their portrait by Sargent—a very early and beautiful canvas—is at the present time endangered by similar disregard of willed conditions. These works were bequeathed, I believe, on the pledge that they were to hang always together on a designated wall in the Print Room of the Academy, and if removed were to revert, I think to an institution in Baltimore. The Sargent portrait has of late repeatedly appeared apart from the group. It would be a calamity were it lost to Philadelphia through this sort of carelessness.

I should not forget to say that the concerts which gave pleasure, and perhaps impulses toward beauty and taste to so many thousands of people, were stopped short, after a while, by Mr. Simon Gratz and his fellow Taxing Board (which is one of the most powerful levers of our gang political machine), because the Academy was tax-free as a charitable institution, and the concerts made a small charge for admission. Virtue could no further go. Music slept in Philadelphia till Mr. Van Rensselaer awakened it with the tip of his golden wand.

V

THE old artist who is not enough a genius to hold his own but is still a worthy member of the guild, who represents the perception of beauty and who sees nature according to his sympathies—he is to me a very appealing figure, sometimes with a dash of the comic, more often of the pathetic. There was in Philadelphia a group of his class, almost as neglected as the Academy, and quite neglected by it. I felt it a duty to seek the friendship of these fine old men and win their regard. One way of doing this was to hang examples of their work. They were entitled to the good offices of the Academy; some of them had been Fellows, an order of the earlier day that had fallen into disuse. Like all the amiable guild, they were not hard to win back. A show of appreciation for their work was overture enough, and the reward was very genuine friendship.

We all know that the period from the death of the Peales and Sully—roughly about 1850—had been barren of art as Balclutha—

"I passed by Balclutha, and it was desolate."

A few of these old painters survived in Philadelphia who had not lost the manner caught from the great, nor, indeed, found very much that was new. I except William T. Richards, because he was always a law unto himself and true to noble English antecedents; and of course Thomas Eakins is a large exception.

But there was dear old Isaac L. Williams, with whom at the grayest age I used to walk—though he boasted of his endurance, he walked by installments, needing much repose on doorsteps—a very good academic portrait painter, and teacher of not a few: Among these, I think, was the lively Pennell. There was sweet old Mr. Willcox, who painted the sea, and a portrait when asked. And Briscoe, and General Mulholland who designed the landscaped window-shades of that day—the General a hero of Gettysburg and later Chief of Police of Philadelphia, though beauty exerted no restraint on his force, for his police were said to be the poorest we ever had. And, miracle as it seems, there, too, was Xanthus Smith, who, alas, is just dead at ninety-one—a painter, who served in the battle of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* and has painted it as he saw it, with much more of the war through which he lived. And there was Hamilton, James Hamilton, over whom I must pause a bit.

Hamilton was a genuine artist. He followed the traditions evoked by Turner; but he had moments of great originality and picturesque fancy. His color was often brilliant, and in his sunsets at sea he left a sort of canvas that had in it so much of his own observation and sense of nature's beauty that one overlooked its fidelity to a great antecedent. Hamilton must have been a character. I never knew him, but one could not enter the paths of art in Philadelphia without hearing about him on all sides. He was the most conspicuous of the old group; Edwin Lewis, though a favorite and established in society, was not his equal, nor could F. de Berg Richards, with sea pieces of a less inspired sort, approach him—nor Sword. But with these we come to the last vibrations of the artistic impulse of that day.

Well, being aware of Hamilton and interested in him, I could pick out his canvases almost anywhere, and it was characteristic of the droll period to which he belonged that I should discover a whole gallery of his work in the office of my dentist. It acted as an alleviation to see those large vigorous things on the four walls of an old room of some shabby elegance. There was a "Merchant of Venice"—moonlight, lagoons, reflecting red palace lights, a gondola waiting, and cloaked and fleeing figures—a very handsome and dramatic composition. There was a light blond-looking Nile scene of bamboos and entangled river growths with a massive Egyptian tomb as background; as convincing as though the painter had been there. I remember none of the subjects so well as these, but there must have been a dozen such. I asked the elderly dentist where he had got them.

"Oh," said he, "they are by James Hamilton, a patient of mine."

"Yes, I know it, but so many—did you buy them?"

"No—no," said he. "You see Mr. Hamilton is a little given—that is, you know, to liking his liquor—grows mellow now and then—and when he travels through the West on his painting tours—well, I suppose he meets convivial company, Bohemian and all that, and he loses his teeth." I did not quite see the connection. "So he comes to me before he starts out and I make him a number of sets—he can't get on without them, and he pays me, you see—well, I have to take his pictures in payment."

What became of them I never knew, but whoever owns them has a link that shines conspicuously bright in the chain of native art at its dullest period.

As I have said, the case of William T. Richards was

wholly different. He stands forth a clear and substantial figure in a haze of mediocrity. There was that about him which expressed conviction and firmness, but so penetrated with a gentle lovable spirit that the more energetic traits seldom emerged. His career showed that when they were needed for self-protection or for devotion to duty, they were not atrophied. He had married the highly intellectual Miss Matlack of Quaker birth, in the teeth of her stiff father's opposition, and he had won his place in art with a will that never yielded to the prevailing apathy. His old friend Willcox was full of friendly stories about him, which I loved to draw out in that bare little studio in a plain street of Germantown. A noble face and great tufts of pure white hair were his leading features. He would tell me with admiration of his old friend's inspired obstinacy, as when he was painting a blackberry bush where Lambdin, another comrade, was also sketching. A boy looked over Lambdin's shoulder, and said, "Mister, how long did it take you to make that?" Lambdin said a few days. "Good for you!" said the boy. "That fellow up there's been all summer over his." And dear old Mr. Willcox used to say, "That picture was not more than twenty inches long, but it made a marked impression in art circles, and sold for six hundred dollars!"

Well, after I was installed, Mr. Richards would now and then drop in at the Academy and sit down for what he made a charming, intimate gossip in the shadowy room of a distorted architecture, hung with the corpses of a dead art. He would brighten up the day with his views on Wordsworth whom he loved with old-fashioned devotion, and on the Sonnets of the River Duddon, which fell in with his tranquil mood; with observations on the

men of the period, never acid, never envious, but always illuminating, and on processes of painting; or with shrewd but amiable comment on people we both knew.

You would never have believed that this small slight figure with the loose white hair and delicate countenance was at that very time painting large vigorous canvases of breaking seas and mountainous coasts. His soft speech and gentle manner belied it, his quiet approach would have deceived you. Then, too, he loved the past of noble reflection and serenity of beauty, which seemed so very incompatible with the roar of his breakers. But these, also, you would perceive, had within them the repose that dwells with all things beautiful.

At a later time, for one of the annual exhibitions, he and I traveled the rounds of the studios in New York and Boston and elsewhere, and though he was not of that generation of artists, and painted in a manner they had left behind—for they were now as fearful of the contagion of what they called "old hat" as if it were a fatal disease—he was respected by every one of them as a leader of their guild. I remember once when William M. Chase approached a marine by Richards in an annual show, how he stood off and lifted his incomparable high hat and fairly cried: "I take my hat off to him; he's a master of drawing!" Drawing, yes; and design, too; and even color, though not always so convincingly. He will come into his own, with Wyant, and Homer Martin and Weir, who found the road to fame steep, but have reached the summit—alas, after death, too late! too late!

The letters are few, but here is a characteristic paragraph from one of November, 1898, in the island of Guernsey, where the sea-painter found his best models in rocks and sea:

"We will remain in Guernsey till April. Our previous winter here was so pleasant that we could think of no seashore which would be so favorable.

". . . There have been most charming days, when I could be outdoors painting all day long—in spite of rain and wind; the gardens are still bright with flowers, and the hedges of great Fuchsia-trees in blossom have forgotten it is not summer. I have been lazy, or rather have had little heart to work, but now the skies are clear again [alluding to the health of Mrs. Richards] and I will make up for lost time.

"All sorts of things with new charms and splendors come to my mind, but I greatly fear they will not be crowned with the little measure my hand has been trained to make—and that the new things will not greatly differ from the old."

One other letter I must quote in testimony of the sweetness and the humility of that gentle spirit. It is dated years later, in 1905, and alludes to our One-hundredth Anniversary Exhibit of that year:

"CANAAN, CONN.,
Jan. 14, '05.

"DEAR MR. MORRIS:

"We forgot on Thursday to come to any conclusion about the Temple medal. If there be no better candidate I should, I think, vote for one of the three Boston men, preferably De Camp though he has nothing more important than the portrait in the show. But tell me what you think.

"I had a good time, but came away rather dis-

heartened by the futility of my own work and, to me, the unsatisfactory tendency of the landscape art, and a good deal of the other art. But it is my own fault. For alas I am no artist and no painter, though I am devoutly thankful that to me remains the simple beauty of the world unsophisticated by any theories.

"The exhibition will be a great success and that success will be largely owing to your own great energy and exceedingly good judgment which I greatly admire.

"Yours most truly,

"WILLIAM T. RICHARDS."

Eakins, the simple-minded, almost disingenuous Thomas Eakins—the noble, manly spirit, without guile, almost without a sense of self-protection—he, too, has met with Fate's inequalities. Now, since death prematurely took him, he has reached the highest recesses of recognition, he has been honored by a memorial exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, his studio failures have been hotly snatched up by collectors, and his canvases have gone to values that must astound him where he works (for work was his earthly refuge as it must be his heavenly) in some unostentatious angle of the sky.

When I began at the Academy, Eakins was in exile. He had committed a sin against the laws of the nude, had impiously touched a nerve of the conventions, and was in outer darkness. I had known him very well, and had felt the bold appeal of his vigorous painting; the attachment which his lovable nature had won from his students, and the force of his intellect—he could speak in Latin to the Catholic prelates whom he painted, and he knew French,

German and Italian. I felt his value to the Academy. A city with Eakins living in it detached from its Fine Arts Academy was a Hamlet-less farce. You might as well try to run a wagon on three wheels. Everybody would ask where the fourth was. The fourth, as essential as any of the rest, was Eakins. Of course, there was the Building, there was the Endowment, there was the Board of Directors. Eakins was far more essential than all the Directors put together—yet they held him off because he had removed a clout from the loins of a model in a mixed classroom—or, maybe, he had induced one of the girl pupils to pose in the nude, I don't remember what it was—but he was run out—he, whose massive character, whose draughtmanship has impressed its mark, like a mintage, on the entire field of young men and women who came after him into fame, especially in the branch of illustration. He was as innocent of sexual wickedness as "a nun pious with adoration." It would never occur to him that the human body had any other purpose than that of plastic beauty. Like Walt Whitman, whom he much resembled in reversion to primitive instincts tempered by nobility of thought, he could see in his disregard of prudish affectations only the return to truth. He had a devoted wife. He had no children.

I felt at once the lost motion of the Academy without Eakins, and I set out to win him back; not to the classes —prejudice and superior virtue were too thick for that —but to have the favor of his presence, to see him often, and to feel his passive influence. He gave me so much a share of his regard, that before long he asked me to pose for my portrait, which I did in his studio at the top floor, without elevator, on Chestnut Street below

Broad—a vast, narrow floor-space with hardly adequate north light, and messed up with clay and paint and canvas in what I judged he thought delightful disorder. Here, too, he was akin to Walt Whitman.

I stood day after day while he patiently transcribed me—for his method stuck closely to the object; and I watched his large underlip, red and hanging; his rather lack-luster eyes, with listless lids; his overalls of blue, I think; and his woolen undershirt, the only upper garment, which was the American equivalent of the velveteen of my Lord Leighton or of Carolus Duran.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, a rather demure but not fussy member of the guild of painters, remarked to me that she was a bit shocked when, in the same lack of drapery, he painted her.

I posed on my feet for so many hours that I was seized of an irruption on my weary legs and had to go to a doctor for a remedy. But to me it was no ordinary compliment to be painted by Eakins, and a little lack of ease was worth it. The portrait won by such waiting is a precious return in full for all suffering. It will endure, like Dr. Tulp, long after its counterpart is forgotten—such is fame, such was the innocent modesty of Eakins who never dreamt that he would outlive his day.

The city of his birth and home had never given him a hand of acknowledgment; the Academy of his education and priceless service had kicked him out; he had had little honor from anywhere. When some newspaper man asked him to recite his honors, all he could say was that he had once been given a reception at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

So, Eakins used to come in and sit down for a little visit. I had to do the talking, for he was very silent.

He could lecture well, as he had done for years in the Academy, both on Anatomy which was the base of his system, and on Art, but his talk was slender—yet illuminating when it came. I would ask many questions and have yea and nay for answer. But his kindliness for me grew with our intercourse. And he would invite me to see him at his house or in the country where he went in the summer—down in Delaware, near Arden.

One sunshiny day—perhaps it was August or September—I went down there by train to be met by Eakins on my arrival at the station. My attire was of the usual style for a visit. I had a stiff hat, and good clothes, with no idea of any rough travel. When I got off, there was Eakins on the back of a lean Western pony, leading a white one by the bridle. Before I knew it, I was mounted on this led broncho, and Eakins started off on the other. I protested that I knew little about riding—tried to stop him; but he took for granted that anybody ought to stick on a horse, and he looked back without a flicker of sympathy at my plight. He was dressed as a robust cowboy. It was long before the cowboy—and cowgirl—cult had "overcome us like a summer cloud," and he looked to me in his fringed leggings and sombrero hat like the attendant of a circus. All he told me, when mounting, was to steer the beast by throwing the bridle to the left and right on his neck. Then he galloped off under the trees, and I, like John Gilpin, galloped after. I soon saw that my broncho was trained to do whatever his did, and he wickedly led me a mad race—always just behind him, with no control of the rudder, no knowledge of the road, no security in my seat, trying to hold on by what I might call mane-force.

We must have galloped miles on those primitive Dela-

ware roads, Eakins entirely satisfied that I could take care of myself—which was far more than I was—hardly ever looking back, enjoying the break-neck pace; while I was shouting to him to stop for Heaven's sake—and every minute expecting to be hurled to the road.

Somehow, I held on; and we reached the farm of his brother-in-law, perpetuated in the canvas called "The Thinker," at a gallop so wild that I nearly ran into the rail fence of the barnyard—my good stiff hat, I believe, did pitch over it.

As a guest, I had to be pleased with the experience; but I thought it a miracle I had come through it alive. Eakins was a serious person, but he enjoyed a sly inward chuckle at me, and his sister was very sympathetic.

The country was green and flat—just what Eakins liked. His Delaware River scenes show his favor for level reaches of meadow and water, and they are among the surest of his interpretations of nature. He ate eagerly, in shirt-sleeves, with little attention to the children at the table, talking hardly at all. Not long after lunch I had to go. He said he would take me to the station, which meant, I found, that I was again to mount. Sportsmanship demanded no show of retreat; I got on the back of my broncho, but with a sinking heart, and we were off down the farm lane to the road. It was not far to the station. We took a steadier pace; but going downhill under the edge of a wood, my horse fell down. I had judgment or luck enough to spring from the stirrups on the far side, and thus escaped injury. Eakins paused and looked back with a rather listless attention, and I again mounted when the nag came top uppermost. I was not sorry to be safely on the train, though I felt then and still feel, with due regard to a sense of the

ridiculous, that such association with a man of genius like Eakins was worth the risk.

There was almost no patronage for a great artist, a man ahead of his age, in Philadelphia. At that time Eakins was painting his friends or relations. The now celebrated "Thinker" in the Metropolitan Museum was, as I say, a brother-in-law, Louis Kenton. He painted Mrs. Weda Cook (afterwards Addicks) who, as a young friend of Walt Whitman, set his "Captain, my Captain" to music, which I have watched Walt, tilted back in his big chair, enchanted to hear her sing. He painted Mrs. Talcott Williams in a satin dress; and Professor Leslie Miller, Walt Whitman, and scores of others whom he invited, but only one or two on actual commissions. One of these was of an old man named Lewis, president of a bank, who was rendered with pitiless fidelity. Later he did a number of Irish Catholic prelates, in their canonical drapery, which I judge were obtained for him through his devoted pupil, Samuel Murray, the sculptor. Murray was installed in Eakin's studio with the implements of modeling, which Eakins equally used. Eakins produced the tall figures of saints on the façade of the Witherspoon Building, in Philadelphia, and the reliefs on the four sides of the Trenton (New Jersey) Battle monument. His knowledge of anatomy as it relates to art was thorough. It showed itself in these designs conspicuously, as it does in the best of his portraits. I seem to recollect that, while I was posing, we had occasional talk about Donohue, an eccentric sculptor of power, who was much in Eakins's company, and who also, perhaps, inclined him to the use of clay. And that Samuel Murray had his model-stand in Eakins's studio was, as I say, a clear encouragement in that direction. Murray shows

the influence of his master in his searching anatomy and in his selective realism—especially in statuettes and figurines, which he forms with delicacy but firmness. It is to his credit that Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine* in its palmy days (who by waving his hand might have had the work of any artist he chose for ornamenting his study), always had two or three of Murray's little clay things on top of his desk; notably the little Walt Whitman head, to admire and be admired.

But the master of any profession likes to live by it if he can, and no doubt Eakins would have turned to remunerative art in any medium. He was ready in all. Fortunately his means were ample to support him—and to this the creative annals of America in our day owe the enduring and massive, as well as the minutely perfect, works from his hand.

Speaking of the nude, reminds me of a tale connected with the days when the present Academy building at Broad and Cherry Streets was new. It was the habit of rare old Edward Shippen, of patrician stock extending back into the roots of the town, to take a walk after dinner; and as the Academy was a novelty, he one night shaped his course up there. On Cherry Street, at the rear of the building, there was a door with a lamp over it which admitted to the Schools. The door was open, why not step in? He entered the hall; nobody was there. He edged on to a door at the left where a light shone from inside, and he ascended a step or two and found himself in a large circular classroom, silent, but full of students at work. He tiptoed around behind them, looking over their shoulders at their charcoal drawings. It never occurred to him in his innocence of the elements of art that they were all drawing the same thing. But

round he went on the circular platform until a movement of the nude girl who was posing under the light in the center of the studio attracted his eye.

"My God!" he cried. "She's alive!" and he rushed from the room, and out Cherry Street to seek the protective regions of antiseptic society.

VI

CHARLES HENRY HART, a Director of the Academy, had a historic vista in the arts. One day he and the President were seated at a table opposite to me where I was busy. They were turning over the leaves of George C. Mason's book, "The Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart." Hart, vehemently, as was his habit, began to blame Mason for some statement on the page before them. Then they turned that page, and at the bottom of the paragraph they were perusing appeared, of all disconcerting things, Hart's own initials. He had himself contributed the criticism on the page before them.

Another day this able but erratic authority came to my desk with a mysterious little package which he opened delicately and impressively. It was a miniature portrait of a man, unframed, on ivory. "Who's that by?" said he.

"If you hadn't written that Stuart painted no miniatures, I'd say it was by Stuart," said I.

Without a qualm he replied, "It is by Stuart. He painted it in teaching a pupil."

Such was his temperament. Yet his judgment was paid for by the dealers, and he wrote many useful papers on early native art.

But he was aggressive, and not habitually polite to the old persons on the Board not his equals in intellect, and they did not wholly adopt him in their exclusive caste. One day there was a misunderstanding which had

a sequel to this that only a mental specialist could diagnose. For, when the annual election for Directors came round—which no Director ever attended—I was startled by the advent of an impulsive fat man, who owned a large block of the Academy stock. He had never appeared before. Now he blustered in and declared he was going to vote against Charles Henry Hart. He had enough votes, I knew, to defeat him, because the elections hitherto had been effected by a small amount of Treasury stock owned by the Academy—which in law ought not to have been voted—and a hundred or so shares owned by the President, who was absent. I could not prevent the exclusion of Hart if I had wanted to, and any one would have expected the Directors to be glad to be rid of him. So the heavy-faced man voted for Mr. Joseph G. Rosengarten and seated him on the Board. He had had business transactions with Hart and had fallen out with him. This was his revenge.

But he reasoned without the social code of those Directors. They were up-in-arms instantly, and they formed a committee of one to visit Mr. Rosengarten and induce him to withdraw. As he probably wanted nothing less himself, the social conscience of the Directors—their ideals of gentlemanly conduct—were fulfilled by his courteous declination to serve; and then the Board, deeply relieved, met in solemn dignity and elected Charles Henry Hart to the vacant place. Honor was vindicated, and perhaps, without uttering the thought, there was satisfaction in again riveting the hold of the elect on an Academy which they did so little to support.

It was at this period or earlier that we held an exhibition of miniatures, largely collected by the knowledge and pushing abilities of Mr. Hart. Every man, I think,

known to the annals of this delicate art, was included. Malbone, Trott, Petticaris, Staigg, the Peales, all that counted were many times repeated in the six hundred and more specimens shown. I mention this fact, not so much because of its importance, but because the apathetic spell seemed broken by a remarkable attendance. People in throngs hung over the cases hour by hour, until I began to have rising hopes of a new day. But when it was all over, when all was said and done and the attendance analyzed, we reached the inescapable conclusion that the crowd was composed of the owners of the miniatures and their immediate families who came to see their possessions in a new connection, jolted out of their usual place in the bureau drawer and touched with the glow of publicity. All of us own to this weakness—all like the novelty of new contacts. Why, then, I wondered, should not some system of ownership-exhibits be introduced, as an urge to ownership. But I could not then, and I have not yet, found a way to fire the American taste to a valuation of its own American productions of the intellect. Perhaps even in utilities we lack the native impulse, for I find that when I buy underwear even now, since the Hun-hating war, it is stamped: "Made in Saxony."

There was, too, in those remote days, an exhibit of the burnt-wood designs of J. William Fosdick, a Yankee of ingenious abilities who brought to this pyrography the instincts of an artist. I recollect one large piece in the form of an altar, having above it an appealing Madonna with a golden aureole around her lovely head. I allude to this only because on that unconsecrated altar we found one morning a small, delicate bouquet in tribute to the figure of the Virgin. It was unacknowledged and no-

body knew the devotee who had placed it there. But it was not hard to guess. The artist's hand and the pious heart of Henry Thouron were quickly divined in the touching act, though I never asked, nor did he vouchsafe, any acknowledgment of it.

I may thus dwell for a moment on the beautiful spirit, so quietly helpful, so rich in talent, so eager yet so sensitive, that was Henry Thouron. He was Instructor of Composition in the Academy Schools, and his pupils worshiped him, as he, in turn, made idols of them. He was unmarried, though devoted to his genuinely cultivated family, and thus he could spend himself on his students, spend his means as well and his hours of leisure from the inspired but, alas, too few works of his own brush—works of lovely design and color of Italianesque influence—but ably his own. I always felt that he was of the nature of a Roman monk who had, by some wayward Destiny, strayed into the alien ranks of noisy America. Perhaps, I felt, his sacrifices of his time and of his art, of himself, of his sympathies, were conscious admissions of his spiritual membership in some holy order which, but for his home, his mother, he would have joined. He was as handsome as a Roman knight, with full brown beard and noble brow; his dress was of the day, stylish in cut and color, and his genuine frankness in companionship was irresistible. He loved poetry and wrote it, but very sparingly, very reverently. His whole nature, at least externally, showed the timidity of a winning spirit that could not wound, that would not annoy, that at the touch of aggression would withdraw into itself, "safe in uncontaminate reserve."

I fear I used to shock his sense of propriety a little wickedly sometimes by bold allusions to his church or in

unrestrained description of some act or person, but while he would be eager to protect any who were criticized, his weapon was never argument or reproof; he simply felt and showed the effect of his pity. His overflowing kindness was a more potent reproof than anger.

He painted, in his religious zeal, two large mural decorations in the rather awful Cathedral of Philadelphia, and he sent from Rome figures of saints to fill the niches in the façade. He died in Rome—very fitly, for Rome and its Church were of the essence of his being. He was of the type which the Church in its day of innocence meant to put forth for all men to follow. He appeared in an era sadly fallen from that aspiration, sadly penetrated with the greed of gain, and power, with tasteless vanities and un-Christian selfishness.

VII

AFTER the rather spasmodic couple of months of the Annual Exhibition, the Academy—following a civic habit—fell back into its slumbers for the rest of the year. This was the awful season of hibernation which it was plainly my duty to make animate. The forlorn and shabby state of the building (from which it was never possible entirely to recover it—nor has there been any conspicuous effort to this day) weighed on me as a blight.

What could be done with an old thread-bare machine that the city devoted to brotherly love had decided to ignore? You handed out beauty—free, or almost so; you met only snobbish exclusion. It was the period when some of the most distinguished American painters were offering works that are competed for now by collectors not a shade more intelligent than our audiences assumed themselves to be. Winslow Homer, Twachtman, Alden, Weir, John Alexander, Chase, Albert Ryder, Brush, Abbott Thayer—the cream of American painting in our day—were exhibiting their since-memorable canvases in the annual shows. Were there buyers? Were there even intelligent admirers enough to keep the galleries full? Not at all; the colorless cement floors, the bizarre iron beams, the spacious and well-formed though dingy galleries attracted hardly a venturesome soul. American art was—well, it was American; and the drawing-rooms of the elect—or self-elect—were adorned only with the

fashion, with French works of undoubted technical mastery, of beauty in figure and in landscape, of imagination and character—the 1830, or Barbizon School; and no other would do, no other would give the badge of convention required for social elegance. I have my doubts whether the masterpieces of Corot or Dupré were better understood, better assimilated, than those we were showing on our walls of Homer and Abbott Thayer—now in the Valhalla of precious things. Nor have the French works proved in the whirligig of time, with rare exceptions, more enduring than our native ones. Those who watch the demand, the prices now paid, for the Barbizon pictures, may compare them with the upward valuation of the neglected of our own shows. Winslow Homers went begging that have since brought—if fiscal value is any gauge of the standard of enduring beauty—a comfortable fortune. Once I drew a very ordinary millionaire up to a "Homer" that could be bought for $2,500. The exhibition was about to end with a pitiful report of sales, and I was desperate. I told—almost ordered—him to buy it, he could not lose his silly money, he would undoubtedly make a big profit. It was a safe investment, I could almost guarantee. He had to be beguiled by such appeal to his habitual cunning. He could understand nothing but his purse. As a reluctant charity, with many hesitating approaches and much depreciation of the canvas, he finally paid the bill and became possessor of more creative beauty than he could ever understand. He had a gallery of indifferent French pictures, Jacques, Schreyers, and the rest, where this Homer shone like a diamond set amidst gems of paste. He told me he was sorry he had bought it—didn't like it; and it was hung at the top of the wall. Yes, he didn't like it; he knew what he liked, and not

much else; and he sold the Homer, which had cost him $2,500, for, I am told, some forty odd thousand dollars!

The like fortune would have happened to any buyer, either himself informed and with a sense of beauty and a portion of intellect, or well-advised by some one who knew the currents of art, if he had bought Abbott Thayer's "Caritas," or one of George de Forest Brush's Madonnas of domesticity, or Albert Ryder's "Temple of the Mind," or J. Alden Weir's "Red Bridge." The venture was not a serious one, for they could be bought for a few thousands; and what they would bring in mere money to-day can only excite the eyes of cupidity. This is no turn of luck, no whim of fashion. Such creations of art are fixed in value by their beauty which is just the same when they are born as when the awakened collector discovers them.

The history of those Whistlers, which I secured from the World's Fair in Chicago and brought to the Academy in Philadelphia, will illustrate this hardly believable stupidity in the main-chance speculator—the eager business man venturing his capital (or somebody else's) in small gains from stocks, when he lives next door to fortune in the field of art. The three large canvases, full-length, by Whistler: "Yellow Buskin," "Princess of the Land of Porcelain," and "Fur Jacket," were valued at $15,000 each. They belonged to a syndicate of which Mr. Alexander Reid, of Glasgow, was the active head. I tried to raise the sum to buy one of them for the Academy; but the management that had failed (with Jo Pennell's anathemas!) to take Whistler's "Mother" when exhibited at the Academy for $1,500, would have none of the extravagant canvases that cost so much more. Besides, who was Whistler, anyhow?

So I took all my correspondence to Mr. John G. Johnson, who largely controlled the yearly income of the Wilstach Bequest, about $40,000—which I repeat, but for the amazing fidelity of a previous secretary in exacting a twenty-five cent admission at the door from Mrs. Wilstach, might have belonged to the Academy. Mr. Johnson's enlightened knowledge in art made him a very receptive confidant. He at once grasped the proffered opportunity and opened a correspondence with Mr. Reid which resulted in the purchase of "The Yellow Buskin"—a portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell, for the Wilstach collection. It cost but $7,500. There it hangs to-day, perhaps nearly the most brilliant of all Whistler's full-sized figures—one of the greatest works of art in the world. Does any one think it would have been a fallacious investment to spend $7,500 on such a prize? Even the dullest could have foreseen profit in the transaction. Yet before all the puffy assumption of the Academy Board, the masterpiece was conspicuously exhibited and it was neglected, unheeded, passed over for Israels and Blommers and such pre-digested art that could be understood without too much mental effort.

VIII

IT was plain that, to conduct an art institution in a land where art was not yet acclimatized, one must know something about the places where it had reached perfection—where, so we were told, the rulers, the people and the growing generations joined in loving and promoting it.

Thus I felt the need of a trip to Europe, and in the dead vacation period of 1895, Vonnoh and I planned to leave for a month or so in France. We sailed on a French steamer to Havre and so to Paris. Unexpected company, the most congenial and inspiring, was met on the ship—Herbert and Mrs. Adams, Howard Russell Butler and Mrs. Butler, with Vonnoh and his wife, artists all, joined in the sort of comradeship and intimate talk that only artists can evoke from each other. We landed together and traveled to Paris to find a hotel which some of the party, Vonnoh, I think, had known in student days. It was in the rue Faubourg de St. Antoine, Hôtel de l'Universe and du Portugal, a mere speck on the globe, but very comfortable, with a hostess who bossed it and her *mari* and us. Here the same gay intercourse went on for a week or so, as we ravished the galleries and exchanged the tall critical judgments of painters before the canvases of others—overflowing with keen angles on beauty and taste and illuminating glimpses on technique that to me were highly educational.

It would be futile to recall all this, but I cannot over-

look several things that come back to me very clearly.

We had met in our rounds an old friend of the craft, Charles M. Kurtz who had been assistant chief in the Art Department to Halsey Ives, Director at the Chicago World's Fair. He was an habitué of Paris, and it was a satisfaction to accept his guidance. I went about with him a good deal. One evening he proposed we should take our dinner at the Palais Royal. The proposal pictured to me some extravagant gilded hall of eating where my slender pocket would much suffer. But our preliminary walk through the inner court of the Palais cured the apprehension. The vast shabby old ruin had no regal vestiges; lodgers in shirt-sleeves, and ladies in over-ripe attire leaned and ogled at nearly every window from mansard to mezzanine. The glory had departed, but in the summer air of evening, the taste of the thing was full of romance to a traveler from the chaste decorum of the Quaker City.

Kurtz led me up to a second-story chamber that once was perhaps a king's cabinet—and now was a sloppy restaurant for Parisian laborers. They sat around a long, bare deal table, in the midst of which was a hunch of boiled beef reeking with fat; and I recall the silent, wooden, bearded faces of the diners, as, with knife and fork held erect, they waited for the prey that was to be divided amongst them. We had our share, but the setting, like a canvas of Lhermitte, was more noticeable than the relish.

Another day Kurtz proposed a visit to Whistler in his house on the rue du Bac. I believe we drove there across the Seine, and I was surprised to find it inartistically situated opposite the huge Bon Marché of everlasting shopping. The house on the rue was apparently

not occupied by Whistler. You passed through a small arch into an inner courtyard where there was another façade, and we knocked at the door there and were soon admitted. My recollection is of simplicity in ivory white and grayish or bluish shades. We went into a reception room and sat on chairs of the Empire period in a taste that met the color surrounding them, and here we waited only a few minutes when Whistler came in. The elfin lock of white in his glossy curly hair was conspicuous. He was dressed in black, with the single eyeglass inevitable. He sat down with us and talked engagingly, without, of course, knowing who I was. Kurtz had met him, I suppose, in preparing for the Chicago galleries, when those great canvases by him, which I had secured for the Philadelphia Academy, were shown with others of his. Mr. Ives, in forming the Chicago show, had got on famously with Whistler, who much liked him—in strong contrast, one may note, to the episode attending the last Paris Exposition, when he had been very difficult with Mr. Cauldwell, the American Director.

Thus the talk went pleasantly on its course. Kurtz remarked that I was Director of the Pennsylvania Academy. Then Whistler took on much animation and showed me especial warmth, because, he said, the Pennsylvania Academy had awarded him a gold medal—which it had, in 1893.

Of course, Kurtz and I wanted to see the studio, and now we could politely ask to have that honor.

Whistler rose and crossed the room, passing the French windows that opened on a lovely garden full of bloom, back of the house, and went to the door on our right. There he paused and vibrated. First he half disappeared in the studio, then he half appeared again to us. He

oscillated on the lintel of the door, back and forth several times, as though torn by indecision. Finally he decided not to conduct us within, and we could do no more. We rose and bid him adieu and walked out disappointed. Our cab had waited at the court, and we were just inside it, when Whistler, in the celebrated flat brimmed high hat and a cutaway coat, came up and bid us good-by anew; then, with a jaunty and dapper little pace of his small feet, he turned down the rue du Bac in one direction, while we jolted away over the cobblestones in the other. The picture of him I have in my eye, as he vanished into the overpowering vista of the huge orange warehouse of fashion, was of a mincing figure, dainty, indecisive, delicate of taste in dress and manner, friendly—but ready to spring into deadly attack.

And of these last characteristics there is a story not altogether new, nor too shabby with age, that should not be lost. He went to a party in London, and, tiring of it, started home in perhaps a cynical and meditative mood. Putting on his hat and twirling his cane as he passed along the street, and reflecting on what he had seen, he found himself wondering how he should raise money for the Church. This was so new a sensation that he could not account for it. It puzzled him and it would not leave him, till he entered his own door and removed his hat. Then he saw that the hat he had worn was not his own, but a hat with a brim folded back on the sides and tied on top with a string that crossed it. Ha-ha! He had taken by mistake a Bishop's hat! That accounted for his unaccustomed thoughts on the way home. "But," he reflected, "if such were my thoughts—what under Heaven were the Bishop's thoughts, who was wearing my hat!"

It was on a later trip that I was taken by George Sauter, Whistler's friend, to call on Mrs. Alexander, whose daughter was the subject of that celebrated portrait by Whistler, the "Miss Alexander." The place was a London suburban one, a charming house amongst other such, but differing from them by having in its rear a large and lovely enclosure of trees and lawn. As I saw it, it lay in sprinkled sunlight through the shade of leaves, and the grass held groups of ladies and children, taking tea or playing together in much fun. We had tea with the hostess, then Sauter and I went to the house, where the glory of the portrait, with its old-fashioned dress and bonnet and its quintessence of taste and art, held us bound. It is worthy of all that has been written about it, and more. It hung in one recess beside a hearth, while a less finished canvas of another little Alexander girl filled the other. Neither of these has been seen much, if at all, in public and it was thus a great privilege to see them in the place Whistler chose in producing them.

I learned, in my conversation with Mrs. Alexander, that they were descendants of Thomas Clarkson, the emancipator of England's slaves, the friend of Wordsworth, and the anticipator of Lincoln in the humane cause of freedom.

IX

AS my time was limited and I wanted to see London and meet my friends there, I left the happy party in Paris and journeyed to Amsterdam for the Rembrandts and Van Dykes, and so to Harwich and London.

On the night I left Holland the trees were blown all but flat by the tempest on land, and the sea was wild with wind and rain. I stayed out on the deck of the little steamer, as the English within were devouring huge hunches of cold beef as an invitation to *mal de mer,* and there I encountered an agreeable young American priest named Launt. He proved to be a nephew of Launt Thompson, of that school of sculpture which followed the pseudo-classic of Thorwaldsen, an artist of taste and skill, whose monument at Kennett Square for his friend, Bayard Taylor, has always affected me much with its simple pathos and restrained symmetry.

We fell into talk, Launt and I, amid the roar of the wind and sea, but I recall only one incident of his conversation: He had just been traveling with a chance-met Englishman who was most genial in his heavy way and showed much evident favor for Launt through many days of companionship. Then some side remarks on the road revealed that Launt was not Irish but American. The stupid Englishman was shocked to learn this and turned indignantly away from him, saying, "I hate Americans," and Launt saw him no more.

The tiny tillage and amateur trees of England, seen

from the railway, enchanted me, and as I drew towards London I felt the emotion of a spirit exiled for generations now approaching its birthplace. It was as much mine as Launt's rough fellow-traveler's, and I reveled in my first ride in a London hansom and in the lodging I found in Craven Street, a few doors from Benjamin Franklin's first abode in that "long, unlovely street" of red-brick dwellings.

Herbert Gilchrist and I soon found each other, and we ranged through London wherever pictures were to be seen. Some of my experiences with Gilchrist I have earlier told, but not those connected with other friends in London at that time. I had much to do at Whiteley's, the shipping firm with which the Pennsylvania Academy corresponded; but I soon threw off business and found McLure Hamilton at St. John's Wood in one of those villas behind high brick walls that prove an Englishman's home is his castle. Here was American hospitality and fraternity, and again the habit and talk of the artist. One dinner there collected into the hospitable rooms a group of men of letters and artists, of whom I recall most Professor Butcher, who translated the Odyssey with Andrew Lang, and Joseph Pennell. Joseph was at his naughtiest in caricaturing the Philadelphians, mutually known to us, for the laughter of the company—one authoress of high excellence he especially singled out for bad names, which I rejected with warmth. But Joseph was in his most opprobrious temper and little could check him. I wondered what the correct and starched English guests would make of his exhibit.

One Sunday afternoon Hamilton took me to call on Lord Leighton when a throng of visitors filled his classic rooms. There was a fountain playing in an atrium of

colored tiles, with plants floating in the pool; and my memory is of a sort of Pompeian enclosure where His Lordship stood at the entrance, tall, distinguished, with graying curly hair and pointed beard, in velvet sack with flowing blue tie. He greeted us to the tinkle of the water, and we were privileged to see paintings of his which every one in this day knows by reproductions, but which caught a new luster from the presence and politeness of the celebrity himself.

We called, I believe, at the elaborate classic house of Alma Tadema, not far away, but he was not at home. At least, I did not meet him, though to see the exotic architecture of his old Roman villa in the commonplace of London was almost sensation enough. One should be adorned in the flowing fabrics of a Neronian period to warrant even a call at such a door. But we were not—nor was there a stitch of our awkward apparel (too like that of Higgenbottom) to warrant even an approach to this Ilissus.

We then walked, on that summer Sunday afternoon, through red-brick London, under the trees, to the house and studio of the great Watts, whom Hamilton has so handsomely painted. He also was out, but we were given the privilege of the studio and saw at our leisure the series of portraits painted by Watts of the most distinguished of Britons. An imposing line it was, indeed. They formed a continuous decorative strip all around the beautiful large room, and afforded an endless study of the painting and character of the artist, of which I remember best the Matthew Arnold.

Above them ran a balcony of dark balustrades circling the four sides of the chamber, and here it was we could picture the young Ellen Terry, married to older Watts,

revealing to his gentleman friends, in the innocence of her vanity, a beauty of figure, natural and unadorned. So tradition, the eavesdropper, says; but who knows?

On another afternoon I was taken by Hamilton to call on John Macallan Swan, the painter of lions and other animals in their native desert or jungle, examples of whose work were indispensable in collections of those days, when my old friend Raffaelli used to repeat:

"I have a Corot,
Thou hast a Corot,
He has a Corot,"

and so on through the rest of the conjugation.

We found Swan actually painting on one of his desert backgrounds—a sunset over sandy wastes—and I asked him if he could thus do work in his studio; if he had ever been in the desert so depicted?

No, he said, that was not necessary; and in his large manner, with bushy brown beard thrown out and with a wave of the brush for emphasis, he made dispute quite out of the question.

Another and even more notable visit was an evening to the studio of Alfred Gilbert, the most skilled and celebrated of English sculptors of his day, the creator of enduring works in the several mediums known to the craft. He was approached through a gate in a tall brick wall, somewhere in the sloppy streets of London—I don't recollect where. All I carried away was the charming manner of a cultivated gentleman who was a consummate artist. He showed us the designs of the celebrated Albert Memorial, as full of small modeling as some rood-screen of a cathedral, born in the day of the faultless handicraft of the European guilds. His talk and the movement of

his skilled fingers over his lovely modeling are only vague in my remembrance, but I felt that we were in the company of one of the great artists of Europe; and though affliction since has darkened a career happily not finished, the place it will take in the niches of fame is a high and secure one.

There were dinners here and there, at Mrs. Murray-Smith's at Queen's Gate, who afterwards took us through the moldy but beautiful old house next Westminster Abbey, where her father, Dean Bradley, lived. And there was a remarkable party out at Hampstead Heath in a house where once dwelt Hayley, who wrote those not inspired ballads for which William Blake made head- and tail-pieces, an odd place with a cave where Blake and Hayley were said to have sat, perhaps in collaboration—a sequence of Blake's favor for out-door pavilions, as in his London garden where Shelley visited him, and he and Mrs. Blake disported themselves as Adam and Eve. There was a powerful hump-backed dwarf of the party who was by trade a blacksmith, but who appeared now as a pianist of much-admired skill and gusto; and there was also a lady introduced to me as "Ginx's Baby" who simulated babyhood with aimless hands and claimed authorship of that once noted novel.

But my sharpest recollection is of a gentleman behind a long table, serving the accustomed cheese and heavy cold beef favored as refreshment by the English. I was introduced to him naturally by my name, which I found was also his, and I ventured some facetious syllables on the fact. Gilchrist overheard me and tugged at my sleeve. As we left the room, he whispered in some alarm that I should have known that this was the

son of F. D. Maurice, the celebrated English preacher. How I could have divined this, he did not offer to make clear, but it was one of gentle Gilchrist's habits, even after living years in the States, to be timid about our bolder forms of approach.

Well, we made many visits. I saw, as I had planned, Jackstraw Castle, at the top of the Heath, well known in story, and I had the coveted good fortune of passing behind the high brick wall opposite to it, so mysterious, so full of Seventeenth Century echoes. We were welcomed by two maiden ladies, in musty rooms of much comfort, whence you stepped through French doors to a brick pathway of a bowery and dewy garden. We trod on, in the fragrance and green silence, through a hedge, by graveled paths, into another sort of garden beyond. I remarked that it was a truck patch. That word was a puzzle to the curious old ladies. They stopped to consider it. They had never heard it in their lives. So I had to give it a definition, and I invented one. It was derived, I told them, from the truck that the hucksters in the United States use around the city, with the products of the kitchen garden. This was satisfactory, though they preferred "kitchen garden."

The spell of the old place was like an enchantment which I have never quite thrown off. It was England's essence, not in book or drama, but in reality and at top of Hampstead Hill, consecrated in history and story.

But we must return to our muttons—the arts. One night Gilchrist took me to a studio party whose host had a Sir to his well-known name, though I forget it. There was a crowd of evening-dressed artists and musicians, with laughter, smoke and high talk running strong. On a large model stand, every now and then, some performer

would give us entertainment. As we came in, it was just being announced that the next piece would be an American joke. The very mention of an American joke set the Britons in roars of laughter. They could not wait for the story. Any American joke would split their sides. When the joke came, it was our old friend the tale of a hatband and a piece of limburger cheese. You see, the clever rogue slid a small strip of the fragrant cheese between the band and the body of the hat, inside the leather. Unconscious of that, of course, the wearer went about all day with his nose in the air, sniffing at other people while the thing was on himself. Very, very funny! so the English thought; and I can still seem to hear the wild echo of their mirth across the decades that have passed.

X

IT was now time for me to get back to my new job, and I was soon again in Philadelphia, where the Academy yawned for me like a heavy tomb. I had seen the old and worn and age-stained relics of England and France, and there was nothing amongst them like this. They were touched with the charm of antiquity, made beautiful by age and weather and draped with venerable associations. Here was a deep and chilling recess, a prematurely old ruin, into which I must pour such ichor of restoration as I could summon from my own feeble vitality.

The prospect was not bright, but the will was strong and the opportunity for beauty's sake was a golden one.

The annual exhibitions began to respond, after a while, by taking on a national appeal. The notices by critics became numerous and friendly. They spread farther through the country. After all, art is made to be seen. Without publicity it would gather cobwebs. While there never was or could be a "mute, inglorious Milton," yet the living bard or painter would be moldering in eternity before recognition came to his memory if it were not for the press.

Thus, when the annual exhibit of 1896 opened, there was an unaccustomed alertness for it even among the apathetic of its own city. To be talked of beyond the walls is a pretty sure spur to talk within them. Then, too, those friends who led society, in those days, from

recognized intellect, gave their influence for the sake of arts and beauty, and the rest naturally began to follow.

Besides, there were other novelties in art which attracted the press outside Philadelphia, and hence, inside; and, in its degree, the society that read the papers. We showed in this year of 1896 the first specimens of the Glasgow School of painting which had come out to our side of the sea—Hornell and Lavery, Crawhall and Guthrie and, more, all painters of originality who were thinking and seeing for themselves. Most of them have since become famous, and two are knighted—if such can add anything of recognition to the more precious gifts of an artist—Sir John Lavery and Sir James Guthrie.

Of late we have had several visits from Sir John, whose notable portraits have won him many sitters here, and I have much cherished the opportunity to see him again. His fine sense of humor is a talent as light as his handling of the brush. On a recent occasion he said to me:

"I say, Morris, what is the Transatlantic Society? I'm engaged to dine there, and I don't know what it is."

I told him that I was sometimes led to call it the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to England.

"Ah," said he, "I see—like the invitation to Bernard Shaw to a dinner to Ramsay MacDonald, the former Prime Minister. Shaw replied, you know: 'No, I will not go to a dinner for Ramsay MacDonald—he don't need one. Now, if you'd invite me to a dinner to the Pope, or somebody like that, I'd be glad to accept.' "

But Lavery went to his dinner, and I had the good fortune to be placed near him. When the eating came to an end and he was introduced to speak, he was very nervous over his notes and did not follow the subject, which

was on the divergences in our common language. He was about to sit down when Lady Lavery gave him a cue and he picked up his subject and illustrated it perfectly.

"The other day," said he, "I was riding on a crowded bus on Fifth Avenue, New York, and I spoke hesitatingly to the conductor, 'Ah, ah, let me down at 42nd Street, will you?' The conductor said something I could not understand, a sound like *Shish.* I was afraid of passing my street, so I said after a while again, with anxiety, 'I say, will you let me down at 42nd Street?' He was pretty cross. All he said was, 'Keep your shirt on.' "

XI

IT must have been on the trip to Boston for Jury meeting, in this year of 1896, that I met Winslow Homer for the only time. He was on the Jury, and I remember walking along Boylston Street with him on the Public Garden side, under the trees. He was a slender, smallish figure, with red, or nearly red, hair and a great waving mustache of the same color, dated at the year of the Civil War. His garb was of the fashion of the day, black cutaway coat, faultless linen, a glint of jewelry in his symmetrical necktie, stiff derby hat. He was smaller than I, and I felt the uppishness always inspired by outmeasuring a little man. He was polite, modest, simple, without side. Look at one of his pounding seas or monumental figures and call up the sort of body that conceived them. Would you not see a colossal form, big, bony, heavy, monstrous, and doubtless uncouth and careless in dress and frowzy of hair and beard? But here was the essence of gentlemanly elegance. William T. Richards, who also invoked in his canvases the bigness of nature, kept some of the characteristics of the artist, flowing hair and personal taste in dress. But Winslow Homer might have been taken, as he walked and talked at my side, for a successful stock broker. None of the expected traits was there. I looked for a figure that would fit into the stories told of him at his studio near the wild breakers at Prout's Neck—how the postman was ordered to knock and leave the mail on the step if he got a shouted answer

from the inside; but if no answer came, he was instructed to smash in the door and report to Homer's brother what had happened. Then, too, the type beside me failed to agree with the conception I had formed from correspondence—heavy, round penmanship, brief and sententious words, almost curt. And this was emphasized as our correspondence went on in later years.

Once I greatly needed the thrilling picture by him, called "The Gulf Stream," of the shipwrecked negro pursued by sharks in a lonely sea, now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum. I knew he had it, though it had never been shown, and I wrote to him, only to receive a denial. Again I wrote, with the same result. Then I telegraphed:

> "The greatest American Art Exhibition can not open without an example from the greatest American artist."

Thus I got the canvas in its first stage, with a letter saying:

> "Don't let the public poke its nose into my picture."

XII

IT was in this same year that Robert Vonnoh, who had been conducting the Academy Schools since 1891, found it necessary to give them up. His gift of vigorous, realistic portraiture was perceptible in the fruits of his teaching. His loss would be a very serious one. Personally it would deprive me of a comrade full of support in a trying period of transition. But it was inevitable, and if we were to advance, we must turn to the best man in the field of teaching as a successor.

Undoubtedly this was Joseph De Camp. I traveled up to Boston, and found him friendly as always. But he was pretty reluctant to make a change. After long hesitation and much persuasion, however, he decided to accept the post, which, after all, he could make valuable to himself by recognition in another sphere; then, too, there might be portraits to paint in a new field.

It was a time when the American artist found little encouragement in his own city. The master was too close to his valet to excite any reverence for his gifts. All the old surviving influences of our days of servitude to Europe were against it. We were a subject race so far as the Fine Arts were concerned; and indeed in much else—fashions, manners and talk. In Boston this was rather more conspicuous than elsewhere, because there were three native artists in Boston of the greatest ability, who were accepted, though not much patronized I must admit, in other centers, while languishing in Boston. Time has

shown how great a treasure that city of a past literary eminence was losing in its failure to support the living artists,—Tarbell, Benson and De Camp. All three of them later took eminent places in the ranks of American painting—all three are now safe in its records with works of which the mere price alone shows the growing critical value. Many of the most noted of these works, like Tarbell's portrait of Dr. L. Clark Seelye of Smith College, his interiors of the Dutch impulse, his figure compositions of beautiful New England female types, were then produced. Of the portrait of Dr. Seelye he used to tell in his droll, slow manner, that, when it was nearly finished, the large family of the Doctor would come into the studio by turns to see and criticize it. Little by little, he said, every feature, every passage in the portrait, was condemned except one cheek. Then a member of the family who had just arrived from Europe came in, the last of all, and condemned that cheek.

My own experience with that sincere and really great portrait was not without amusement. I addressed the President of Smith College, conducted for the female sex, somewhat logically, as a lady; and though I was set right in the correspondence, there could have been no irritation, as I got the portrait in spite of my indiscretion.

I must spare a moment also to dwell on the production of those small masterpieces of Tarbell's in his impulse toward the Dutch School of Vermeer. They were so much his own, so saturated with the cultivated life of Boston in his own surroundings, that they were very remote from, though owing their tendency to, the Dutch antecedents. I used to see them under creation in his studio, where the walls were full of unframed photo-

graphs of the notable Flemish masters, and Tarbell set them before his easel, not a whit influenced by any particular work, but somehow receiving into his spirit the essence of them all, and translating on his canvas the astral embodiment of the highest ranges of the great Dutch School in terms of the New England figure and interior. There was a magic in it not to be forgotten, for in Tarbell we have had, and luckily have, an American master destined also to endure.

Benson was putting forth his lovely arrangements of female portraiture as exampled by those in the Library of Congress; and De Camp those matchless mysterious heads of women enveiled, or landscapes of his own New England, Milton and thereabouts. But Tarbell used to say that he had to toe the mark to his boss, Mrs. Whitman, who was the most powerful voice in the Museum of Fine Arts Schools where he and Benson taught. De Camp always held that their first recognition came from the Pennsylvania Academy in our time, in the way of medals—though alas! not much in the way of the more necessary sales.

Thus De Camp was ready for the addition to his income which we now offered him, and it is not beyond conjecture that his readiness to engage with the Academy had in it a recognition of the service that he felt had been done him in Philadelphia.

At all events, we arranged that he should travel down from Boston every week and devote two days to the classes in painting. With the opening of the Schools this began, and the success of his teaching was marked. His hearty geniality won the students, and his grasp of his art was convincing to even the tyro. Things went on well for the school season, but I began to perceive that Joseph's

health was apparently affected by the night travel so constantly kept up, an effect I have observed in others who must use the Pullman too repeatedly. He had to slacken the pace before long, and I have it on my conscience that perhaps I had unwittingly planted an evil seed that injured his very strong frame; for his health gave out at intervals after this, and, too early, at the top of his achievement with the lovely canvas, "The Girl with the Kimono," now at Buffalo, he gave up his life.

To me he was one of the finest spirits in the realm of Art. His sense of beauty was inevitable, and his use of his material was deep with wisdom. Joe De Camp will last as long as our art does. The work of his day is destined to be a possession to the generations following, as rich as Stuart's or Peale's is to our day.

I recall as a mitigating circumstance to my sense of responsibility for De Camp's loss of health, that James M. Beck and I started a competition for a mural design to be injected into the ugliness of the Philadelphia City Hall, by way of ameliorating it, and that De Camp won the prize. It was part of $5,000, which Beck secured from Councils. But with the habitual lack of consciousness of the beautiful which characterizes the Philadelphia of our day, nothing ever came of the effort —except the fortunate payment to De Camp.

I can see him come hurrying into the Academy office fresh from Boston, or from the Art Club where he spent his one night in Philadelphia, in his robust, hearty way, full of eagerness to meet his classes, with that urge to expression, and the lifted and inverted thumb of emphasis, with argument and theory on Art and laughter on his broad honest face; and he remains in memory one of the characters I cherish from those rich days of un-

reflecting good fellowship. Our attachment was close and genuine and as a token of it he gave me as a wedding present a landscape of the road at Milton, Massachusetts, which has mellowed into a loveliness carrying to the eye and heart the emotion which created it. A noble artist, a lasting comrade.

Of Mrs. Whitman I should be neglectful if I failed to say how fine an influence she was in Boston where almost nobody else cared whether the painters lived or died. She could herself produce a capable portrait, as of Oliver Wendell Holmes; and readers of Houghton Mifflin books in her time should have known, but perhaps did not, that the best of their original cover designs—and they were the very best—were by her. I once wore the overcoat of her husband, though I never had the good fortune to see him. She had a reception for us at her tasteful house in Beverly Farms, and the ride to the station at Salem was chilly, thus Mr. Whitman's coat.

XIII

WHEN De Camp found it necessary to give up his post in the Academy Schools, there was one conspicuous artist and teacher whom it would be a crowning act to engage if he could be persuaded to come. Of course, this was William M. Chase. The new generation does not know him as we did, but the future will. He is as safe for endurance in the development of National Art as any of his great contemporaries. He cannot be lost, his work will carry to the end.

Thus I went to see him in 1896 or 1897, at his summer house and studio in the Shinnecock Hills, on Long Island; and I found him—but not with his brush in hand. He was fishing from an old wharf on Peconic Bay, and using his tackle as skillfully as his brush. I rather think he was wearing his accustomed style of flat-brimmed high hat, but this may be a memory truncated from the habitual association with that tile, evolved from some romantic French model.

At all events, he took me to his beautiful house of white frame, an artist's conception in contrast against the ivory gray dunes of that sandy region, and I was introduced into the happy and numerous household of many dark-eyed girls and boys, with their mother. The studio was rich with that elegance that Chase always gathered about him, as in his jewelry and his clothes. It was draped in fetching clouds of color, and there were brilliant canvases on the easels, and spirited copies of

Velasquez on the walls. We had lunch, and talked over, in all its phases, the proposal I had brought and—whether then or later, I don't altogether recollect—Chase consented to come to the Academy Schools on certain days of each week.

This was the consummation of much conjecture and hope. If we could not have Eakins, the legitimate (perhaps according to the Directors, illegitimate) master for Philadelphia, then here was the ideal choice, and so it eventually proved through the years to come.

Thus, by such weekly contact, I came into the inspiring and elevating companionship of Chase. The association was long and full of happy incidents, often amusing, always endearing, sometimes serious, but never dull; for only a dolt could be dull with that animating character and great artist—Chase.

I guess it was in 1898 that we planned to go to Europe together, and in July we got off, accompanied by Mrs. Morris and William Thorne, a portrait painter of merit who was a friend of Chase and who adored Sargent. Chase was going to have his portrait painted by Sargent, as a gift from his devoted students—the portrait now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum in New York—and Thorne was going deliriously to meet Sargent and see Chase pose, and A. and I were to participate in the grand event as lay admirers of all three of these artists.

The trip over was tranquil, but perhaps I was not so passive as the restive Chase pictured himself to be; and he would constantly utter, with a twist of his flowing mustache: "But—hem-m-m-m—Morris, you lack repose."

He knew little French, but this "But" seemed smart

and Gallic to him, and it was part of his delightful pose.

He would come on deck with a novel which Mrs. Chase had thoughtfully packed in his suitcase, his finger between the opening pages, and he would do almost anything but read. I don't believe he read a chapter of that book all the way over, but his talk! that was better than any book. He would quote the then current jokes, "A hair on the head is worth two in the brush"; and he would prescribe for seasickness the remedy of "lying down under a tree"; and all that sort of raillery flowed deliciously from him as he sat there—with his eyeglasses of the heavy black ribbon, now and then removed for a gesture, and his checked cap above his well-groomed head and pointed artist's beard, and that immaculate carnation in his buttonhole, handed him each morning by the steward from the store on ice, numbering the days at sea with one or two over, which Mrs. Chase had maternally pre-arranged for him.

There were on the boat two of the Floradora girls, then much in vogue—one of whom found a noble match on that trip—who sat at our table and gave us lively moments—and these we saw often. But my main recollection, aside from Chase who warmed us all up with his amiability, and of William Thorne who retired when we started and was desperately seasick throughout the voyage, which we thought a loyal sacrifice in the cause of Art, was General Joseph Wheeler, who had been introduced to us on the dock by Mrs. Morris's father, Joseph Wharton. His military hat, his white pointed beard and his friendly and reminiscent talk, with the twinkling gray eyes, brought us into immediate friendship. Of course, as we traveled on, we questioned him about the campaign in Cuba, not then so distant, and

he would tell in bold strokes of narration the story of that brief war, where he started second in command under General Shafter, and, as it happened, was really compelled to carry on and win the decisive battle.

When he entered General Shafter's tent on the morning of the engagement, so he said, he found that corpulent and unwieldy commander stretched on the ground and larding the lean earth with his perspiration. He was undergoing a treatment. By the tropical heat and his own avoirdupois he had been prostrated, and was now unable to lead the fight. For General Wheeler there was only one thing to do. The noise and hurry of war were ringing in their ears, and somebody must go through with it. General Shafter at that moment could not. Thus General Wheeler assumed the command, and the event so commendable to him and to American arms we all know.

I played chess with the General now and then, and I reveled in his talk of West Point and the adventures of a long military career. "What," I asked once, "is the most important thing for a commander in war to do?" Said he: "To know what the enemy is doing." And he illustrated it finely.

He had been a student at West Point in the class next or next but one below Whistler, and that, of course, attached us to him—especially Chase. He had no anecdotes of Jimmy, but he knew him well; and afterward, in London, when Mrs. Morris and I went to dine at Pennell's with Whistler, he sent him a cordial message, the delivery of which caused one of those bristlings so common in the Whistlerian records.

That dinner to which Mrs. Pennell invited us was really memorable. There is an account of it written by Mrs.

Morris and introduced into the Pennell's "Whistler Journal," which gives almost phonographically the conversation of the great little man whom she found most gracious and courteous. But I have other memories of it which should not be forgotten—observations more masculine and not without expected little asperities.

This, however, is an anticipation. I must postpone it for a later page.

We arrived in London on the midnight of Derby Day, when every bed was full and, with no disrespect, every celebrant of the national fiesta seemed the same. Chase had reserved rooms for us at a small hotel in Jermyn Street, but we were not expected at midnight nor on that overflowing day of days. Rooms indeed proved to be scarce, for we were led up to the top floor where Chase found an attic, and we were given a small room, with a smaller one inside it, entered only through ours, in which Thorne was presently locked up as a bow to the proprieties.

We were weary from travel and slept late, but when I went downstairs I found Chase, who must have risen very early to undo his trunks which were on the ground floor, draped in all his glorious apparel, including the white carnation in the buttonhole of his frock coat, the eyeglasses of the broad silken leash, the spats, the tuft of the silk handkerchief peeping from his pocket, the white silk necktie clasped with the matchless emerald which flashes in Sargent's portrait, the crowning high hat, and the air of the perfect model of fashion.

"How did you ever get into your trunk?" said I.

He pointed to the trunk standing in the lobby, and said he had opened it there.

"Well, well," I said, "but Sargent won't paint you

that way. It ought to be a little pietà, with a student in adoration at each side."

Said he, "I think you could be just as funny some other way"; as much on edge as ever I knew him in our long intercourse to be.

The others came down to breakfast, and we saw Chase off to be painted, arranging to meet him at the Royal Academy after his pose.

When we had finished breakfast I plodded up the long stairway to our room, and was busy there about our things, when I heard suspicious movements in Chase's chamber. I went over and looked through the door, and there he was.

"Why, I thought Sargent was painting you," I said.

"Well, you see," he replied, a little sheepishly, and with no reference to my earlier conjecture, "Sargent didn't want to do me in that costume, so I came back for my old blue studio coat." He had found it below in his trunk, and was putting it on.

I could not rub it in. He was too ingenuous. Perhaps I smiled just a little, and went back to our room.

And in that old blue sack coat Chase was painted, as all may see in Sargent's portrait to the very life, in the Metropolitan Museum.

When we met Chase later at the Royal Academy he was again in his full panoply. He had gone to his room and changed his costume once more.

As the portrait proceeded, Thorne was invited to the poses, and we heard much about it from him, and about Sargent and his methods and his large amiability; and finally we were asked to see the finished portrait. The visit to Tite Street, Chelsea, consecrated as well to Whistler and Abbey, was an event indeed. I need not pause

over Chase's portrait—there it is for everybody to see; but the kindness of Sargent's hospitality and the variety and beauty of his large household are remembrances to dwell upon.

There were two studios on different floors and in two houses. At the top of one of the houses was a light one—both in color and illumination, for subjects of that order; and on a lower level, in another connected house, was a rich dark one for poses and arrangements of interiors and compositions in artificial light. Sargent took us through the house, leading with Mrs. Morris, and let us see freely the work he was engaged on, and I noticed in the upper studio the orange plants in tubs, full of golden fruit, which had just immortally appeared in the large canvas, the *clou* of that year, which we had seen in the Royal Academy. Of course Chase and Thorne were with us, supporting us and acting as guides, rather proud of their priority of information. Sargent's fine large figure, more that of a commander in commerce or in statesmanship than of an artist, and his noble head with the ruddy cheeks of a hearty English squire, were cordial to see, and though he said little, as usual, he clearly enjoyed showing his work and his handsome workshop to appreciative guests.

The queer little hotel Chase had chosen for us was of the most primitive type—a remnant of the period of George IV, said to have secret passages below for the King's nocturnal visits. And the servants were of the same era.

Chase liked pears for breakfast, and always had them except on one morning. He struggled with the cockney waiter over them, but it was no use. That portly menial

could do nothing. "But, Mr. Chice," said he, by way of being sympathetic, "the gripes is nice." Chase delighted to imitate his manner and voice to all the friends we met.

Among these was our old acquaintance from New York, E. G. Kennedy, the noted print-seller, who was a friend of Whistler and had been painted by him as a small standing figure, very characteristic in its tonal qualities, and very dark. We knew it as the black cat in a dark cellar, and often joked with Kennedy over it. But it was, after all, something to be painted by Whistler and to remain his friend, and Kennedy's handsome figure deserved the compliment.

It was, indeed, the year of the Coronation of King Edward VII. London was flowing with the British colors and bright, except for fog and rain, with her royal arms. If it were a holiday for us, it was twice a holiday for the English, and we were lucky to participate in their gayety, for it was a stirring historic moment of the British Empire.

The streets were always crowded with tourists and with types from the English provinces that we had supposed to exist only in *Punch*—the real John Bull. We studied him delightedly in our hotel, with his wife. The nights were alive with throngs that filled the streets and the theaters. We went one evening to the Alhambra for the musical comedy, then rather new to us in America, and sat four in a row in orchestra chairs. As we waited with the eagerness of strangers for the curtain to rise, there were little strips of paper falling from somewhere which we flicked away again and again without much attention. They fell right over our heads and rather amused us. They were a new wrinkle, we thought, of the English playhouse. Then some one's eye glanced up

and traced them as they floated down on us, and we saw the grinning faces and blond curls of the Floradora girls of our ship, leaning over the edge of a stall above us, and the explanation was clear. So was the energetic recognition.

XIV

THE dinner to which Mrs. Morris and I were invited by Mrs. Pennell to meet the incomparable Whistler came off just before we left London for Paris. Chase could not be invited, welcome as he was at Pennell's, because of the feud with Jimmy. They were friends, painted each other, traveled together, had everything in common—skill, genius, wit, brilliancy, until one fatal trip in Holland, I think, when they fell out, never, never to like each other again. Chase, really was too generous to be vindictive, he deeply admired Whistler, lectured on him, and loved him; but Jimmy was spiteful and uncompromising. It would not do to bring them together at dinner or elsewhere. We therefore went alone around to Buckingham Street, and climbed the stone steps three flights to the wonderful top story with its view over the Thames and all nearby London. Joseph Pennell was absent on the Continent. The other guest was our good friend George Sauter, associate of Whistler in the International Society of Painters, Gravers, etc.—and nearly as good a painter as Jimmy himself. He is a Bavarian, long settled in London, and was married to Galsworthy's sister, at whose house in St. John's Wood we spent many agreeable hours on this trip and afterwards.

Whistler had not arrived long after the hour for dining, but Mrs. Pennell said this was his habit, and we sat down at the table of high culinary traditions, pre-

sided over by the expert collector and writer of cookbooks, French, English and American. The waitress was the never-failing French Augustine, much celebrated in Mrs. Pennell's books. Thus we were a group entirely foreign to England, and when Whistler did come he completed the circle.

He sat over against me beside Mrs. Morris. He always seemed to me, as he did now, a bit untidy in his apparel, as though he might be careless of such things, even though he posed as externally exquisite. His curly locks, showing the famous white tuft over the forehead, seemed heavy and shiny, like those of men of fashion long ago who used grease instead of water for their ablutions. His dress shirt was rumpled, and soiled with a brown spot, in spite of its gems. His very small patent leather pumps might have hurt his feet, and his single eyeglass was hung on his neck by a wide cord not unlike Chase's.

But his coming in, with a little stoop of courtesy to the hostess, and his occupancy of the vacant chair, gave us the thrill which fame and publicity and great gifts always carry with them.

He was supplied with the soup course, which we had finished, and then the talk began.

We brought him the greetings of General Wheeler, who told us he knew Whistler in the West Point Military Academy when they were fellow-students. The General said he was in a later class than Whistler, and this we incautiously repeated.

"Later class—hem, hem—later!" said he. "Why, he was in the class above me—he's much older, much." Whistler was very secretive, as we knew, about his age

and his birthplace. He was not going to acknowledge any excess in years over a gray-haired General, even a celebrated one. And yet I have every faith that General Wheeler was the younger of the two.

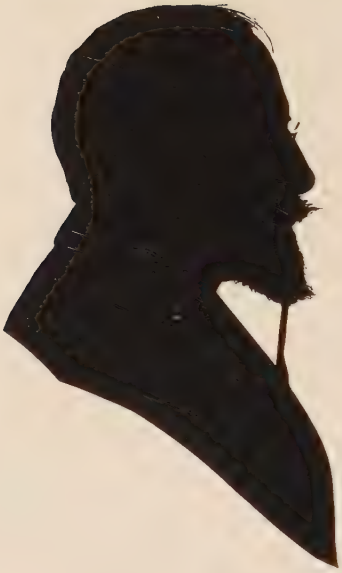
This naturally led to views on West Point; and Whistler declared that it was the pivot on which the United States rested; as it flourished, as it carried its functions to their highest purpose, so the country would likewise advance. But as Whistler had not been in his own country for many years, and as West Point had changed materially since he was there as a draughtsman—well, I couldn't be sure that I trusted his judgment. But as always, he was the oracle, and rightly, for his fame and his wit carried his opinions.

There is, in our possession, a souvenir of his school-days at West Point, which I ought to have mentioned to him, but did not. It is a copy in water color of Delaroche's picture of Cromwell gazing into the coffin of Charles I. Whistler presented it to his art teacher, Dr. Coppée, and through his family it came to us. How would Whistler have received such a statement? Probably he would have shown temperamental anger at the preservation of his school work. Who knows?

Out of the Wheeler episode, naturally, came the hilarity of Whistler over the Boer War, then raging. His delight over the reverses of the blundering English was unrestrained. I ventured to mitigate his scorn a little by referring to the athletic character of the British Army.

"Athletics! Yes," laughed he. "To be sure! If it weren't for athletics, how could they run forty miles away from the Boers?"

I told him then, a bit wickedly, a story from home. Just before sailing we had heard a lecture on the Boer



William M. Chase

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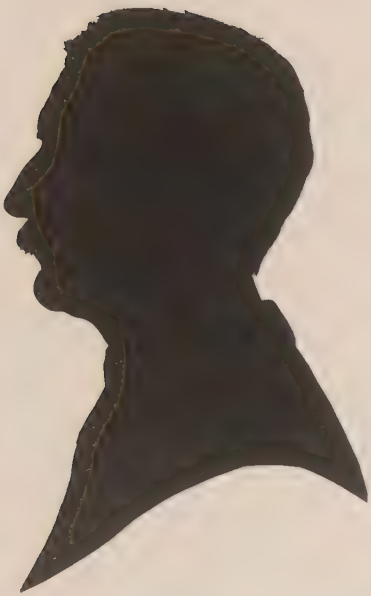

Harrison S. Morris

Shadow Pictures

War by a Quaker professor who had seen some of it. He threw a picture on the screen of General Buller, the Commander-in-Chief, the principal butt of Whistler's ridicule. The lecturer made no comment on the General's abilities; all he said was:

"The cream of the British Army—whipped cream."

This took Whistler by storm. He laughed, then repeated, "Whipped cream!" then laughed more; and it is told in Pennell's books that he never tired of repeating the story wherever he went.

Queen's weather did not follow the new King, and his public festoons and drapery were drenched before the Coronation; but we had enough good weather to see a royal procession, including Lord Roberts with his bow-shaped white mustache, fresh from the South African campaign of rather inglorious history, and I recollect the emphasis I felt on this head because on my own I carried a high hat which I loathed but which Chase insisted that I should buy and wear, as required by English fashion.

Fortunately, on that score at least, we soon left London for Paris, where I could choose my own headgear.

But before setting out I felt the need for some frugal precautions regarding Chase's expenditures. He had been poking into every conceivable haunt which he knew from of old, where antique jewelry was put up for the initiated, and thus I thought it prudent to secure his and our own return passage. Crosses set with stones, crosses plain, rings with or without settings, every sort that tempted his artistic taste had he bought and brought in for us to see. They were truly beautiful, even if not all valuable—that went without saying—but how long would

his money hold out? I had my doubts, and so I went to the steamship office for reservations. There was an immaculate clerk behind the counter, the finest fruitage of British loftiness. He considerately heard my needs, and supplied them. I got a room for Mrs. Morris and me and one each for Chase and Thorne, and the clerk had recorded them. Then, in my innocence, I asked:

"Where do we take ship?"

"Ah, what kind of freight have you?" said he.

"Why, I've just told you that Mr. Chase, Mr. Thorne, Mrs. Morris and myself were going as passengers!"

"Ah, but for that we always use the word *embaak,*" he said, with the pained emphasis flowing from a long struggle with these illiterate Americans.

I perhaps warmly reminded him that we were drifting far apart in language and perhaps in other things, and I suppose I implied I was glad of it.

It was arranged that we should go to a small hotel in Paris, selected by Chase, and that he and Thorne should follow and meet us there. This was *en face* Gare St. Lazare, with a café below and rooms above, not very clean, not very decent.

It was just like Chase in his beguiling simplicity to choose a resort of that variety. His mind was on loftier subjects of taste and the picture galleries and methods of painting; and what did it matter where we lodged? He had taken his wife and children there the year before, why wasn't it good enough for anybody?

So we found ourselves in a rather racy house, where quarrels of ladies and gentlemen could be heard through the partitions all night, and where we did not feel particularly safe. Some of our jewelry disappeared. There were flashy men and women in the corridors and on the

stairs. It was risky, but not unamusing. We could not well leave till Chase came, and when he did he persuaded us to stay.

We ate in a small dining-room on the second floor, where one day Chase was fascinated—we all were—with a bridal party of French people led and animated by an expansive negro, who extended his gestures and conversation also to us. It was there also that we met one noonday what Mr. Birrell would call, "a bloody British bruiser"; but he was American. How he had wandered into that purely French entourage puzzled us much. When he found we were Americans, he warmed to us with eager confidences. He had the address of the hotel from some English boxer. He had been exhibiting in London. Of course, he knew no French. So he found the right *rue,* then showed the card to the gen-d'armes he met on the way, and he kept going in one direction as long as the officers waved that way. When he came to an officer who waved the opposite way he knew the hotel was between, and thus he found it. He was in Paris to box at the Salle de Wagram, and Chase was interested at once. Why not go? But it was obviously not for ladies, so Chase and Thorne went together, and vastly enjoyed seeing the American completely knocked out by the Frenchman.

Next morning an object in surgical bandages, with dejected stoop and forlorn and bleary eyes, appeared at breakfast. It was the remnant of our bruiser. Apologetically he told us that he could have smashed his foe, but for the first time in his life he had met the *savat,* French for a blow by the foot, and this unexpected and to him unprofessional usage had "hurted him so" that he was all used up.

We saw much in Paris of Edwin Lord Weeks, who was a vigorous American painter, and who had besides made panoramic designs for the Kiralfys. He and his wife were very hospitable in his charming studio; and we also enjoyed much the society of Seymour Thomas, excellent portrait painter, and his wife, Americans from Texas.

One night, as we sipped beverages on the pavement outside one of those vinodorous cafés so full of life and glitter, we were overtaken by some artists from Cincinnati whom we all knew and liked. There was the friendly face of J. H. Gest, the Director of the Museum, and with him Duveneck and his brother, Barnhorn the sculptor and Meakin the painter, to all of whom belongs the credit for making the Cincinnati Museum a substantial support of good taste, and this especially in its schools, where Gest's philosophy of instruction has guided, and the teaching of Duveneck, Farny, Meakin and Barnhorn has produced, artists of the type of Joe De Camp. They sat down with us and enjoyed the tasty refreshment, and as we exchanged travel-talk in the frivolity of that soft Parisian night, a wandering artist came up out of the dark street beyond us, and asked us to pose for our portraits in pencil. Chase instantly embraced the idea. He sat for him with tilted high hat over his Van Dyke beard, as though he had never had a taste of art in his life. But secretly, as the garçon worked, Chase also found a pencil and paper, and drew on the broad arm of his chair a portrait of his artist. When his own likeness was finished and presented to him, Chase brought this surreptitious sketch out, to the wonder and Gallic exhilaration of the itinerant artist, on whom the joke palpably was.

XV

BUT the most memorable event in our short stay in Paris was the dinner to which we were invited by Alexander Harrison at Lavenue's. Everybody knew Lavenue's, and it was a great treat to be guests there. The night was clear and smooth, with that accent of gayety in it as though it, too, were of Gallic birth. White covered tables were spread about the terrace under the colored lights in the trees, and delicious music was floating in from somewhere, without intrusion. Harrison, tall and distinguished, and polished in dress and manner, met us and led us to the chosen table, in its dim, bosky retreat such as the French have delighted in from far Versailles. There we found Berkeley Smith, son of our old friend Hopkinson Smith, and his new French wife, and Rodin.

Rodin could speak no English, but Harrison was a competent liaison officer at his own board, and the talk went smoothly from the moment of introduction.

We took our seats, Mrs. Morris on Harrison's right, then Rodin, then Thorne; I opposite Harrison on the end, then Chase, Mrs. Smith, and Berkeley. Rodin with his long colorless beard and upstanding hair over that very noble forehead and somber, not unfriendly, eyes, became a sort of monumental figure in the manner of his own sculpture, in the dusk of the warm outdoors. He reminded me much of Walt Whitman, even in his large careless clothes and big bony movements. As the courses

passed about and the talk increased, I tried to make this plain to him in language which he must have inwardly derided, though he was externally most attentive. I wandered all over the French dictionary without making any impression, I am sure, on Rodin, and with only the derision of the rest of the company for my pains. Harrison came to my rescue, and told Rodin what I had failed to convey; but I doubt if Rodin had ever even heard of Walt Whitman, to whom, in build and intellect and rough-hewn art, he was near allied.

Then Chase said, with a conscious touch of vanity:

"Harrison, ask him how he liked my last Salon picture."

This hazardous inquiry was put by Harrison with much emphasis on Chase's high place in American Art, and many more deserved compliments. But it brought from Rodin only a look of polite acknowledgment toward Chase, and negative shakes of the large, honest, speechless head. Rodin had evidently not been aware of Chase's last Salon contribution at all.

This was rather a disconcerting setback, to be sure, but the table-talk flowed on over it and it was soon forgotten in the sympathetic urbanity of Mrs. Smith, who took the attention of the party by her interest in Chase's engaging anecdotes. He was telling her about his passion for jeweled crosses and rings, a number of which, we knew to his cost, he had picked up in London and Paris. I felt a throb of satisfaction that I had already secured his passage to New York. He brought out some specimens and passed them around the table, and, after dwelling on his own hobby, he enlarged on that of some of his friends. One, Alexander Drake, of the *Century Maga-*

zine, collected the carved wooden Indians once indispensable to the front of the American cigar store; and then again he collected bird-cages.

"How odd and interesting!" Mrs. Smith said. "I think *I* should begin collecting something, Mr. Chase. What would you advise me to collect?"

Chase, in his happiest vein and with a winning bow of conviction, said:

"You, Madame, are already collecting friends!"

There was a pause while we took this chivalrous compliment in. And then—it might have been the wine, though Chase was no lover of it, or it may have been a temperamental impulse, or a sense of Rodin's supremacy, or an emotional reaction from his own gallantry—up got Chase on his legs and extended his hand in impressive silence to Rodin.

The great sculptor also benevolently rose and reached his massive hand across to Chase. Thus they mutely saluted each other—two noble artists—France and America, across the table, while we rapturously laughed and applauded and felt good over the rapprochement in that world where not sovereigns but beauty reigns.

We sat long at table, in the mellow night, with our accomplished host and his amiable guests. Wine could be sipped in that day and land, and the warmth of reminiscence fell upon us.

I used to meet of summer evenings, on the leaf-covered porch of my old friend Francis Howard Williams, in Germantown, a very cultivated friend, Apollos Harrison, who came in often for a neighborly visit. His genial entertainment showed an elevation of mind which is inherited by his sons, Alexander and Birge Harrison,

painters both, whose work all of us know and value. Without it, American painting would suffer a heavy loss. It is woven in the pattern of the art of our day.

Both of these painters went to Paris early, I believe in the wake of our Centennial Exposition of 1876, when the hegira began. Alexander has preferred to live there even until now, when most of the migrant artists of our richest period have either passed into the world beyond or have come back to enjoy the fame and patronage of their home. He has a studio in Paris, but the brilliant canvases of the sea, rare experiments in color and atmosphere, sure in drawing and in beauty, are painted in Concarneau or Beg-Meil, in Brittany, where we last called on him in 1910. His patrician tastes seemed well furnished in Beg-Meil, a French resort where fashion flutters down in summer and where we saw as well Lionel Walden, an American artist with gifts in landscape painting, mainly French.

It used to be argued that there was nothing to paint at home; you had to go to France to find subjects truly artistic. The artist would declare, with hand lifted in gesticulation and roving eye, that the sky was not right in America; there was no landscape; the atmosphere was too sharp. One suspected, perhaps, that the European call was an indulgence not always in the cause of Art. But there was much to be said for it. Our own technique had worn threadbare in the Seventies. We were still clinging to the frayed skirts of the British, originality had grown stale, landscape was a formula, the portrait had become a graven image.

It was time to take in some new blood, new vitality, fresh vision. And this is what the new generation of that day did. They went to France in flocks, and they

drew from the Gallic traditions and the matchless technique, as well as from the romantic loveliness of the landscape and the novelty of the characters who posed for them, a fresh impulse which the great majority who came back by the early nineties, infused into our languishing art.

No one would deny that there was a stir of the soul toward beauty in that roving and devil-may-care life of the Latin Quarter and Montmartre, the Quatz'-Arts and the Bal Miche; no doubt there was a call to the expression of any talent you possessed. The very fun and grotesquerie of it had its urge to the use of paint.

Our cousin, George Wharton Edwards, who derives from this period the love of Paris and the Low Countries, made so picturesque in his own books, tells an illustrative tale.

He used to meet in those days, on the streets of Paris, Bisbing, Henry C. Bisbing, a painter from Philadelphia whose broad canvases of Brittany and Holland were a feature of exhibitions in the Nineties, one of which is still concealed in the Pennsylvania Academy. Bisbing's hair and tawny beard were growing daily longer and more tangled and frowsy.

"Why don't you get your hair trimmed, Henry?" said George.

"I can't," replied Bisbing. "You see, Dannat is painting me as Christ."

It was one thing to go to Paris and imbibe what it had to give, including its beverages; but to stay there—that is another question. Bisbing and Dannat are striking examples of expatriation. They both attained great vogue in their day. The large canvas of William T. Dannat in the Metropolitan Museum tells the story. He

became to all intents and purposes a French painter, gave up his birth-right, adopted the Gallic formula and was lost to us. But not only so, he was lost as an artist, his diminishing mastery showed that he had fallen into the abyss of internationality. After all, there must be something in racial expression.

Bisbing went the same way, and Weeks, exquisite delineator of the Orient, as well; and Seymour Thomas, who was sent to Europe by the State of Texas in recognition of his early promise; and Elizabeth Nourse, an etcher, who painted the peasantry of Brittany like any Frenchman; and Florence Este, and W. L. Picknell—all were expatriates, all enveloped in the mists of an alien art.

But there were some not so yielding to the foreign spell; Walter Gay did and does elegant interiors of châteaux and gorgeous salons which might as well be painted over here, so far as technical painting goes. He is no "man without a country," though he chooses to live abroad. And then—Alexander Harrison. He has ceased to exhibit here, but when in his heyday he painted the sea, which has no nationality, he did it so realistically that one of the foolish old Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy was wont to draw his friends up to a French marine of Harrison's on the Academy walls, and enlarge on his acumen in having discovered for himself just the point on the Florida coast from which it was taken.

No, Alexander Harrison remains a living force in our art, and will endure. If I could venture to quote some of his letters to me, giving his artistic creed so forcibly and wisely as to show how deep is his foundation, how serene his philosophy of life, the reason for his preference for France would be apparent. Maybe it is

not without the same sort of distaste for the "snobbish amateur" which he felt at the old Academy, and if he had been valued as he deserved, he might have "become a resident in the very house built by his grandfather."

But this was a digression. As I describe that scene in the summer night, after the delicate and appetizing ministrations of Lavenue, *en face* the Gare de Montparnasse, bits of anecdote come back to me that characterize the qualities of this notable painter:

His sense of fun, as when at a Jury meeting to pass on works for the new Salon in Paris, some picture was called by Carolus Duran "an indiscretion." Harrison's amusing comment instantly was, "Apropos de l'indiscretion, voila le gilet de Carolus"; in allusion to an ornate vest covering the massive front of the great French master.

And that luncheon we took together at the house in Newport of Anthony Drexel, where Harrison was a summer guest. All the family and other guests had gone yachting. We were alone at table. We talked so hard and so forgetfully, that the habit of butlers in snatching away dishes before one is finished deprived us of a relishable meal. We awoke to this when we had taken the dessert. Harrison then regretfully said, "I don't feel as though I had had enough to eat, do you?" I cordially agreed, and he then ordered the courses to begin over again, and this time we were well refreshed.

And lastly, our talk at Beg Meil, about Concarneau, not far away, where the nose-holding smells of dead fish pervade every nook of that medieval-walled village, of many small boats forever bringing fresh cargoes of sardines to join the haunting stale ones of other years.

Harrison said that in his years of painting there he had got used to these odors and rather liked them. Which shows how a taste ultra-fastidious in art, in dress, in manner, and in social usage, could be convinced by the appeal of the picturesque.

The distinction of Alexander Harrison's character and face is best set forth in a small bust by Edwin A. Stewardson, a friend of younger years who lamentably died before his ripest period in sculpture had come to pass. His figure, "The Bather," is enshrined in the Metropolitan Museum and in the Pennsylvania Academy. It was a happy combination—this bust of Harrison, for the sculptor and sitter were both of the best sort of Philadelphia life, now, alas, much diminished by the loss of the elder culture.

XVI

BUT to continue with Chase. We all came back together; Chase, William Thorne—a sacrifice again on the altar of Neptune—and the two of us; and until the opening of the Academy Schools in the fall we saw no more of Chase.

Then he began anew his class criticisms on one or two days every week, and it was a stimulating event; always fresh, always overflowing with inspiration each time that he appeared. I can see him now, gesticulating with his gold-rimmed eyeglass, on its broad black ribbon, and once in a while drilling his magnificent mustache into symmetry with a kind of sibilant indrawn breath, as of nervous satisfaction. He would talk delightfully as he wound about among the easels of the girls and young men, hanging an illustrative story on this canvas, or imposing a criticism on that. Or he would paint the portrait of one of the students to show them how to do it. The class adored him, naturally. He was the soul of gentleness and kindness. Each student was to him a personal charge of whom he was proud when his guidance was intelligently received; and even the dullest cannot fail to remember that rare contact with so lovable and gifted a master. Every now and then some of them come back to me with loyal warmth over those brilliant days never to be repeated.

Of course, Chase made quantities of friends in Philadelphia, and he had many commissions to paint portraits.

This led him to open a studio where he could receive his sitters and be surrounded, as he always liked to be, with the luxuries of taste and color he had picked up here and there, at auction or in the little old shops he knew how to discover.

One day he came in to me at the Academy and said, with great mystery and empressement:

"Morris, I want you to go down with me to the auction room and see a Rubens sketch they are going to sell."

I said I couldn't; it was impossible, my desk was heaped full of work. But he persisted. He wanted my opinion, and who could hold out against the fascinations of Chase?

I went with him to Walnut Street; and away up on the top line of paintings for sale, there was a small panel that did look much like Rubens, in design and color. I said as much; and Chase was bent on buying it. He dwelt on his luck in discovering it. He was eager for the sale.

We parted at Kugler's restaurant door, I to the Academy, he within. There, at one side of a table for two, it appears that he found John G. Johnson, keen always for bargains in art. Chase took the seat opposite him, and at once unburdened his innocent heart of its interesting secret, with all the enthusiasm of conviction, I surmise, that an artist can put into such a revelation. Of course, I know not what else was said. I only know that John G. Johnson bought the picture, and that it now appears in the Johnson collection, and receives the visé of that celebrated group as a Rubens. Chase's impulsive confidence had undone him.

And yet there is a clew in the episode to the unsuspecting candor that made us all love Chase. He was the more artist that he was without cynicism, without a

sinister atom in his gentle mind. We never heard him utter a hard word about a fellow artist or his work. I know how he hated some of the *poseurs* of painting, the lesser men who sneered at the greater, but never a syllable escaped Chase. He found only the good traits in his fellow craftsmen, or he let them alone. Even the treatment he had received from Whistler brought from him nothing but admiration for that mocking personality—except when Chase fell into a reminiscent mood over their travels together. Then he would imitate Whistler's talk and manner, and make us all shout at the scenes they passed through.

"Colonel"—Whistler always called Chase Colonel, perceiving a military air in his bearing and his nicety of dress—for Chase started in the Navy where he got his keen eye and his skill with a pistol—"Colonel," said Whistler, when they paused in front of a canvas of Millais at the Royal Academy, "how would he feel if he knew *I* was looking at his picture!"

And when they had examined a show in Holland, and Chase in his quizzical way said:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"School!" sneered Whistler, and Chase declared that that one word described the show completely.

Or when traveling by train together in Holland, they fell into an argument, and Chase implied that Whistler could not understand certain subjects, as he could not speak German, Whistler thereupon would talk German and German only for the rest of the day.

Once or twice Chase lectured for us on Whistler, as I have earlier indicated in Whistler's conversation at Pennell's. He told with amusing fullness of their Quixotic friendship, of their painting each other, and of the

mad doings of Whistler with clients and models in his studio; but he appraised Whistler's art with an admiration not exceeded by any of his adorers.

Chase was a good speaker. He had so persuasive a presence, such twinkling eyes for fun and good stories, that he quickly won the favor of an audience. His lecture on Velasquez was so full and enlightening, it astounded those of us who never saw Chase with a book. Somehow his intuitive artist's nature absorbed what he wanted from travel and insight and common sense, and he could give out a clearer critical view than a grubbing professor loaded with detail.

But one night I was with him when he was stumped, as any gentleman would be at conduct so coarse and so unexpected as that of the Clover Club in Philadelphia. He and I were invited to that ribald feast and were made victims of its *blague*. Chase, looking the man of the world, artist and critic, got up to speak in his usual urbane manner, and he had hardly uttered a sentence before catcalls and snatches of satiric song and shouts of derision forced him to his seat. He looked at me annoyed, and the Club having finished its prey and smacked its fangs, laughed itself silly.

There would be too long a list, if I attempted to give all whom he painted during those years in Philadelphia. The portraits will come out as Chase's place is confirmed by the unerring finger of Time. Even now this just index is slowly rising to the line where Chase's name is written. These portraits include many handsome women done with a sweep of the brush inspired by the insight of genius. One such was the likeness of Dr. Horace H. Furness's lovely daughter, the wife of Dr. Horace Jayne. The

contemporary inertia against the new, however rich and beautiful, was shown in a very witty remark of her brother. In the drawing-room at Wallingford this portrait hung in company with an older one of an ancestor by Sully. The parlor critic saw them together. Said he, "This shows how much better it is to be sullied than chaste." I am sure that the generations to come will enjoy and appraise the images of those who were thus Chased, and the joke may then be correctly and ethically reversed.

One of the most engaging of the student portraits that Chase used to paint came to us on a generous impulse of his, when he told me that if I saw anything I particularly liked, he would present it to me. I could, of course, choose none of his great canvases, but this single example is so fresh and vital, so full of Chase and his "first fine careless rapture," so cool in its black and flesh color, that hardly any token from him would better express himself. It was a charming habit of his to make little gifts freely everywhere, and I have many such that carry in them and keep close to me his sense of perfection in taste—a green jar, an old ivory-topped cane, engravings of Velasquez, a photograph of his "Lady in the White Shawl," which we bought for the Academy at the ridiculous price of five hundred dollars, and a profile photograph of Mrs. Chase and himself, composed after the manner of a medal—all mementoes of his kindly spirit and his love of lovely things.

But, after all, the best of Chase was to be enjoyed when you walked through a gallery with him and watched his eyes flash at some fine canvas, and his hand go up to his mustache in a gesture of pleasurable excitement.

Then his whole spirit came out to you and you could divine what was taste and what was not through his unerring choice.

And yet, with Chase, too, there was sometimes a personal equation. Once he and I went together to Washington on an excursion of the Publishers Association. In that day, this was an annual event, carried to different cities each year. It was snowing steadily when we got to Washington; the big banquet of the Publishers was to come off in an hour, and we must unpack and dress. Chase said to me:

"I say, Morris, let's go over to Corcoran Gallery and see the pictures."

I told him there was too little time; besides we couldn't get in.

"Oh," said he, "you can get in." And his persuasion was irresistible.

We went to the janitor's house under the galleries, where I was known, and we put up our plea to see the pictures. The janitor said, "Certainly, Mr. Morris, but I can't turn on all the electric lights without giving notice to the Electric Company." I suggested turning on one gallery at a time, and this was done.

We circled rather swiftly round one gallery, then the next was lighted, and Chase, eager to see something he did not reveal, led us quickly around it, and so on from gallery to gallery until he reached his own still-life canvas of fish. There he paused in silence a long time. He paced back and forward to see it in every aspect. At last he turned to me:

"Say, Morris, now isn't it beautiful! It ought to be in a foreign gallery." He took his hat off to it.

The janitor and I stood by with twinkling eyes at such

a fresh and manly show of a great artist's unconcealed nature. Perhaps the janitor got only an inkling of what it meant; but now Chase turned to him and narrated what I had already heard—how the fish had been hired in London from a fish-monger, and an amusing string of events that had followed.

But there was the fish to the life, with none of the fragrance which Chase's prolonged labors on it had provoked.

XVII

WHILE Chase was thus with us much during the winter months, there were also other visitors of notability, going and coming.

Zorn, the Swedish artist—Anders L. Zorn, the matchless etcher and portrait painter—came over with his devoted and more practical wife, and fell into immediate friendship among the artists then in the city. There were many studio parties, where he liked the ladies conspicuously, and it is no offense against prohibition of a later day to say that he liked his glass as well. He was rotund and robust, well dressed and of a ruddy complexion, handsome, and, at least superficially, quite innocent in his admiration of the women he might choose as objects to paint or otherwise. I took him one morning through Wanamaker's store, where he clung to almost every counter in unabashed scrutiny of the good-looking young women in charge of sales. Whether this was professional or was natural attraction, the reader may guess. But I was relieved when we were at last on the street again.

He suggested, and he and I put through, an exhibition of Scandinavian painting which he would select and assemble in Sweden and I should manage in America. It was the first of the traveling exhibitions in this country, going, I remember, to seven cities of the West. Much accord was shown by the other art institutions, and a heavy correspondence was the result. Sales were made,

and in the end the pictures went back to Zorn, after a useful and profitable experience over here.

I think this gave us the first opportunity to see the landscapes of Prince Eugene of Sweden, who was Zorn's close friend. I recollect most his sunsets through the Scandinavian forest, full of beauty and sentiment and reserved in color. I afterwards met the royal painter in Rome and once in London—a very tall gentleman, with rather small but cultivated head and pointed beard, dressed more as artist than as Prince, in loose woolens and a checked shirt, with eyeglasses over rather sunken cheeks; a gentle character and a genuine artist.

The time Zorn and I were in London together, when the Prince was traveling with him, was the last in which we met. It must have been near the Albany, because I recollect going into the Arcade and having a beverage and a long talk. After that there were more letters exchanged, and last of all, I think, a postal picture of his colossal bronze statue of Gustavus Vasa, a monumental offering by him to his native country.

One of the letters I must give, if only to show Zorn's robust epistolary style:

"Groton, Mass.

"Dear Mr. Harrison Morris:

"Mrs. Gardner says she will be very pleased to show you the Fenway Court if you can come after 12 Jan. as she is going away and will not be home before said date. I have written instructions for Mrs. Zorn to send you the two pictures. But you know I do not wish to exhibit them in your annual show. I have a long time been under the impression that you wished something of mine for your

museum, and these two I have reserved for your inspection before any one else. It is a nude, the best I have ever made, out of doors, and the other is a pretty young peasant girl in old dress, stepping into her room in the loft.

"Tuesday morning I shall be at the Waldorf, New York, again. Perhaps you have an errand to N. Y. then and we could have a chat. I long to see you again.

"Yours very cordially,
"ZORN."

Hardly ever in the vistas of art will there be an artist more skillful and more perfect than Zorn. The spiritual was not in him; but the technique of reporting what he saw, what he liked and finding beauty in it, robust models in terms of flesh and verity, no one has surpassed.

After Zorn, or nearly at the same period, came Raffaelli, the French impressionist; short, bearded, gentle of eye and of manner, and with the high hat of the boulevardes. He and I became warm friends. He came over to America for one week, to be present when his pictures were shown in New York at the American Art Association—a useful enterprise of Robert E. Kirby—and he stayed five months. We secured his group for exhibition; and, better than all, we secured himself. His quiet, genial, lovable character, as he would come into the office for some talk or help, was winning exceedingly. He knew little English, but was learning all the time, and his sense of fun was turned on himself when he made strange errors.

While he was in Philadelphia, he composed two lectures which he delivered at the Academy. The manu-

scripts of these were grotesque in the sort of English he had employed, though the substance was most enlightening. He gave his intimate experiences with the Impressionists of the 1830 school, whom he knew as a colleague in that brilliant movement—indeed, he was one of the leaders of it in its later period; and his pictures rank among its coveted productions, as may be seen by the example now in the Wilstach collection in Philadelphia, bought through the acumen of John G. Johnson.

Well, I was made to go over the text of the lectures to correct the too conspicuous lapses in pronunciation and in English. The plan was to avoid the haunting dangers in pronunciation by placing phonographic syllables over words which Raffaelli would likely mispronounce. With the English diction I could alter sentences to suit and reconstruct the paragraphs. The dear, almost boyish painter stood over me with eager fingers pointing here and there, and face absorbed in the work, until we got it into shape; then he was radiant and took it to his hotel, to study it. He had, I believe, never lectured before.

When the day came, he mounted the platform, as genuine and nice a figure as ever wore a frock coat and blue satin necktie. His well-trimmed beard, partly gray, and his soft, appealing expression—his foreign air—almost made me smile with sympathy.

The reading went very well till he explained how he had entered a café in Paris with his Impressionist friend, and he pronounced the word *coffee*. This startled me; but when he described a canary bird, and called it a "cannery," I was alarmed.

After it was over and I smilingly blamed him for these and other mistakes, he explained:

"When I came to *café* I thought to myself, the poor Morris, he has forgotten to put the right pronunciation over it; and as you call café over here *coffee,* I corrected it as I spoke."

Cannery he could not explain. But I think he enjoyed his mistakes as much as the rest of us did, which was visible in his genuine laughter.

It was either on this visit or on a later one—for he came out again, as he told me, to get a *dot* for his *daughtaire*—that he was invited to lecture in Chicago, where he was having a show. When he was ushered into the hall, he was surprised and embarrassed to find that he was to speak from the pulpit of a church.

"But," said he, in explanation, with his genial grin and laughing eyes, "you see, out there they thought I was Raphael, and that may account for it."

It was on one of my later trips to Paris, I forget which one, that I found my way, by invitation, out to the rue de Courcelle, where Raffaelli lived, near the fortresses which encircle the city. As I neared Raffaelli's address, I was diverted to see the long row of stone apartments, tall and of many windows, opposite his house. It was on the sills of these windows, he had told me, that all the neighbors and inhabitants of the flats, being agitated by his leaving France for the first time and going down to the dangers of the sea and of America, leaned in melancholy sympathy on the day of his departure, each waving a mournful handkerchief and saying to himself or herself, "The poor Raffaelli, he will never return. He is lost, he will never come back!"

I found his house almost suburban in its artistic snugness and round-about interior. There was a garden, and vistas through corridors, and much glass and sunshine

—quite Gallic in taste and convenience, though I remember less about a studio, because it was Raffaelli's habit to paint mostly in the streets, from a window, or from a cab. Thus he got very close to the human thing in character and in scene.

The great barracks opposite was quite shut out, and our dainty little lunch was as remote from the town as though we were far away. I recall Miss Sarah Hallowell and her niece, and a Miss McDougall, an art critic from some Chicago newspaper, with Madame and Mademoiselle Raffaelli. Miss Hallowell was in the same sort of work with art as myself, though she had been longer at it. Her abilities had been employed in Chicago, in making the American exhibits there brilliant at the Art Institute, and I believe in the World's Fair. All the artists knew and valued her for her skill as a manager.

The party was enjoyable both in its hospitable warmth and in the glimpses at a charming domestic scene such as Paris rarely affords to the tourist who is without French connections. Madame and Mademoiselle were most gracious, and my host—the friend of the American days—showed at his own hearth the origin of that winning manner which had made friendship into affection.

After the lunch was over, and the talk had subsided to rumination, it was proposed that we should go to visit Rodin in his studio, not far away. Perhaps this had been arranged by Raffaelli for the Hallowells, or for Miss McDougall. At all events, we got out to the rue de Courcelle, before the house, to take a cab, when it was found that not all of us could be accommodated in it. I was eager for a walk through the fresh summer air, and I proposed that the younger Miss Hallowell should walk with me to Rodin's studio.

Immediately, there was an appalling objection. No, no—a young lady, unmarried, unchaperoned, to go alone on the streets with a gentleman—it could not be allowed. Madame Raffaelli was adamant, shocked, so that was given up. But as Miss McDougall was somehow free from the checks that hindered young Miss Hallowell, being, I suppose, seasoned by her profession, she and I tramped away, and soon came to Rodin's door. It was in a huge wall surrounding some governmental enclosure which had been assigned to the sculptor who so honored France.

We were admitted into the rough wide studio within the courtyard, and there was Rodin himself, bristling blond hair upstanding on his forehead, same colored beard and ruddy skin, with clear blue-gray eyes, a Frenchman of the Norman type. His clothes were baggy, and his big frame stooped at the shoulders. He was impressively hospitable, and showed us the casts with which he was literally surrounded, the everlasting gates of Hell, the Calais citizens, and all the rest. Miss McDougall exhibited an interest in some little figures just pinched into human shapes, which stood on a modeling table. Rodin took one of them up, and held it out in the palm of his big hand. The quiet was broken by his voice saying: "Ce la est l'art; tout le reste est sculpture!" with a sort of contemptuous snarl on the last word, and a sweep of his arm around the studio.

Then the rest of our party arrived, rather inopportunely, perhaps, and our séance was over just as it was becoming a revelation. Nothing but pleasantries followed, and we all parted to go different ways.

XVIII

THERE was a passing glimpse of other celebrities in the world of art during those busy years—sometimes they came to be Jurymen at exhibitions in Pittsburgh, and stopped at the Academy to see us on the way, as Fritz Thaulow did; or, like Sargent, they came to town to paint portraits; or as with Boutet de Monvel they accompanied exhibitions of their works at the Academy; or as with Frederick Harrison, the Positivist, they came to town to lecture. Abbey came back to see his family, in the city where he was born, and where, under Schuessele and Eakins in the old Academy School, he declared he had got the education which made him what he was.

Thaulow, a robust blond of Sweden, painter of hurrying streams and bordering houses in sometimes slightly empirical contrasted tones, came in one day to pay his respects, and asked me to take him to see John G. Johnson's collection of European pictures. Mr. Johnson was good enough to allow me the entrée to his house on South Broad Street, and thither we went.

On the way down the street, Thaulow, rather clumsily, searched in his pockets for some memorandum he had forgotten to show me at the Academy. After continuous fumbling, at last, on a street corner, he pulled it out and let me read it. His wife had written down clearly that he was to bring home an American refrigerator. This, I thought with a laugh, rather a work of supererogation for a household of Scandinavian snow and ice, but

Thaulow said it was no joke, and the American sort were the best of all.

On the slip of paper, among other articles listed to take back with him, was a note to bring to Francis Howard, a friend I had made in London, of the New English Art Club, a set of "Warfle Irons." Howard was born in America and his appetite yearned for the succulent waffles of his boyhood. I corrected the spelling and told Thaulow where he could obtain the instrument to prepare the dish so sadly alien to the British isles.

At John G. Johnson's house this eminent Swedish artist was astonished to find so inclusive a collection of painting as only public galleries abroad could exhibit; and as with all visitors, he was amused at the intrusion of Mr. Johnson's pictures into his toilet, his rows of shoes, his clothes presses and hooks, his bed, his bath. This was, of course, as all of us should know—though many, with a purpose, affect to ignore it—a condition pertaining to the old house exclusively, where the collection finally overgrew its surroundings.

When installed in the present house, next door to the old one, the pictures and objects of art were placed without confusion and with taste.

To European eyes the sight of such pictures, displaying the developments of art, often its history rather than always its merit, was of course not uncommon. What was uncommon to travelers was to see such a group in a far country thought to be more or less provincial or innocent of the higher culture. Thaulow was polite enough to avoid expressing this idea. He was genuinely impressed and charmed with what he saw.

There is a volume to tell about Mr. Johnson and his collection and the new house he occupied with his pictures,

next door below the old one; and much else to say about that new house. I should like to tell the deplorable story of the breaking up of the beautiful house bequeathed by Mr. Johnson to the City of Philadelphia. It was an offense against taste, as well as a disloyalty to Mr. Johnson and a repudiation of his will. But the rather sordid facts, with their entanglements in Philadelphia politics, are less engaging than they are lamentable.

Boutet de Monvel, the delightful painter of little French children, and of the broad and rich mural designs of Joan of Arc, was very much the Gallic artist of refinement and intellect. He was a gentle character, moving quietly and speaking simply, with rather long dark locks and appealing eyes. We had his large mural canvases on view, and I saw much of him while he was with them. As my French was more of the literary sort, and not very vocative, our intercourse was limited, except as he wrote down his conversation; so that when we lunched together the talk was rather choppy. He spoke much less English than Raffaelli, but there was a sort of communication which a well-bred person could make manifest, and on this I could build my understanding, pieced out by my books. Since those days I have met his son, at his friend Robert Underwood Johnson's house in New York, where he stayed as a crippled waif of the War, and it was not hard to form a regard for that brave lad, among the first to be gassed in the Flanders trenches, such as I felt could be given as well to his father.

Of Edwin A. Abbey there was only one short view. He came back, I think, from his English studio at Broadway, only for the single trip when he stayed at the welcoming house of our friend, Dr. J. William White. One morning Bill White brought him around to the Academy

to see the Annual Exhibition. I was greeted as they went up to the galleries, but too busy to accompany them; and when they came down I naturally spoke of Abbey's fine picture of the "Trial of Queen Catharine," which had the place of honor in the chief gallery.

"Why," said White, who had been all around the show with Abbey, "have *you* got a picture up there? Let's go up and see it." And while Abbey talked downstairs with me, the Doctor posted up and had no trouble to find the leading picture of the show, which Abbey had modestly passed by.

My experience with the celebrated Frederick Harrison, Positivist, philosopher, lecturer, author, began at the house of Mrs. Jayne—old Dr. Jayne being my distant cousin—the marble landmark at 19th and Chestnut Streets. Here I was one evening privileged to dine in the company of Frederick Harrison, and I discovered that he wanted to see American pictures. I asked him to come around to the Academy the following morning, which he seemed eager to do. He arrived as planned, and we walked conversing up the stone stairs and through the galleries above, seeing as we proceeded the older works, not now in their fullness, alas! accorded to a long-suffering public. There were the Stuarts, and the Peale in his own museum, and the West of the "Pale Horse," and then we came to the beautiful Vanderlyn of "Ariadne in Naxos," a broad magnificent canvas, showing the goddess reclining in all her rich nudity on a knoll of the Ægean isle where she had been taken by her lover Theseus. This was a bequest to the Academy by Mrs. Joseph Harrison, and in large letters on a gold tablet the fact was advertised to the beholder. The lettering caught the eye of Frederick Harrison before he realized

the subject of the painting, and seeing a lady of his own name thus exposing her unadorned beauty, he drew back with the exclamation, "Mrs. Harrison!" and looked at me for an explanation. I soon dispelled his modest misapprehension, and he could then enjoy the beauty of the picture undisturbed by the implication of indelicacy in one of his race. I was rather inclined to think, too, that even so polite and cultivated a visitor might have felt a British thrill of satisfaction in catching the States in some such indiscretion as he had expected to find here. But there were no more shocks and the call proved to be a pleasure we both enjoyed.

XIX

THE visits of John S. Sargent to the city were rare, both in number and in the opportunity to see and know him, for rare it was to find touch with that ennobling spirit who was at once so human and so practical. I had had much correspondence with him relating to the portraits to be borrowed for the successive exhibitions, and thus I had encountered his always kind manner and friendly consent to my often exacting and perhaps cheeky requests. His letters breathe his amiable and accommodating, indeed habitual, mood, which may be gathered from the examples following:

"SEPT. 28, '98.
"38 TITE STREET,
"CHELSEA, S.W.

"MY DEAR MR. MORRIS:

"I have received your letter and regret not to be able to be confident of sending a picture to your forthcoming exhibition. Every portrait of mine that I can dispose of is going to an exhibition of my work to be held in Boston this winter, the one you ask for among others. So it is particularly difficult for me this year to avail myself of your flattering invitation.

"Believe me,
"Yours faithfully,
"JOHN S. SARGENT.

"H. S. Morris,
"Managing Director."

"Nov. 28 [1904]
"31 Tite Street,
"Chelsea, S.W.

"Dear Mr. Morris:

"That unimportant little portrait of Lady Hamilton is not worth all the trouble you have taken about it nor the worry that she has given herself in making up and altering her mind about letting it go. She consents because Sir Ian Hamilton met with so much kindness in America that she thinks it would be churlish to refuse.

"I must take this occasion to say that while I acknowledge great obligations for distinguished treatment and for honors received at the hands of the Pennsylvania Academy, I am often placed in a difficult position by the appeals made to me by the owners of portraits over here against your very flattering demands—sometimes for pictures that I have no desire to exhibit anywhere and would much rather have safely locked up. Even in the case of portraits with which I am satisfied I make it a rule not to make too frequent demands.

"For instance, I cannot support your request for the ones you mentioned in a late letter. Lord Ribbesdale is very ill and must not be worried.

"I have just cabled you suggesting a portrait of Miss Garrett, of Baltimore, belonging to the Johns Hopkins University. I expect this spring to paint several portraits that will go to America which will make them more available than those that are in England.

"Believe me,
"Yours truly,
"John S. Sargent."

"Dec. 10 [1904]
"31 Tite Street,
"Chelsea, S.W.

"Dear Mr. Morris:

"Our letters have crossed and mine will no doubt have prepared you for not getting the cable that you wish me to send, relative to your obtaining two things of mine which I had much rather remained in oblivion. One is, I believe, a head of myself, probably the worst thing I ever did—the other, an unimportant little study.

"I can not willingly consent to having them exhibited, and would much rather only be represented by Miss Garrett, which I am glad you have secured, and Lady Hamilton.

"I regret doing anything that may seem ungracious toward an institution that has done so much when exhibiting my better pictures, to make me a reputation in America. But the instinct of self-preservation comes in when that institution unearths my many failures. In those cases the reasons you give are far too complimentary to apply, though I greatly appreciate the courtesy with which they are expressed.

"Believe me
"Yours very truly,
"John S. Sargent."

But though such letters were an encouragement in a task not always easy, and though they brought help which stamped the exhibitions with Sargent's visé—yet to meet him, to talk face to face with him, to hear his vibrating voice and to see his ruddy countenance and mild gray eyes, was finer than any letter, than any message from him.

On his trip to this side in 1903, he came to Philadelphia to paint a portrait of James Whitcomb Riley, the lovable Hoosier poet; and I saw a good deal of both of them. They were as little alike as a diamond and a ruby, but they were both gems of the first water; Riley full of homely geniality and humor; Sargent, diffident, silent, almost bashful.

A note came one day from Owen Wister—I guess it was in 1903—inviting me to lunch with Riley at the restaurant in the Bullitt Building, on Fourth Street below Chestnut, and there I went to find much good talk and fun, and to learn that Sargent was painting Riley at John Lambert's studio in Seventh above Spruce. When we were through lunch, Wister left us, and Riley grabbed my arm as though he were expecting to be deserted and lost in streets he did not know. He said he would lose his way and perhaps almost his mind if he were set adrift so far from home; and I felt that this was more than a joke, for he was used to clinging to his nephew even in his own town, and seemed always to need friendly contact and, indeed, guidance.

I took him up Chestnut Street to his hotel, through the crowded sidewalks, and he held my arm with a sort of confiding and almost fearful grip, eyeing the throngs as though distrusting his courage to meet them, but enjoying the human contact in spite of his temperamental confusion. His trouble must have been of the nerves: for Riley, above all of us, loved his fellowmen, their caprices, their homely traits, their oddities, and their humors, as his letters, and especially his poems, show. I left him at his hotel, but how he managed to reach Lambert's studio every day for his pose I could not imagine —perhaps kindly and careful John Lambert called for him.

At all events, there he was one afternoon when we were invited to go in and see the portrait. I cannot remember whether it was finished or not; but at any rate, there also was Sargent seated at the piano in the lower room, and Riley with his genuine but almost awkward greeting, as though he were a bashful little boy who had never grown up except to robust size. He, who could face an overflowing audience to recite his poems, had hardly a shred of assurance in meeting his friends. But you felt the warmth and lovable appeal through the external shell of diffidence.

That day was the day appointed, I seem to recollect, by Dr. Weir Mitchell to meet Augustus St. Gaudens in St. Stephen's Church, on Tenth Street. I was invited to join them and inspect the marble memorial raised there by Dr. Mitchell to his lovely young daughter who had lately died. St. Gaudens was the sculptor of the impressive work. He had come over from New York for a final view of the installation, and he and the Doctor were well satisfied. To me it was a memorable thing to participate at such a moment and with those men, for though I was privileged to know them both, the cause of our meeting, saddening enough in its occasion, was a source of a new experience with them.

We were, as it happened, all three engaged to meet Sargent and Riley at Lambert's studio, and, leaving the church, we turned toward Seventh and Spruce. Except at some formal or public ceremony, you would hardly expect such a group of achievement and distinction to foregather in Philadelphia. The greatest of American and international painters, the leading American sculptor, the most adored of our homely poets, the most celebrated among American doctors, who was also a reigning

novelist—gathered into the small and intimate studio to see, before its exposure to the world, a portrait that has since taken its place as the equal of an Old Master; it would be hard to repeat the combination, or nowadays to equal it.

I need not describe the volumes of approval which were devoted to the canvas, nor the geniality of the group toward each other. But everybody as usual was busy, or had other appointments, and St. Gaudens had to catch the train to New York. Thus they soon parted; but I saw Riley on that visit afterward, and Sargent often later.

Perhaps it was just natural kindness, or perhaps quizzical acknowledgment for fancied protection or support through the menacing mobs on the streets of the City of Brotherly Love, that brought to my desk one day at the Academy a little parcel addressed in Riley's rather elementary hand—a good deal like lettering rather than writing, with all the capitals formed like type. In this there was a small volume of verse called "Poems Here at Home," one of his most endearing books. He had evidently bought it for me, and in it he had written:

"To Harrison Morris, Esq.,
With hale greetings and 'ahoys' of
his old Hoosier friend
"James Whitcomb Riley.

"Philadelphia,
May 18, 1903.

"I've half-way struck the notion
when I think o' wealth and sich,
They's nothin' much pathetiker'n
jes' a-bein' rich!"

The lines are from the poem called in the little book, "Down to the Capital," and are quoted by the one-legged old soldier, comrade of Flukens, a member of Congress, as his satiated judgment of that character, heavy with too much luxury. As the sentiment did not apply to my possessions, I took the quotation simply as a tribute from the poet's own pen, something precious because he had written it, and so I value it to this day and always shall.

Other books, and other inscriptions, came after this, and the dear old poet was so hearty in his generosity, that I must quote at least one to show his prevailing mood.

With "The Boys of the Old Glee Club" he sent this message:

"To Harrison S. Morris, Esq.,
with hale greetings from
his old Hoosier contemporary
"James Whitcomb Riley.

"Indianapolis, May 20, '08.
". . . 'Thank God, they're singing yet!' "

There were letters, too, which I could not lay my hands on when his Biography was in preparation, but as they have since been found I venture to quote one, at least, though perhaps a little immodestly, for preservation here. It would indeed be too bad if any scrap from that simple and delightful pen should perish.

"Dear Friend:

"You're as good a man as you are a poet, and in both characters you just about brim the cup of The Subscriber. Of your 'Lyrics and Landscapes'—I like them, every one; but, if an emphasized choice,

the *Eclogue*. Not Mr. Browning could beat it, at his best, clearest and freshest—and yet it is entirely your own and Nature's. Many times I've read and will reread it. Yes, and all its fellows. Long, too, have I wanted to write you, but have withheld my hand, being as truly charitable as overworked and mentally worthless. Have just rounded an *awful, awful* task—which same enormity has been 'hanging fire' throughout a measureless eternity of a breathless year at least. Know, however, through it all I forget not my vast indebtedness and thanks and loyalty to you, and—

"God bless us, every one.

"As always yours,

"James Whitcomb Riley."

And lastly, I keep always before me a framed postcard of the portrait Sargent made—two large and gentle and unassuming spirits combining in it—which reproduction was long ago sent me by another sterling character and gifted American artist, William T. Smedley. On the margin of this, Smedley has written, "An American Product"; and with our knowledge of Sargent's deep allegiance to his own country, in spite of his sometime residence abroad, it is only just to add the legend we use on our manufactured goods—"Made in America," and also to feel a justifiable thrill of part ownership in this dual evocation of American genius.

Although to follow through the years with Sargent will take me far from the dates of the Academy exhibitions on which this narrative is loosely hung, it seems best to bring together the meetings and the correspondence I had with him other than those already described.

I am not strictly following dates, as they mean little anyhow to the reader; but on one of Sargent's visits to Philadelphia, when he stayed, as usual, with Dr. J. William White, I went there to a lunch given for Sargent at which there were eight guests. It was an amiable theory of Dr. White that the ideal dinner was of eight, and he generally followed it. I cannot recollect all the guests, but I know we had a lively time, and that Sargent was more talkative than usual. He was engaged to paint Dr. Weir Mitchell, and I can recall his zigzag gesture and the look in his own steel-gray eyes, as he said, "Oh, yes, I mustn't forget those gloomy eyes." This struck me as odd; for I had never noticed such a characteristic in the Doctor's face, but Sargent saw deeper than the rest of us, and I suppose he was right.

One other remark of his was about a portrait he was going to paint of what Americans call a Magnate. I suppose it was the first one of the type he painted, as he had apparently not seen the sitter. Said he:

"What sort of a subject is he?"

Some one replied with a laugh, "He isn't a subject; he's an object."

After the lunch we went to the drawing-room at the front of the house, and the guests found seats on a sofa near the long-curtained windows—all but Sargent and me, who stood in the embrasure of the window nearest the sofa, looking out on Rittenhouse Square. I had brought with me a criticism—rather a eulogy—by our friend Cortissoz of the exhibit in Boston, I think, of Sargent's work just held. I showed it to him, and he read it impassively as was his mood with praise of any kind. When he was through, I said I would show it to the others. As I moved out to do this, his strong hand

caught me by the arm, and pulled me back beside him. He would not have the thing displayed nor mentioned, and I had to acquiesce. I did so with deeper admiration than ever for his invincible modesty.

It must have been at this time, 1903, that Sargent painted the portrait of President Roosevelt for the group of Presidents in the White House. It is a standing figure two-thirds exposed with a massive left hand on the ball atop a newel post, like the pose of a Pope, or a Cæsar. And the face is not without an appropriate look of command. How it came to be so posed is one of the odd stories of the eccentric President. It seems that he led Sargent all over the White House seeking a suitable place for the work, and found none they could agree on. Roosevelt had his preconception, as always in any art or business. Pretty much everything had been tried except a small stairway, leading, I think, from the hall to the second floor, with a landing where the flight turned and a large window above it. This rather unpromising place was chosen, but the slender iron railing of the stairs and the insignificant newel post were not to Sargent's taste. It was then proposed, by Sargent no doubt, to build out the newel post to look like a pillar, and anybody with half an eye may see that in the picture the thing looks artificially draped, as in reality it was, with perhaps pieces of pasteboard or frame.

Well, apropos of this portrait, I received from Miss Hagner, the Social Secretary of the White House at that time, a photograph of it, with the request that I should get Mr. Sargent to sign it for Mr. Roosevelt. And seeing that such a token would carry many reminiscences and much association for other years, I wrote Miss Hagner that I would do my part and perhaps she

would send me another copy of the photo signed by Mr. Roosevelt, which I might have Mr. Sargent sign for myself. This was kindly done, and I can recall the very bend of Sargent's big frame as he leaned over the red-topped table in my office and indulgently signed the two. Needless to say that the precious memento is a cherished possession—a doorway into a vista of a great intellectual past from which we have emerged, an era that may not be repeated in the now polyglot America for generations —if ever.

At Sargent's request photographs were also secured for him, and this is his pleasant acknowledgment:

"TUESDAY
"1810 SOUTH RITTENHOUSE SQUARE.

"DEAR MR. MORRIS:

"I have received with pleasure the two photographs. Could you tell me what photographer did them? They are so much better than the reproductions that appeared in *Collier's Weekly* that I would like to have a few copies.

"Yours truly,
"JOHN S. SARGENT."

There are other letters from Sargent at this time and later that show his generous courtesy and friendliness. One such I should like to give, if only for its picture of the havoc and outrage of war, and for his sensitive nobility in withholding the exhibit asked for. The portrait of the exquisite lady, Sargent's niece, of which the letter speaks, is one of his most spiritual creations, an inspired conception of lovely ladyhood bred in unassuming gentleness. She was slain in Paris by a German shell.

It will be seen that art at the altitude of Sargent leads to many memorable contacts, and thus I had a most agreeable visit to John Hay, when he was Secretary of State, in pursuit of his portrait by Sargent. To me he was always the author of "Jim Bludsoe" and "Little Breeches" and "Golyer," and on this basis we met. He was as quizzical as his poetic humor, and as nice as he could be. He took me over his house to see all the European pictures, then into his study where the Sargent portrait hung. Long we talked, as if to hold off his decision; he was as interesting about art and letters and editing as any book could be—but, I did not secure the portrait. To him it was too precious; too full of associations—and I did not care, because his greeting, with that bristling brown-gray beard and those crackling eyes, was a full recompense.

XX

FROM Sargent I am impulsively carried on to St. Gaudens, his counterpart in the art of sculpture, even though events and illustrative anecdotes of the Academy must wait.

My contact with the clear-eyed, clean-thinking genius of sculpture began, as the reader will remember, through Thomas Hovenden. It was always essential to any American exhibition to have the last and best of works from St. Gaudens's studio, and thus we were constant recipients of his always helpful and indulgent kindness.

But there are remembrances as well of closer associations. When the Franklin medal for the Centenary of the Philosophical Society, founded by Benjamin Franklin, was authorized by Congress, Dr. Weir Mitchell, always reaching out to keep alive the finer essences of life, had proposed that a gold medal be struck through the agencies of Congress, for presentation by the Philosophical Society to France, thus joining anew the two nations most deeply associated in Franklin's fame—indeed, most benefiting by his diplomacy and by his discoveries.

In pursuit of this noble idea, the good Doctor had traveled to Washington and interviewed the then Speaker of the House, called somewhat derisively "Uncle" Joe Cannon. The Doctor was received, as his distinction deserved, with the somewhat raw but hearty welcome of the Speaker, who being a little deaf besought the Doctor to draw close to his ear. Also, the Doctor must light one

of the statesman's long black cigars. These tokens of esteem were followed by an embracing arm around the Doctor's shoulders until the red tip of his black cigar, said the chuckling Doctor in telling me of the interview, was headed to set off the celluloid collar of the statesman. Dexterity was used in avoiding an explosion. The bill for the medal hung by a thread. But the fraternal embrace relaxed before the spark was applied, and the medal was promised, and later the bill was passed.

Dr. Mitchell procured the appointment of a committee on the part of the Philosophical Society to prepare the medal, and I had the honor to serve with St. Gaudens and Charles McKim. We met in an alcove of the Century Club Library in New York, and those manly artists were both amusing and practical in their approaches to the duty imposed on us. It was a picture that Sargent might have been fired to paint—the two commanding men, the one master of sculpture and the other of architecture, in the new age of taste and beauty that had come to the United States, an age like the Augustan age of Rome; an age that has lifted the perspective of man's building against a bluer sky than Rome's and that has found niches in its fabric and in its bordering parks for sculptural adornment and embodiment of human character in bronze or marble not inferior to Rome.

And the picture would show as its background of the alcove, the shelves of many-colored books lighted by a single window, with those men in the easy dress of the office or street, lounging in tilted chairs and talking the problem over with keen knowledge and interest; St. Gaudens of almost red, curly hair and long straight nose, McKim stouter and light-haired and earnest of eye and attitude, seated there thoughtless of the part they

played in the unfolding drama of America's expression of its soul.

As St. Gaudens obviously could not consent to the choice of himself as the designer of the medal, it was agreed that it should be assigned to Louis St. Gaudens, his brother, and that Augustus should watch over its formation. There were a number of conferences on the developing design, and even when it once reached acceptance, with a crown of laurel on Franklin's brow, as at the French Court, it was finally changed to the well-known unadorned profile, which was adopted and cast in gold. I still keep examples in bronze of all the stages of this noble link between our savior in the War of Independence and their savior in a bloodier and deadlier war.

Having in mind, as we deal with the more serious aspects of these men of genius, that there is also a comic side to all studios, I cannot omit the story of the St. Gaudens's studio told me long ago.

The Master would either forget to pay his boys, his assistants—John Boyle, sculptor of the Franklin in front of the Philadelphia post office, was one of them—or he would be hard up and await his flusher periods. So the young fellows would abstract the boss's gold medals and pawn them for their wages. St. Gaudens, in his carelessness of practical things, in his absorption in his art, would never know it. Then when the cash came in and they were paid, the students would redeem the awards of honor and put them back. Correct and starched people hardly ever see so much fun as flows in a studio, for the pranks and whims are as many as the originality of the artist can evoke, and the artist is in business for original ideas.

Such was that of St. Gaudens, told me by W. L. Taylor, the illustrator of pathetic domestic life. His studio was near to St. Gaudens' in Cornish, Vermont, and he sat for a portrait bust to the great sculptor, sat and sat, long and often. He thought it was never going to end. St. Gaudens would touch the clay here and there, then walk far back; then forward again. Taylor, patient, an artist of keen observation himself, silent by mood, made no comment. Then, one day, after many touches, St. Gaudens backed far away and his face beamed his satisfaction.

"Why," he said, "it's finished!" as though it had been done by somebody else.

One other glimpse—more than that—a full and prolonged view—of McKim was at his memorable dinner in the University Club, New York, when he announced his plans for the American Academy at Rome. It was a great table with reaching wings, at which McKim occupied the central chair, flanked by the Presidents of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, and lesser colleges, and thronged with the elect in art and letters. The sincere, earnest form of the noble architect rose at the end of the banquet, and read the adherence of this and that pundit or business power to his plan, and then the Universities followed each other with announcements of unity and of contributions. Never before had I heard of colleges giving; it is of their nature to take. But the glorious object and the personality and influence of McKim made them willing givers instead of recipients; and they began to roll up the sums necessary to put into being what has become a source of honor to us in competition with France and England; and what will help us, I am sure, profoundly, to support the better taste

within us that is to-day flouted by the worser. If only the harvest, alone, of Manship and Jennewein and Faulkner had been reaped it would justify McKim, but many more of the younger sowing are coming to crown with fruition his effort to bring us the full joy of living —so near to us and yet so often lost.

One last act of St. Gaudens must not be forgotten. He was declining in health, ill with too much work, pushed with many claims on his talents and time; and yet, when he was called to a duty for his art and for taste in these upward-struggling United States, he flung aside all considerations to take that duty.

There was a competition for a monument on Vicksburg battlefield to which St. Gaudens, Frank Miles Day, the arbiter of taste in architecture, and I were nominated as judges. St. Gaudens, without hesitation, sick as he was and seemed, traveled over from New York to Philadelphia and put through the laborious work of selection; and I still hold in vision the picture of his rather wan face and attenuated figure, as we saw him off on his train. Is it within possibility that the prevailing graven images of this day, in degenerate stone and metal, could excite such devotion from such a spirit?

XXI

THE years passed and we emerged from the Nineties into the new century, when our Pennsylvania Academy exhibitions began to take a leading place in the field of American art. Every artist, every picture or sculpture that could contribute to a complete reflex of the creations by native men and women, at home or elsewhere, was sought and exhibited. And it is a demonstration of the strength of beauty that, in its completeness, it was incomparable and that it made even the unelect pause and absorb and assimilate. Thus the attendance at the shows grew and grew, and that sort of valuation which comes from purchase also increased, so that even the sales of works of art began to be appreciable and to afford such encouragement to artists as that sort of tribute can give. If we could have gone on to the end, there is no knowing how far the standard of taste and the appetite for our own productions might have carried us.

As it was—as we can see it through a backward vista of twenty or more years—the movement has now died out with the slow growth of lost motion—I might almost say of decay. And it has taken all of that period—and the cynical might add, the deaths of the artists—to bring into recognition some of the great painters and sculptors then active. I say some, as Albert Ryder, Alden Weir, Thomas Eakins, Abbott Thayer, Twachtman, the accom-

plished Henry W. Ranger, Winslow Homer, Chase, J. Francis Murphy, John Alexander.

But there are many others equally of the highest merit, who luckily, like Charles Melville Dewey, still remain to do their countrymen honor by their gifts, yet who await the call to full popular acceptance, as do Sargent Kendall, Charles C. Curran and Harry W. Watrous, Julius Rolshoven, Louis Mora, Ballard Williams and Will Low, whose literature is as delightful as his stately art, with Dewing, Melchers, Wiles and Bryson Burroughs.

Approval by the masses, let it be said, follows but does not lead the true critical verdict. This, we must never forget, as Matthew Arnold so justly declared, is the verdict of the intellectual minority of a period; in other words, of the contemporary judges whose word has been found worthy of acceptance, and whose like in other generations, have made inerring prophecy of what would endure. Twenty or thirty years—a generation, is almost time enough to bear this out—and we have it demonstrated before us in the cases of the painters and sculptors, once of little fame, who are now the chief stars in the firmament of our art.

Of these illustrious dead, as well as of the living, and of the dead not yet crowned but sure of a place beside the rest in the niches of enduring regard, I want to speak as the reminiscences and tokens of character come back to me.

If it is any test of quality that, thirty years after your art has ceased to be created, collectors more or less intelligent and the skilled staffs of museums compete for your works, then, I repeat, there is much to indicate that they will last. And in the case of that shy and elusive

painter, John H. Twachtman, the prediction seems clearly to be fulfilled.

I recollect him as a serious, slender, bearded figure who eked out an existence devoted to interpreting for us the aspects of the earth translated into poetry, mystery, vision, loveliness, by teaching which took too much of his bodily strength away from his spiritual insight. I saw him first with Hovenden when we were seeking pictures for that initial exhibition. He was seated beside a pupil in the old Art Students' League in New York, showing her the elements of his art. His form was strengthless and with little animation, though in a half-morbid humor he greeted us kindly. The outlook in those far days was not happy for those who had come back from France without funds to support their ambitions, to provide them while evolving their dreams.

And Twachtman died too soon, disappointed, I apprehend, and with no possible vision of the fame that was to follow with poetic justice and the valuation that was to succeed by the barter of these fragile dreams in color, for money which he so sorely needed as he gave them to a flippant world. In 1901 he said:

"Do you know that I have exhibited eighty-five pictures this year and have not sold one?"

And yet, I must not imply that Twachtman was without his own mental resources, his own enjoyments, pleasures of a thoughtful mind in arts that were not his own. He could talk with deep understanding of the poetry of nature, and I have spent nights with him when his fine sympathies and penetrating thoughts gave me an insight which can not be forgotten.

There are letters of his which, though slight, it would be a pity to lose from the slender sheaf of his own mem-

ory—his personal belongings. Thus I copy them as evidence of Twachtman, the gentle human character whose created art is a gift of treasured beauty to our world.

"My dear Morris:

"The affair on Friday is not what I expected it to be (I was mistaken) but just the usual reception. We might go in for a little while but will have much more fun here at the Club.

"Dine with me here and I will get Weir to join us and there will be lots of other fellows.

"Sincerely,

"J. H. Twachtman.

"My compliments to your sisters. We had a nice dinner."

"My dear Morris:

"How do my pictures look at your show? Kindly send me a catalogue.

"Have you heard about our new Society?

"This is the biggest day of this winter; it is a very large day, and in spite of the rain following after the snow, all the world is beautiful. Some day you shall see my country.

"Yours,

"J. H. Twachtman.

"Dec. 14, 1898
"Greenwich, Conn."

"My dear Morris:

"I may go to Philadelphia for a day or two on Friday evening. I will see you of course. I want to

see my 'Winter' as I may never see it again and your country which I hope to see often.

"Will write you if something prevents going.

"Got your letter this morning.

"Sincerely,

"J. H. TWACHTMAN.

"Jan. 7, 1898."

"MY DEAR MORRIS:

"The 'Winter' at your show has been bought by Carnegie Committee and Beatty will no doubt write you about it. I want to run over to see you before the ex. closes as it will be my last chance to see the 'Winter.' I used (when very young) to feel as if I had cheated any one who bought a picture of mine, but in this case I do not like the parting. We are glad to get the money though, and are planning new gardens and terraces and walks bordered with flowers—and a new bridge to the island and painted light blue this time. What do you say to that? Sounds good.

"I may drop in on you at any time.

"As ever yours,

"TWACHTMAN.

"Jan. 31, 1898."

"MY DEAR MORRIS:

"I can not make out the name of your salesman in a letter he wrote me requesting prices of my pictures. The two he asks about, 'The New Bridge' is $500 and 'At Noon' $750.00.

"Did you get my letter asking for a catalogue? You are a mighty bad correspondent.

"As ever,

"J. H. TWACHTMAN.

"Jan. 22, 1898."

With Abbott H. Thayer it was different. He lived his life, so far as I could see, as he liked. He set his house remote from the world, under the side of Mt. Monadnock, and he worked out his destiny to suit himself.

It happened, or was by him designed, that Monadnock became the massive model for some of his loftiest landscapes. Note the one in the gallery of the Metropolitan Museum, where the sun like a glance from a retiring God touches the summit of Monadnock to momentous magnificence. This is that sort of a lofty reach of imagination that takes us into realms not of earth through the beauty of earth itself. That is the truest province of art, and Abbott Thayer saw it deeply in everything he chose to paint. His human figures, his angels, his "Caritas" in Boston, are as monumental as those of Blake, and yet with human character that seems within touch of our senses. They are the embodiment of the mortal flesh and spirit as it might be, as it is when seen through the inspired eyes of a painter who is also a seer. Beauty exalts what it touches. Thayer knew this, though he naturally chose for models such types as best fell in with his visions of perfection. Those who are happy enough to have seen his daughter-in-law, or the ladies of the family of Professor Pompelly will not wonder at the heroic loveliness of his greater compositions.

There was much correspondence between us, some of which I am moved to copy here because it should not, I feel, be lost, with its comments on his aims, and for its many personal touches. He devoted years of his later life to the subject of protective coloration in animals and birds, and some of the letters allude to this subject of which he clearly had the mastery. After Thayer's death, I sent all of the letters to Mrs. Thayer, and hoped she would publish them, with others. But before this was done, she, too, died, and thus, I repeat, they should not be wholly lost from the records of a great man and a great period.

From Bath, England, he writes:

"Meantime, I have been demonstrating concealing coloration to the Zoölogical Society, and feel that my coming book will find them humbled and receptive; that sense will prove the end of my long strain and diversion from painting, for which latter I thirst."

From Monadnock, N. H.;

"I send you herewith a statement that I wish you would read through to see how wonderful the thing is. Meantime, Theo * writes me that there is nothing whatever in it, and that, for instance, a white spot is as visible against the sky as against the ground, and against the night sky as against the day sky. He must be longing for humiliation: since, if he will go out into an open field any starry night, he will discover that, at its brightest, white against the sky is totally invisible.

* Theodore Roosevelt.

"As to the white, what I mean is: If the deer's tail out under the open sky (or in the woods) be slanted to the degree at which it gets the *utmost* overhead light, while the slant still lets the beholder see its up-facing surface from a slightly lower level, as a wolf would, it will, at the angle at which it shines brightest, exactly match the sky (or, in the woods, the lace-work of the sky and leaves) and be invisible. Try it. Why didn't Teddy try it? In other words, only out in a wide open field can you by any slanting get the white surface to look even as bright as the sky."

A later letter, and fuller, carries on his enthusiasms about his book and his art.

"Monadnock, N. H.
"May 22

"Dear Morris:

"I have your nice letter. I am greatly in the mood to try to be ready. I have, in painting a big angel for Freer, evolved a quartette of four rather similar big canvases—all of which I begin, after recent visits to the Met. Museum, N. Y., to take very big-headedly.

"My protective coloration book (which my son has written for me—I feeding all the silk into his loom) is very nearly a landed fish at last, thank God! and my faculty seems to be running again, at the top faucet, the art one.

"For four years, this set of discoveries my poor brain has been vexed with, have kept me at work hours almost every night, with pencil and pad under

my pillow, and this (to stick to my metaphor) has kept me *drawn off* so that I never filled up to the point of running over or out of the painting faucet.

"To brag still more: my *protective coloration* of *the animal kingdom* discoveries are the biggest addition (except Darwin's Nat. Selection itself) to the field of Natural Science, ever made in a single book, and I can't regret my privations. Still further, while Darwin's is only hypothesis (*utterly,* as I believe it) mine is just so many demonstrated facts. So that I am entirely spared the agony of being disputed. Each illustration in my book wipes out many volumes that the naturalists have written, in their pathetic failure to see that the subject was a painter's and not theirs.

"Think of springing, on the world of these men, the revelation that only the crassest stupidity could have failed to see that each of their theories in sexual selection, 'mimicry,' recognition marks, etc., was, every one, conceived *only* because they missed the most obvious of facts! So obvious that the moment I showed it to Frank Chapman (Am. Museum Nat. History) he said it was a colossal joke on them all.

"Well, my dear Morris, how I get a-going!

"Were you sincere, when you wrote thanks for my liking *one* poem? I *tried* to tell you the truth that, in great preoccupation, I read that one (to your mother) and had not read another line. I know from that one how much is in store. Not yet have I read another verse, nor truly, any other print. My wife has been away, sick (splendidly convalescent now, after crazing me with dreary forebodings), and I the exaggerator, with no right to anticipate

trouble, have been under a big load: of book, homesickness, pictures, and general morbid down-troddenness.—And my eyes, always bad, overdrawn on proof-reading and illustration correcting. My boy Harvey lighted out, before the job was really off his hands, to South America, to forget it.

"Well, my dear Morris, I expect to send you a picture.

"Yours, etc.,
"A. H. THAYER."

The first of these significant letters which follow on his color theories came from Monadnock in October, 1912, and it is valuable in its reference to the "Young Woman" and the "Sunrise on Monadnock," now in Metropolitan Museum.

"MONADNOCK, N. H.,
"OCT. 8, 1912.

"MY DEAR MORRIS:

"Thanks for your trouble in sending the excellent reproductions.

"Please tell the gentleman who reproduced it (and I am very sorry to have mislaid your letter before I took what his name is) that in the absence of the actual picture I can merely say that I am much touched by the intelligent refraining from 'monkeying' with the reproduction. It looks very much like the picture, and the only fault I notice is a slight lack of massive color relations. The green * has slightly wandered from the regions where it was a key note, to regions that should be pinker, more

* See my later note.

rose white. The shadows between the fingers and under the right hand are distinctly *too purple;* should be nearer toward the color that her right arm casts on her drapery.

"This is the only big fault.

"Very likely, especially if the canvas needed varnish or washing, it had itself more of these faults than I suppose.

"It is by far the best reproduction I ever had of one of my works and I thank the reproducer heartily.

"Will you kindly hand him this letter and send me once more his name and address?

"Thanks for your good wishes. All is very well here and I am painting with, I think, full vigor.

"Yours truly,

"ABBOTT H. THAYER.

"P.S. Whether or no the background of the original was itself a good deal greener, reaching brighter green climax color, to make it so, would greatly clear the ensemble.

"I should much like to see a print after this change.

"I feel pretty sure it was so in the picture.

"A.H.T."

"MAR. 19, 1913.

"HULLO, MY DEAR MORRIS!

"How goes it—well, I trust. It does here.

"Yours always,

"Stop in. ABBOTT H. THAYER.

"A year ago I struck the oculist I have actually waited for all my life, who told me my whole head trouble was astigmatism and that his glasses would make me over and that my former glasses had never attempted to cure this. The whole year has gone on proving him right and I am actually a new man and have done a really remarkable Winter Sunrise on Monadnock, just lately. Watch out!

"A.H.T."

"MONADNOCK, N. H.
"MARCH 19, 1913.

"DEAR SIR:

"I am very sorry you were never answered about your reproduction of my young woman. I was excessively busy.

"The whole background and the shadows that I have here blackened are too blue (purplish blue) which of course means they should be *yellower* (Though, of course, not lighter). I write this away from my picture, and it *may* have these very faults itself, in some degree but I do not believe it.

"Your reproduction is very sincere & gives me much pleasure. Its gravest fault consists in its having *all* its minor modelling, *all* its little half-tints throughout the lighted parts too dark. They show too much and take away the figure's grandeur (such as it has!)

"Yours very sincerely,
"ABBOTT H. THAYER.

(See over)

Monadnock N. H.
March 19- 1913

Dear Sir,

I am very sorry that you were never answered about your reproduction of my young woman. I was excessively busy -

The whole background and the shadows that I have here blackened are to blue, (purplish blue) which of course means they should be yellower. (Thing, of course not lighter).

I wrote this away from my picture and it may have these very faults itself in some degree but I do not believe it.

Yours very sincerely Abbott H. Thayer

Your reproduction is very sincere & gives me much pleasure -

Its gravest fault consists in its having all its minor modelling all its little half-tints throughout the lighted parts as dark. They show too much and take away the figures grandeur. (such as it has!)

SKETCH BY ABBOTT THAYER OF HIS "YOUNG WOMAN"

"Although what I have here written mentions different things, it doesn't contradict my Oct. 8 letter.

"Both mean that the shadow mark should be yellower or more yellow-green compared to all the light mass.

"Between the fingers the shadow is much too *purple pink*. Make it *toward yellow*.

"After I had written this former praise (Oct. 8, 1912) I saw a photograph of the picture and said that it was grander looking than I remembered, and in this present letter I explain how.

"A.H.T."

Lastly is this, from a pile of letters, which lets us see, as we cannot often do, into the workshop and technical privacy of an artist of the first rank—an artist in the undress of intimate revelation.

"Monadnock, N. H.
"June 3, 1903.

"My dear Mr. Morris:

"I was sorry for you that after all the portrait had to go fresh painted.

"My painter-part saw too well its opportunity to utilize the *pressure* of impending exhibitions of this chronic portrait, and I quite wisely did over before sending it, her right arm and her hands.

"They are not every way marvels, but I am satisfied that they have a deepish harmony with her whole being, the thing in fact which is my forte and for which I often unwillingly sacrifice execution just as most of my fellow painters err the other way, making good arms, good hands, good necks unparticipant

in and uncontributory to the one pervading expression that each part must make or mar. It was this expression made of the gesture of *every part* of the figure painted that was the matter of course object of all the renaissance work, and now absolutely as it seems to me forgotten in favor of display of power to execute *things*— Alas, you can't varnish this arm and hand region for another week.

"Then, some artist who is willing to do it and whom you know I should respect, may be got, first to feel of it pretty prudently and then, by your blandishments, to wipe it with a clean wet cloth, wet with cold water only, and when it is dry, to lightly wet it (i.e., only the arm and hand region) with Sohnee Frères' retouching varnish.

"Is this too much to ask? I am very sorry you don't get the picture in less troublesome state.

"Yours very sincerely,

"A. H. THAYER."

There are other, to me, delightful reminiscences of Thayer. It was he and George De Forest Brush who, I believe, first thought of camouflage for ships at sea. They had pondered much and experimented much over the scientific problems of light and color, even outside the uses of pigment. They were among those to whom art brings ripened intellect, like Morse and Fulton, inventors who revolutionized the world's methods of contact.

So when we were in the war with Spain, Brush and Thayer disinterestedly went to Washington and offered their services and discoveries to the Secretary of the Navy. Of course, he was skeptical, as official life always

is of change. He wanted to know, you know, and all that sort of thing. But while he was deliberating, and telling perhaps why the scheme was no good, one of the painters stuck in the ground a slender stick which he held in his hand, painted after their theory of protective coloration. Then Brush alluded and pointed in the course of conversation to the stick before them. To the Secretary of the Navy, there was no stick in sight. He went on speaking his conventional thoughts. But quietly and as if accidentally one of the painters turned the slender stick around in its place, so that the sun touched it another way; and, would you believe it, there was the stick which the Secretary could not see!

I rather think nothing came of the offer in the day of the Spanish War. But we know vividly enough what came of it later, and what ships and lives were saved by the wisdom of the two incomparable artists who thus could coördinate their art to the uses of life.

And another time, so Brush tells me, Thayer was invited to lecture on his theories of color before a Royal Institution of Science in London. He had before him on the platform a table on which was visible a decoy duck of wood such as sportsmen use in gunning. In his address he alluded much to these ducks before him, and as well before the audience. At last the patience of one of the English pundits could stand this no longer. He got up in some irritation at the offense to his intellect of speaking of ducks when there was only one duck in view. Would the learned gentleman be pleased to explain why he referred to ducks, thus plural, when there was only one duck in sight? He sat down well satisfied with exposing an American impostor who didn't know how to use the English language.

Thayer then gave a quick twist to a wooden duck made invisible by his coloring, and the second bird was exposed in all its solidity. So was the English skeptic.

One of my regrets at failing to enjoy the fullness of my opportunities is that I was always busy when Abbott Thayer had a demonstration of his ideas on protective coloration in Central Park, New York. He invited me again and again, but I never could go, when to be present would not only confirm the legitimacy of his theories, but enable me to see himself—always an inspiration. But even beyond these motives for being present, was the equally appealing one of beholding Theodore Roosevelt refuted in those vehement arguments against the theories which Thayer held and demonstrated so convincingly. It was a battle between science and empiricism, and the man of science and of art won, as he always will.

XXII

WEIR I knew in all his hearty geniality, his lovable gentlemanhood that held within it the independence and picturesqueness of the artist. To see his fine Greek curly head expressing through its honest gray eyes the nobility of his thoughts was an elevation. You could hardly believe that so near a breathing replica of the Hermes of antiquity existed in our time, and if you saw the bronze bust by Olin Warner, before recognizing it as Weir, you would declare it without hesitation a classic head.

That kind and twinkling smile and a sort of puckering of the lips as though to laugh for the pleasure of greeting you—I have met them so often that, though he is long gone from his associates, they remain in the eye as living things.

Weir, like all the rest, had neither artistic acceptance nor public patronage when I began at the Academy. We bought then, for the collection, a fragilely beautiful landscape of his, fresh and green, and smelling of the Connecticut countryside where he lived in the summer; but nobody had yet discovered him as a man of destiny.

He belonged to the "Ten American Painters," which was formed of the elect who had come back from France as a challenge to the "old hat," as it was called by them, of the National Academy of Design, and as an assertion of native Americanhood in art, albeit the vein of technique was mostly French. And he was an Academician

besides. But neither of these dignities meant any more patronage or reputation for American art, which at that day was, in the esteem of the public, bunk. To be sure, there were some minds in advance of their period, like William T. Evans, George A. Hearn, Thomas B. Clark and Dr. Alexander Humphreys and Mr. Gellatly, who had courage enough to choose the best then produced and buy it; but the public, society, wealth, was as cold as the hand of insolence. It knew only French art which (it did not know) was forced on it by the dealers as a gambler would force cards on the uninitiated. I do not speak, of course, of French art as being undesirable. It stood in the front of its time as the unapproached leader. But it monopolized our stage and unjustly crowded out our work, which was and is quite able to stand by itself. If proof were asked, this is now amply demonstrated in such Memorial exhibitions as those of Sargent, Eakins, Weir and Bellows, held, alas! after their deaths by the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

And apropos of the post-mortem standard of criticism, I cannot resist telling the story of Blakelock, who fooled the collectors and the dealers in art by being alive when by all counts he ought to have been long dead.

As perhaps readers do not know, Ralph Albert Blakelock was a landscape painter who obtained marvelous effects of shadowy pools and trees in moonlight, and often of forest scenes in which the Indians of his western experiences figured in weird dances, as shown on the canvas in the Metropolitan Museum. Well, a moonlight of his was sold at auction some years ago, after he had long been forgotten, at a very high price.

As genuine beauty has a way of persisting, perhaps his turn at last had come; or perhaps being long enough dead

he was ripe for revival. At all events, there was at once an active market for his paintings, and the pursuit grew as the works became scarcer.

Then it was that Mrs. Van Rensselaer Adams, seeking how she could help some very poor people who lived in a valley of the Catskills, ran across a family named Blakelock in a shack which she there visited. She knew nothing of the artist of that name or of his works. But as she sought help for these people, the knowledge of Blakelock as an artist of other days came to her and she learned that he was not dead at all, but was secluded somewhere in a sanitarium or hospital for the weak-minded.

I need not tell all the steps taken by Mrs. Adams to discover where Blakelock was. It is a story she may tell herself, and it will take its place with those of fiction. Blakelock will meet "Sherlock" in mystery and in its unraveling. But here is a story which illustrates with grim appropriateness the tragedy of the genius who must wait till he is dead for his meed of fame and a fair valuation of his works. Blakelock dead could receive none of the increment of value which his pictures brought; nor, as it happened, could Blakelock living; and he, the author of the enrichment of others, and his needy family, could only watch afar off and suffer.

Such seems to be the system, the economy, of Nature. Millenniums of seasons of wondrous beauty are killed by the frosts of winter and new ones are created, one would think wastefully, to be destroyed in turn; and artists, the givers of beauty, are born and brought to perfection only to die before their work is known. How much more reasonable to a mortal mind it would seem, if what has reached the highest period of its gifts, as

the summer in its green perfection, should be recognized and cherished and allowed to take its glory in its own day and time.

But the germ must wait. Nature so decrees. And this was the prevailing fortune of most of that noteworthy group of masters in American art who moved unrecognized amongst us, touched elbows with us, lived next door to us, in the Nineties and later, and who only to-day have come into their own.

Even Weir, though richly endowed with talent, and indeed sufficiently with means, was not exempt from the general and public neglect.

But it must not be thought that these men of talent were inclined to blame or to dwell on an indifferent public. Remembrance brings back not a morsel of such complaint. No, they were for the most part too absorbed in their art to bother about the audience to whom it was addressed; and besides, the temperament of the true artist rises above such moods. He likes to be free and easy, to pack up and go away, to consort with his fellow craftsmen, and to enjoy the gossip of the studio. He is indeed the best company in the world, perhaps just because he does not pity himself. Weir, with his twinkling sense of the ridiculous and his amiable sarcasms, was never dull for a minute.

Once there was a dinner at John W. Alexander's, where it was arranged we should afterwards all go round to the house of Mr. George Hearn, a collector of American pictures and a Trustee of the Metropolitan Museum incidentally, owner of one of the large Department Stores of New York. The object of the visit was, I think, to interest Mr. Hearn in the plan for taking over the old Arsenal in Central Park, as a site for the National

Academy's galleries. On this subject I shall say a word later. Or it may be that I had promised to introduce Alexander to Mr. Hearn, as Mr. Hearn desired, and from that contact he derived much useful advice in his future purchases of American paintings, many of which now appear in the Hearn collection in the Metropolitan Museum. Those at the lively dinner were, I think, Frederick Dielman, then President of the National Academy, Joseph Pennell, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, and I forget who else; and all but Mrs. Alexander appeared duly at Mr. Hearn's.

He took us, after greetings with his family and guests, to the top story of his great house where were his pictures and his library. We all clustered around the celebrated "Blue Boy," the replica attributed to Gainsborough, and much was said and much conjectured about it.

Weir, I recollect, got into a bit of an argument with Hearn over some historic or biographical fact relating to Gainsborough, and there was a good deal of pleasant laughter amongst us about it all. Mr. Hearn was English, and occasionally an *H* fell out in his hurry of expression, and sometimes other particles were a little misplaced.

Thus, when Hearn, pointing to his library, said to Weir:

"Look in the Dictionary—get out the Dictionary, there it is on the bottom shelf—"

Weir said, "I don't need the Dictionary. You do!"

That was the end of a memorable visit.

Once again, I recollect with distinctness the tale Weir told me, in London it was, I guess, about his invitation to Whistler's house in Chelsea for dinner. They had passed together through those picturesque experiences as young

artists in Venice when Joseph De Camp was of the company, and others then yet to be famous.

Weir and Whistler went by cab or tram to Whistler's house in Tite Street, Chelsea. Weir was shown into a drawing-room, I think on the second floor, and Whistler disappeared. Weir said he waited—waited for an hour. He could hear through a closed door the wash of water in a bathtub, and could follow the successive periods of some one's ablutions and often the snorts. He was annoyed and embarrassed, but what could he do? Then from some other side of the house Whistler approached, with the aroma of his toilet upon him. He gave no explanation of his absence, which was obvious enough without it, and pretty soon they went to the dining-room, where was Whistler's model, Maud, very handsome, very gracious. They took seats; but before beginning to dine Whistler picked up from beside him on the table a slender round wand, and solemnly rose. There was a globe of goldfish hanging over the table at Whistler's end, and with the stick in hand he stirred up the fishes, round and round, as though this were the accustomed ceremony before eating. Nothing was said. Weir accepted it as a polite formula, but he enacted it for me in his liveliest mood.

With all such charming bonhomie and all such delightful fun, who wouldn't have loved Weir? And yet there was more. There was the sweetness, the goodness of heart, the thoughtfulness to be added.

How he learned that I was to marry Miss Anna Wharton, and insisted, made it a right of his as a friend, that he should go out to her distant home to call on her, was an instance. I refused to let him do it; we were deep in the show preparing at the Academy and the time could

not be spared. I used every argument, but it was a social duty he insisted on fulfilling, and I had to take him. Then some months later, when the ceremony was past and we were at home, one day he arrived at the Academy carrying a large framed print done up in paper, which he said I was to take out to the bride. He had found it at an auction in New York, and he wanted us to have it, indeed it belonged to the history of the Wharton family. It was a line engraving by Valentine Green of Van Dyke's portrait of Sir Thomas Wharton, which is both rare in itself and is a memorable keepsake from that benign hand.

There was, as well, a wedding present to the bride. He sent her one of his own landscapes, a snow scene where slender trees reach up from the white earth to a blue sky, in happy unison of color, full of the love and intimacy with nature that was Weir's own charm. I suppose the greedy collector nowadays could not regard such a familiar gift apart from its growing value; and it is equally significant, unless you were a native of an island where money is dross, to realize that one of Weir's few etchings that could only a decade or so ago be bought for twelve dollars, is now eagerly acquired for twelve hundred. Rating the increment of beauty before and after death, it is thus plain that it increases one thousand per cent. Perhaps it is better to die.

Another incident comes back to me as I dwell on my recollections of Weir. There was a group of artists from New York who came over to Philadelphia to be present at the first performance of Langdon Mitchell's play taken from his father's novel on François Villon. Weir and Hassam and some more stayed for the night, and next day called at the Art Club. They had no cards, but felt themselves at home in a club so named, and they

entered freely to find a welcome from an old South Kensington English artist named Porter. They had refreshment through his hospitality and they also had much talk with him and the rest. When they had reached a rather familiar stage of acquaintanceship, Mr. Porter asked them to go out to his house. Having nothing else to do, they accepted and took a car to the rather distant place. Here they found a very modest interior with some of Porter's handiwork on walls and mantel. They admired with more warmth than honesty the china plaques painted by him.

"Ah," said he, "you like them? I'm pleased. Now would you kindly say so in writing?" And he produced pen and paper, and made each artist sign a testimonial to the high quality of the work.

Whether you found Weir taking part in such amusing episodes, or whether you stayed at his flat in New York, which gave him paintable vistas from its lofty windows, he was really the most lovable character of his day, the most a man of the world, the most complete artist. He excelled in the whole range of his profession, oil, water-color, drawing, etching; and had besides a culture that touched almost everything a gentleman should know and do. I went with him once to see the stained glass he had designed for the Church of the Ascension as a memorial to his first wife, and I remember his manly words about her as reflected in the design. Another time, one evening, we went together to a week-day meeting in the same church, to which he thus showed his attachment, though bluffly above any mere sentimental concern for it. It is truly a deep satisfaction that so noble a character as Weir is now to be more widely known than when he lived, for it will thus be possible for everybody to receive from

his work and his example the influences toward perfection which radiated from his handsome being.

One of his letters—perhaps two—should be preserved to give his enduring cordiality and his perceptions, and his love, of nature. Hardly anybody who looks abroad and sees the reality of beauty as he did, could fail to be a master of his calling; and, thank goodness, we are now—only now—learning what a master Weir was.

"11 East 12th. Sunday.

"My dear Morris:

"Do you know if the portrait of my two children on donkey-back was exhibited at your ex.? If not I will send it, if you will let me know beforehand if it was not exhibited at Phila. I do not think it was. You must not think that I want any partiality shown me in any way. This would absolutely prevent me from exhibiting. I hope everything goes on well with you and that you will have a fine and productive Winter. When do you find time for your own work? It is about the time now to strike the note of Spring, already one begins to long for the birds and flowers. How strange we are constituted. Each season becomes more and more beautiful, and yet I suppose the contrast between Winter enhances the subtle charm of Spring. Here's to the New Year, to you and vours and Spring.

"Sincerely yours,

"J. Alden Weir."

"11 East 12th
"March 2

"My dear Morris:

"I was very much pleased by the honor conferred by the Pennsylvania Academy and more pleased by the friendly letter which you so kindly wrote me. How all our paths diverge! Now that suggestions of Spring are in the air and this tedious Winter past, what longing for the country leaps within me. By 'the Great Horn Spoon' I can't conceive how these years go by with such rapidity and friends depart; yet we see so little of those we care for.

"I was astonished when I read your article in the magazine at the great number of artists Philadelphia had to her account. I did not see, however, a mention of the name of a man I studied at the Beaux Arts in Paris, one Dewey Bates. I do not know what became of him, an interesting fellow, who has probably passed on to the majority.

"Well now, Morris, I must say Good Night. Don't fail to come and see the exhibition of the Ten which takes place the fifteenth of this month.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Morris, believe me

"Sincerely yrs.,

"J. Alden Weir."

XXIII

YOU have seen John W. Alexander as host at his dinner-table, convivially surrounded by his friends; and such warmth of welcome was one of the fascinations of that charming house. It was a characteristic of his and of Mrs. Alexander's to carry the same sort of friendliness into the studio. There you felt no sense of intrusion, there was no formula, no fuss, no excuses, just a knock on the door, and you were blessed with an eager handshake. Of course, there were seasons of painting when no one entered; but Alexander seldom seemed to be busy, yet his productiveness was greater than most of his craft.

To be greeted by that gracefully slim, tall figure, with the intellectual head, pale yet warm in color and expression, with dark brown hair and beard completing almost a Van Dyke ensemble, to receive that cordial grip and ready welcome, was a memorable experience in human association. There in the subdued elegance of the studio in his house, and afterwards in another street, he fitted in as an element of the grace and charm with which he surrounded himself. The glossy floor reflecting the canvases that stood at the walls—and those brilliant canvases themselves, experiments in pigment and texture, celebrated in many exhibitions, secured later by many collectors—they were a rich treat to eyes trained or inexperienced.

I had unusual luck in opportunities for intercourse

with Alexander. There was no exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy where he was not richly shown. In one of the earlier ones, we exposed a whole large wall with his accumulated wealth of painting, and I recall no work of his of the first importance that he did not successively contribute.

Then, too, I saw more and more of him when he became President of the National Academy of Design, and I had become Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the National Academy.

It was really in the presidency of Mr. Dielman, whose far-seeing views accepted and pushed the plan, that we began on the long needed and very much debated, in the artists' way of tall talk, effort for a new building and galleries for the National Academy. There was no lack of funds to push the enterprise, for the Academy was well endowed; and it had already the whole block at 109th Street which was rather unwisely bought from the proceeds of the sale of the old property on 23rd Street. This faraway block could be sold in turn, as well as the Fine Arts building on 57th Street, and thus there were resources to base our financing on, and we were very busy in seeking a site.

It was at this time that I was appointed Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, a compliment I relished, as no layman had before been an officer of the old institution, and it was my task to suggest suitable sites for the acceptance of the management and to carry through a building program.

In this, of course, everybody who could help was enlisted, and I may say that Will Low and Louis Cohen, of lamented memory, were the most active. But John Alexander, with his clear head and with the influences

behind him in the business world, was deeply, quietly, but effectively, at work.

After a survey of the whole town in those neighborhoods accessible and likely to remain so, we chose for our aims the old worn-out Arsenal at 65th Street in Central Park. Nobody else wanted it. It was really an eyesore in a frame of lovely Park landscape. We supposed the City would be glad to have it replaced on the precise area which it occupied, and strictly no more, and receive in return a beautiful building no taller, no more of an encroachment on park property; and, besides, the whole first story devoted to brand new offices for the Park Commissioners. All we desired was space for galleries on the second or top floor.

Well, so you might suppose; and there were many influential people and forces with us. Will Low engaged the adhesion and, indeed, eager support, of His Honor Mayor McClellan; and other city officials were favorable to the idea. We pushed it far; and were very hopeful thus to solve the long-standing problem of an adequate home for the art of our own artists in the City of New York. In the course of events, it became necessary—for this was our Declaration of Independence—to have the Legislature authorize the use of the Park for the object in view. And one day, a band of artists, whose names carried with them pretty much all we had in this country of creative beauty and technical skill in the arts, journeyed to Albany on the most prosaic business that even politics could invent—the appearance before a Legislative Committee to plead the cause of an art not within the apprehension of their hearers.

I am reminded, in passing, of another Legislative Committee, this time visiting, not visited, who came from

Harrisburg to the Pennsylvania Academy in my day, when an appropriation was on the fire. I took them into the Schools, where they saw, possibly for the first time in their lives, the old classical casts of Greek and Roman antiquity. These meant nothing to them. Why should they? But they were just enough interested to ask me if they were the work of the students. No explanation could have enlightened them. What was the use?

The thing that comes back to me from that experience at Albany, the impression that stands out most enduringly and realistically, is the competence and the gentle courtesy of John Alexander's remarks to the shopworn and covetous people so unfavorable in contrast with his figure and character. Kenyon Cox, too, his logical mind making clear our plea to the heedless ears and furtive glances of men in a hurry, careless of us, pursued by the devil—self. It would have had a strain of comedy through it, had we not been so profoundly in earnest. Here were the best intellects of the highest of man's callings, pleading with the dullest; and the citizen at his most elevated standard down on his knees to Demos. The spectacle brought some bitter reflection; but what can upward-struggling human nature invent to take the place of the ballot? how else guard the rights of all against the wrongs of the few?

We did not secure what seemed obviously the best both for people and artist. The Park was held inviolable by its custodians; and many influences flocked together to protect it from our innocent invasion. The most bitter as well as the most amusing, perhaps, were the letters addressed to *The Times,* which carried on a fierce opposition, by protesting "old hats" among the

Academicians themselves, who wanted no change and disliked everything they couldn't do themselves.

But my narrative grows scattered like a conversation. I was speaking of John Alexander and of his part in this well-meant but abortive movement. Recollections of him crowd before me, but only a few would be more than trifling.

One time, amongst his reminiscences, he told me of his grim experience while visiting Robert Louis Stevenson at his house in England—I forget where. He came to the rather crowded luncheon table with a headache; indeed he felt very sick. Mrs. Stevenson noticed this, and asked him what was the matter. Alexander told her he felt pretty mean, and described his symptoms. She said she had just the remedy for that ailment, and got him some pills, which he took down immediately.

Pretty soon things began to be worse, much worse. He grew faint, and blue, and then his eyes, he said, seemed to leave his head and stand out before him in space. Then he lost consciousness, and was carried to his room, and so to bed. He recovered soon. It was probably a spell of indigestion. But R.L.S. had seized quickly on the incident with an author's instinct for plot, and out of the episode grew Stevenson's story "The Wrong Box"; the box being the coffin which Alexander thought he had all but filled.

In truth, Alexander's traits of manly sweetness and devotedness were so many—met you in so many helpful and affectionate ways, that they could be dwelt on in the abstract without end; but to sum them up: There was that sort of sympathy in his tall figure and in the honest kindness of his handsome face, framed by the brown

curly locks, that gave you, when with him, a sensation of being wanted and liked and indeed protected, for his commanding slender height, at least to a little fellow like me, offered a sort of defense which was less physical than intellectual.

If such an expression could be allowed for so vivid and eminent a character as John Alexander, I would venture to crown it with the words of a lively lady who had lost, but was past her severest grief for, my old friend, her husband. I sent her one of his early letters about herself. She replied, "And wasn't he a darling!" And speaking of Alexander, he was.

As evidence, I must give two letters of his which carry his charming character in their freshness and their quizzical playfulness—at least the first one does, which dwells on an Annual Show for which he was a Juror.

"123 East 63rd Street
"Jan. 14th.

"My dear Morris:

"We forgot the vote. On thinking it over I should say by all means Howard Cushing.

"I also intended to speak to you of the small Dannat which is placed high near my group. I think it is too good a thing for the top row but should be on the line. It was painted when Dannat was at his best and is so much better than the large Otero which you had in the lower room.

"It seems to me you are going to have a star exhibition. Mrs. Thaw—by the way—is going over to the opening.

"I am wondering if the Wiles arrived—though I could not help feeling that you had something up

your sleeve for that vacant panel. I tried you on several Sherlock Holmes points and always got the same kind of an impression in reply—though if the Wiles does not turn up, unless you put the Story there—and it *would* go and would interest the public—I can't see what you can do unless you change the whole end. It is of course the Honor Wall of the exhibition and a point I have never yet reached, though I have taken so many with you, so I am especially interested in what goes there.

"Won't you let me know?

"Very sincerely,

"JOHN W. ALEXANDER."

"123 EAST 63RD STREET
"N. Y., APR. 10TH

"MY DEAR MORRIS:

"How like you to write me the nice note received a couple of days ago.

"I have several more things in my exhibition than the Catalogue gives, but you know nearly all and I could not think of letting you take a trip to Brooklyn to see them. Don't think of it—but when you are in New York always remember that there is a place for you at our lunch table and that Mrs. Alexander and I want you to fill it and yourself.

"Sincerely,

"JOHN W. ALEXANDER."

XXIV

ANOTHER great yet simple and sincere figure with none of Alexander's polish but with all his lovable traits, was Albert P. Ryder, of whom I saw much in those days of the Nineties and of the new century.

I had early met Ryder through Herbert Gilchrist, whose faculty, like that of his mother, of being the friend of the right people, had brought him, even in his first visits to New York as a student, into intimacy with this singular character and fanciful painter. Perhaps, too, there was an affinity in their odd habits and eccentricities of opinion. You would always look for the unexpected in the conversation of either of them, for views that, however out of the beaten path, were generally original and mostly right.

My first remembrance of Ryder, though I must have forgotten other meetings, is when he and I and Gilchrist went together to the flat of Mr. Cottier, his liberal patron in the sale of paintings. We were led in by the shy and kindly painter, who assumed in dress and bearing a somewhat rough demeanor, depicted in his crumpled felt hat and shaggy red beard, as though he belonged outside the bounds of society; as, indeed, in many respects by choice, he did. But through all this external armor erected by diffidence, there shone a sweetness of spirit most winning, most tempting; and if he favored you, you were his friend for life.

What we were called to see was his now celebrated

picture of "Jonah and the Whale." It hung in a corridor or landing outside the rooms of the flat, and we drew up along the stair railing quite silent in its enthralling presence.

The canvas is not large, perhaps 27 by 34 or more inches, it carries such imaginative power as to overwhelm the thoughtful spectator, to take him far beyond the limits of the frame.

In color it is of a golden richness, deep, with a great glow. The whale, or huge object representing that traditional fish, sails with open mouth toward a boat which seems bending with the waves. This is full of mystical figures, among which Jonah is vaguely distinguished. Rising over all, from the horizon to the zenith, is a figure of the Deity, huge and commanding—gloriously golden—dazzling.

We stood there before the picture a long while, mute with the majesty of it. Nobody wanted to speak. The picture made a hush.

But a voice broke the silence. Without warning Ryder said, in his high squeaky voice:

"I say, Morris, how do you like God?"

What answer could one make? The sublime was tilted, without appeal, perilously near the edge of the ridiculous. But such was the honest innocence of Ryder that he was not even aware of the profound reach of his own work.

I made now and then visits to Ryder's studio, and there were meetings elsewhere, though Ryder was a rare bird that flew away from an uncongenial approach, and went seldom where the crowd would go. Contact with such a character was like a wholesome air to blow out of one's spirit the dust of the drudging mob.

Ryder painted as he lived, without the conveniences and luxuries that most artists insist on as essentials to their inspiration. He had none of the velveteen of Lord Leighton, no robes, no affectations, no assumption of a call to grace. His rugged simplicity, almost innocent plainness, was as much a principle of his life as of his art. He dwelt in a three-pair back facing the south in West Fifteenth St., New York. It never occurred to him that he must, according to artistic convention, have a north light in his studio: indeed he had no studio.

When you had climbed the rather greasy two dark flights, there was a door in an obscure landing that went into a back bedroom. Here you would knock, and if you were a friend, you would find the cordial welcome, the hospitable grin of Ryder. He would be smoking a pipe, and after you had been shaken by the hand and asked to sit down, you would be astonished by what you saw.

"Here, Morris," he had said, "take this chair"—which was what the portrait painter calls his throne chair, in which his sitter is posed. It was a step up to a dais on which the chair stood. It was an aged article of padded, faded magenta rep, much frayed out, and it stood at the doorway into a small inner room. Opposite to it was a bed. Almost any one but Ryder would regard a bed as a couch to sleep on. But not he. This bed was Ryder's repository for every implement of his calling —canvases, stretched or in rolls, picture-frames, stretchers, paint boxes, easels—every sort of tool the artist uses, heaped up in a pile of disorder quite to the ceiling; which, in turn, came down to meet it in triangular widths of wall paper that had fallen loose and peeled off the plaster.

And where then did Ryder sleep? Just where no

human mind would expect him to sleep. With an almost childlike whimsicality, a love for the odd and bizarre, he slept on an old mangy deer-skin spread on the floor at the foot of the bed. That it was hard sleeping there was perhaps to Ryder a sort of sacrificial comfort, an austerity that kept him free from soft indulgence, really a trait imprinted on his canvases, which are profoundly made because they have drawn his life blood, the sweat of his intellect.

As your eye lit on object after object, there were the two windows stained brown with dust and admitting half the light they could draw from the tenement backs opposite and the breadth of southern sky; and then the stove.

Just beyond the outer fringe of the deer-skin was the stove. It was a small, round, iron-fluted cylinder, with a flat top on which sat a stew-pot of tin as large as the surface it was on. Inside the tilted lid was the stew on which Ryder fed. It was his habit to keep the stew going always, and it was replenished as it grew less by a can of tomatoes, or corn, or beans, as desired. I heard of no meat, and I suppose Ryder would naturally have some notion against an animal diet, though I don't know. There was a coal box, and I think there were books; and then, severely elevating all this, bringing it together into the harmony of a man's intellectual attributes, there was, perhaps, a picture on the easel near the window. And this lit up everything. All that was there was explained. Nothing else could be expected. It required it all to evoke this jewel, the quintessence of some art that was like the chemic processes slowly producing a crystal in the dark and dirt of the rock.

I sat in that chair with all this in view while Ryder

stood half in the little room within, and in his staccato voice said:

"Morris, listen to this." He read me a lyric of his own. And as I listened, I could half fancy I was hearing William Blake recite with the witchery of his mysticism one of his immortal Songs of Innocence. Here is Ryder's poem:

"To Harrison S. Morris, Esq.,

"These little verses are a token of respect; their chief virtue that they will have a lenient judge in the fact that they are by his friend,

"Albert P. Ryder.

"Oh, ye beautiful trees of the forest;
Grandest and most elegant daughters
From the fertile womb of earth;
When first ye spring from her
An infant's puny foot
Could spurn ye to the ground,
So insignificant ye are.
Yet ye spread your huge limbs
Mightier than the brawny giants of Gath.
How strong, how beautiful, how wonderful ye are.
Yet ye talk only in whispers,
Uttering signs continually
Like melancholy lovers.
Yet I understand thy language,
Oh, voices of sympathy,
I will draw near to thee
For thou canst not to me,
And embrace thy rugged stem,
In all the transports of affection.
Stoop and kiss my brow
With thy cooling leaves,
Oh, ye beautiful creatures of the forest!"

One night, under the roaring New York Elevated, I met Ryder in the bleary light of a street lamp. He was

in his old worn clothes, the rim of his felt hat turned back above his friendly eyes, his red beard bristling in untrimmed naturalness; and his greeting most affectionate.

Where was he going? I asked. He was going to do what I had never before known him to do. He was going, he said, to the meeting of the National Academy of Design, of which he was an N.A., and he was going to vote for me as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. It was an act of kindness born in his true heart and of faith in his not too worldly head. I was touched profoundly, and I shall never forget it as an act of friendship that laid the heart of a very great spirit at my service. Kings confer orders and honors of no personal kind on those they favor. To receive the devoted kindness of a king of intellect like Ryder is a knighthood exceeding any within royal gift.

And I must not leave Ryder in the reader's mind as an eccentric character without friends or, in his turn, devoted attentions. There was no lack, I suppose, even in those days, of ample funds for his little need, from his sales of pictures. Indeed, he was always behindhand in finishing works ordered. But the impression should not be allowed to prevail that he was not cared for and cherished as he grew older and as he deserved. His own geniality and innocent sweetness where he was liked, and liked, himself, in turn, were sure to beget for him friends and affectionate care.

Thus it was that one night, when I was seeking pictures to go to the Roman Exposition of 1911, I had dined with Mr. Montross, Ryder's friend and agent in not a few sales; and we went to Dr. Sanden's where Ryder was then staying, or indeed very often stayed. We were

greeted by Mrs. Sanden—Ryder was out or not there at that time—and we had an hospitable opportunity to look at the group of Ryder's work which the Sandens had brought together—very rich, deeply impressive—for Ryder always infused whatever he painted with the wealth of his deep-seeing spirit, and while the painting was rich and mysteriously beautiful, the idea it evoked and held within it was like a glory of the mind, the soul.

Mrs. Sanden was a lady well calculated to appeal to Ryder's homely instincts. She was in manner simple and plain and kindly, and she showed her animus by her understanding and protectiveness of so odd a man and character as this who was so often her guest or inmate. The appeal made by Albert Ryder to the heart that wanted to understand him and could find within him an answering grace and affection, was beyond resistance. He was one of earth's rarest products. The old significance of our word gentleman was a gentle man; and such was Ryder. But besides his tender heart and gentle winning face—the face of a being outside the pale of worldly things—was his art. This the whole world now knows. It is one of the glories of our day and time; it will be a token forever of our highest reach in intellectual beauty, for ages beyond us to take our stature by. It had no antecedents, it sprang from our soil, as Blake's art grew in native power from English earth. It carries our painting over the dry reaches of convention to a new point of growth, a new return to the purity and truth of nature interpreted by art.

XXV

I AM moved to speak now of Duveneck, because he belongs in the group of lovable, simple, benign characters such as I have been sketching. In token of his likeability, he was always called by his fellow artists in Boston "The Old Man," though he was not older than the rest. As the Duke of Wellington was *The* Duke, Duveneck preëmpted, in his lesser way, a title of his own. There were scores of old men; Duveneck was the one "Old Man."

And he deserved the endearment. He was deeply genuine, unaffected, silent, large in girth, red of face, light of hair, and highly cultivated in his art. His word was received with respect, sought eagerly, and never much questioned on processes and composition by all else in the craft. He would stand almost stolidly, hands palm out, and wait to be asked for his opinion, or almost led to lunch, or to the next show. He carried a cane to ease his stoutness, and you would look into his eyes as into a friendly resource, for anything but the fussy sort of managing so common amongst us. To travel with him recalled those slow, steady-pulling little tugs that tow the broad heavy barges full-up with a valuable cargo—Mr. Pancks and Mr. Casby, as pictured by Dickens.

Duveneck was a powerful painter. The traditions of the Low Countries, as well as of Germany, lie in his work. Strong insistence on the beauty of anatomy, the justness of Nature's form, was his animating force.

And yet there was within him that sort of imaginative suggestion more in treatment than in idea, which was perfectly developed in Winslow Homer. Kindred works will be recalled, as the "Turkish Page," which Robert Vonnoh wisely induced the Pennsylvania Academy to buy. But Duveneck commonly was a painter of facts, and it is facts, in the wealth of his technique, that make his canvases valuable and enjoyable. For after all, it is to afford enjoyment to a world waiting for direction or entertainment, as well as for interpreting nature, that the painter paints. His affinity as a student of anatomy, the bones of art, with Eakins is conspicuous. That law in esthetics which makes beautiful what is necessary, is clearly present in both. Beauty came to them, but by the rigid regard for fact—the truth that is necessary.

Chase and Duveneck, with Currier, went to Düsseldorf while the rest of the flock turned to France. Perhaps this was due to the accident that Chase could speak German but no French. Chase had some German ancestry which might have influenced him. As to Duveneck, I am without a reason. Perhaps he joined Chase for comradeship—they were both from the West; or he more likely was drawn to Carl Marr, whose forcible painting was in the vein Duveneck liked. Chase and he painted in German bitumen, black shadows, rather greasy color, vigorous form, which is still seen in early canvases of both, that their fame is bringing out for costlier sale.

Duveneck, too, turned up in Venice when Whistler was the reigning American there, and I have heard Joseph De Camp tell droll stories of the lengths they went to to keep body and soul together. Scissors kept handy for

trimming cuffs, and many a hungry day and night were the least of their vagabond trials. No doubt they liked them, for they were told with roaring fun and relish. Here were produced some of the etchings of Duveneck, which seem to show, like those of Whistler, that a certain element of deprivation, just the opposite of asceticism, is food for the artist's creative faculty.

Nor should this little chapter on a genuine American artist pass without recalling the sculpture, a recumbent figure, for the tomb of his wife, which in its plastic form came to us at the Academy in my day. There was an impressive sentiment in it, as though a silent spirit, an unuttered grief, had expressed itself in the topmost reach of a noble art, the artist's most profound form of expression. It was not unlike, in its tribute of talent, to Browning's "One Word More" to his wife, as testimony that the most precious gift to lay on a beloved bier is the enduring flower of genius.

And, lastly, to illustrate the comic awe in which Duveneck was held by the men of his craft, I must tell how he was brought by Robert Reid before his decoration in the Boston State Capitol.

At the top of the first flight of yellow marble steps that rise from the large hall, a decoration was installed that had been ordered from Robert, affectionately called "Bobby," Reid, a painter widely known for his competence in mural work, as in the Waldorf-Astoria ceilings. The subject is Paul Revere's ride. The mounted patriot is galloping through the land with his startling message —in sober blue-gray tones and a notable skill in delineation. Reid was eager to know what Duveneck thought of it. He led him to the best angle for viewing

it, and then he waited. The phlegmatic Duveneck stood in his usual attitude of stolid observation. Reid was impatient.

"Well, well—" he said.

Then the verdict came.

"I don't know why it won't go with the marble." That was all; but it meant more to the producer of the decoration, who perhaps did not see the fun of it, than it would to us.

XXVI

THERE, too, in his gentle intelligence and something like genius, was Theodore Robinson. We engaged him to come over weekly from New York to teach his lovely landscape and figure art in the Academy Schools, and thus I came close to his simple qualities, his modest self-estimate.

He would stay at a very shabby hotel near the Academy, as though he rather preferred such an abode to a more genteel one, for I guess he had means enough, and he was then receiving an income from the Academy. At any rate, there he was, mild, kindly, reserved, but of a face that breathed both dependence and steadfastness. Like all artists of ability, he had his convictions even though they were veiled in taciturnity.

One time he wrote me from France that he meant to come home and paint "virile American pictures"—but he never lived long enough in his native Vermont to render it as he wished.

No, he had been absorbed into Gallic life, Gallic art. He liked the old rookeries of the Latin Quarter and the landscape of the French hills and streams. He got something there which his native scene could not supply. And he was one of the early Americans to practice the new art of Impressionism. His talents fitted into its poetic rendering of landscape, the faraway misty distance, the blurred fields and villages for the eye to roam

over, nothing clear, but all beautiful in value, color, composition, all a unit.

Well, when he died, some of his friends among the artists in New York bought a lovely landscape of his and presented it, in his memory, to the Metropolitan Museum. But the museum had not grown up yet to the lure of Impressionistic painting; they held it, like even lesser critics, under suspicion. "The old order" was "changing," but it had not "given place to new." They are not to blame; they were creatures of their time. Only vision sees ahead of the mob.

So the Metropolitan declined to accept the picture; and I thought it a tribute to Theodore Robinson and a liberal movement for the Pennsylvania Academy to indicate that it might find acceptance by the Academy.

And it was offered and accepted, and when it makes its very seldom appearance on the walls of the galleries, all may see what a jewel of color and observation it is.

XXVII

LET us now have an illustrative view of a character whom most of the world would mistakenly count the very opposite of these of gentleness and amiability and yielding kindness.

Joseph, for short Joe, Pennell was really as much beloved for his often crusty and sometimes bold honesty as these fellow-craftsmen of his were for their more winning traits. The very diminutive, "Joe," by which he was universally known, was a term of endearment. Besides, if you talked up to him—if you showed no fear, the roar of the lion would turn into a grin; and you would enter into as illuminating an exchange of talk as ever falls to this dull world. For Joe Pennell was widely thoughtful; reasoning and reasonable above most of us, and he was nearly always right. He may have made it sometimes hard to accept his discoveries in human weakness and sham, but if you reflected on his judgments dispassionately, you would perceive how well-founded they really were. His keenness of observation in his perfect drawing was carried into his criticism of human frailties and hugger-mugger. It was a delight to hear him rail in his robust language, when he was not railing at you. Even then he was magnificent.

I suppose I first saw him, crouched in a doorway on Walnut Street under the Commercial Exchange, doing a vista of Dock Street, but I knew him only much later.

He and I entered different branches of the Reading

Coal and Iron Company about the same time; I guess about 1873. He went as a clerk to Bines & Sheaff's Coal Yard in Germantown, as I entered the Treasury Department of the main office in the city. I've always declared that he left coal to take up charcoal.

Of course, Joe Pennell and Elizabeth Pennell—for they were distinct entities, both with independent reputations for art and letters—were living in London when I went into the Pennsylvania Academy; and my intercourse with them began when I first went to England. They were then occupying the celebrated studio in Buckingham Street, Strand, where nearly everybody in literature and art that was anybody would be met now and again. There was also a third member of the household almost as well known to the visitors as the host and hostess. This was Augustine, the French maid and cook, with her vivacious greeting at the door, and her delicious menus, not without direction from the authoress of the cook-book, her mistress. There was something cozy, snug, inviting about the place that gave it a sense of home—of the United States—in an alien land. If Augustine had been a British slavey, the whole air would have held out less inducement to enter—less grip on your sociable sensibilities.

But it was in the other studio, the later one, looking over the Embankment across the Thames to tall brick chimneys and old-age steeples, where we had the richest times.

This was on Adelphi Terrace in a tall ancient house, where Sir James Barrie also lived, with Bernard Shaw over the way, down into whose rooms you could look from the Pennell Studio. I recollect the street as ending over the garden of the Embankment, and the houses

Jo Pennell's Sketch of Wagman Adams's Portraits of Charley Burns, McLure Hamilton, and Pennell—with Supporting Angels

of a bleached gray with no atom of invitation into such social color and warmth as lay within.

Up four, I think, flights, and you knocked at Pennell's door, with the result already described. The earliest visits I recollect were with my friend Herbert Gilchrist, and that must have been about 1895 or so. The welcome received would well be described in international terms as "the open door"; and you would see Joseph, with his Quaker plain suit and careless black necktie, pursing up his bearded mouth to utter a high treble remark carrying spice; and Elizabeth, as pleasant a sight as the eye could rest on, especially in a strange land.

Those first visits do not carry any other recollections; but on the trips with Chase and Thorne, already described in part, there were experiences that will last.

I can't forget that afternoon when the four of us climbed up to Pennell's for tea. The Thames River and the Surrey side of London, with great brick chimneys severing the sky, lay below us like a map, bridges and temples and boats inscribed on it as on old "Mercator's projection."

We wandered through the beautiful rooms of gray and white, so comfortable, so charming in taste, and gazed down into the chambers of Bernard Shaw on the opposite side, for the chance of seeing that great man, who would not accommodate us.

Somebody said the Pennells were going to give up that apartment we were in, and move elsewhere. Whereupon Chase, with his hasty enthusiasm, quite oblivious of his break, twitching his long mustache with a sibilant noise, said:

"By gracious, Pennell, if you ever move out I'll take the place myself—and fix it up."

The dinner we had there with Whistler I have already touched on, and Mrs. Morris has described it at full length in Pennell's "Whistler Journal." Of other visits at that time, nothing stands out so conspicuously as do those of later date. We were then refugees from the War, and more emphasized still was the sense of home and protection given us in those inviting rooms.

We stopped in often at evening, with others who found and enjoyed the same irresistible welcome, and we would relish and laugh at, and even join in, Joseph's peppery scorn of the English; which I slyly suspected was enflamed because "the confounded Britishers" had gone into the War and deprived him of his pay for certain lithographs of German steel plants which he spread on the floor for me to see—imperishable art which war could not destroy.

Of course it was not very safe to say things that could be quoted, but shut up in the security of the closed chambers at the top of a house, with a German guest and a French cook, and perhaps so cosmopolitan an Englishman as Savage Landor, one could feel reasonably safe. Still, breathings of dissatisfaction must have floated in, for Joseph began to show more caution.

One of our constant fellow-visitors was George Sauter, the Bavarian painter of high and beautiful gifts, friend of both Whistler and Pennell. Such a name and such birth were, at that dangerous day, in themselves objects of suspicion, and perhaps association with Joseph also had its influence. At any rate, one night Joseph said to me:

"It's all very well, Harrison, for Sauter to come here, but I think thee and I had better not go to see him." This was rather prophetic, for poor Sauter was not long afterwards interned, and his whole charming household,

as well as his life devoted to art and beauty, broken up, never to be restored. And Pennell, whether because of his criticisms of the English conduct of the War, or that they distrusted him anyhow, came back to his native Philadelphia.

Those were pretty hectic days in London, as everybody knows, but

> "Many a green isle needs must be
> In the deep wide sea of misery,"

and Joseph's devotion to our daughter, Kit, whose painting he took seriously, was a very cheering relief of the tension. One day he and she and I went together to the National Gallery there—though it was closed, he had the *entrée*—to show her some specimens of Italian art which her cut-out and pasted-on designs had suggested to him. He wanted to clinch in her eye the larger possibilities of what she was doing; and even though one felt that some German plane might drop a bomb through the skylight, the pleasure visible in Joseph's demonstration, dipping as it did into the vitals of painting, brought forgetfulness for a brief hour.

But when, in Philadelphia months after, Joseph set out at his own wish to teach Catharine etching, the only danger of explosions was from Joseph himself. We had been instructed by him to have acid, monkey-wrench, plates and wax lamp for heating, and these we dutifully assembled in my office overlooking Broad and Chestnut Streets. Joseph was punctual; we were ready. He came in with serious purpose. The etching was to be of the street and a large bank out my window.

"What sort of acid is this? Can't get anything in America. Beastly! These tweezers—rotten! Have to

give the whole thing up." And the volley of high staccato expletives against America recalled what we had already heard against England.

I was sent out in a hurry to get another monkey-wrench, and when I came in with it, the one condemned was in use, and mine was no good.

But somehow an etching got started, and then we went to the hotel for lunch. It was arranged that McLure Hamilton, the friend of us all and distinguished painter of "Mr. Gladstone" in the Luxembourg, should lunch with us, which he did for the two days of the experiment.

Joseph's fondness for a cocktail was known to us and we, of course, started with that essential; but when he had drained the first one, he indicated an appetite for another, which was duly supplied and relished. So, the next day, his pupil wishing to show special attention to her generous instructor, said:

"Papa, why not order Mr. Pennell two cocktails at once?"

This, for some reason, embarrassed Joseph, but the two were ordered as we laughed over his naïve gestures. When the cocktails came, he furtively hid one behind his upstanding napkin and pretended not to see it, but both disappeared as the talk flowed on.

Such were really the best moods of Pennell. To see him with Flanagan and Paul Bartlett and Ernest Lawson, with other artists at the table reserved for them at Mouquin's in New York, was a hearty pleasure. I used to take my daughter, who was beginning to paint, there for lunch, and to hear the exhilarating talk of men who knew the whole gamut of art and whose trade was the creation of beauty; and the old marble-topped table, dressed with bottles and French dishes, with Flanagan's

plaque of their favorite waiter above the mirror behind Pennell, seemed for all the world like a Parisian café transmuted to Gotham. Such, indeed, were Joseph's most expansive moods. He loved the unstarched simplicity of Bohemia, and you caught his genuine wisdom there, much wrapped up, perhaps, in a flaming sarcasm, but reaching deep into the truths he had discovered in following his inerring pencil.

The lessons in etching were carried still further, with often profane results. We met at the printer's at Sixth and Locust, where Joseph had on his long white apron much stained with sticky ink. Here instruction in printing from etched plates was given with all the wealth of his knowledge and genuis—an inestimable gift. I recollect speaking of the etched lines on the copper plates as "cracks." This brought forth a volley of half-comic sarcasm. I was withered for my ignorance; and that error haunted me long, for Joseph's best scorn was turned on me whenever we met, and he delighted to tell others how I had spoken disrespectfully of the noble art of etching.

Then, after a while, the young and devoted pupil got married, and Pennell's endless favors to her took form in the gift of two of his framed etchings recalling scenes in their mutual travels. It was perfectly characteristic for Joseph to show his genuine affection by inserting on one of the etchings, "To Catharine Wharton Morris, on leaving the broad fields of art for the narrow track of matrimony."

And on the other he wrote, "St. Paul's from the Pincian, where in happier days and a better world, we have wandered."

And all the time Joseph Pennell was one of the cheerfulest of mortals.

One earlier episode gives us the characteristic Pennell with the exactitude of a photograph. The International Society of Painters, Gravers and Sculptors, of which Whistler was President and Sauter, Secretary, while Pennell was the most active member, had lost Whistler as their leader and had elected Rodin as his successor. It was then proposed to have a memorial design for Whistler modeled by Rodin to be erected in London, with a replica for America. Joseph came over here to collect funds for the memorial and to select a place for its erection. On this business, with his accustomed intensity of purpose, he had been to Pittsburgh and sold the design to our friend John W. Beatty, Director of the Carnegie Art Galleries. He also went rather fatally to Lowell, Massachusetts, and arranged for the memorial to be adopted by a new club forming there in the house of Whistler's birth. It did not matter that Whistler, because of Southern sympathies, had decided to be born in Richmond, Virginia. He was actually born in Lowell.

When Mr. Beatty heard of the sale to Lowell, he showed, perhaps, natural indignation. He telegraphed Pennell that if the original and only copy of the Memorial were not delivered, when finished, to his institution, he would sue for it.

Things had arrived at this impasse when I received a letter from Joseph asking me—urging me—to meet him at the Century Club in New York. I happened to be going down from Rhode Island at that time, and I appointed a date.

On a mucky August morning, Will Low, Pennell and I sat out on the roofed veranda of the Century Club

in New York, and we had laid before us this excruciating story. How could Joseph Pennell be extricated, without injury, from his business tangle? We talked it over, not without poking some fun at the victim, and it was decided that Beatty being a warm friend of mine, I should be appointed to call him off. Somehow or other I did; and Joseph was relieved of his danger. Lowell, Massachusetts, was to have the Memorial, and the true birthplace of Whistler was to be a shrine forever for his devotees the world over.

Well, I was further involved by being made, at Pennell's solicitation, a trustee of the money raised in Lowell for purchase of the sculpture; and, so far as I know, I still am, with all that that office involves of risk for the funds in hand.

Yet it is really unbelievable that, after all this flurry and diplomacy and excitement, the Memorial to Whistler by Rodin never was finished at all. It never was set up either in London or in Lowell; and as a diminishing echo of the tumult I am, every once in a while, requested by co-trustees to sign my approval of a release of part of the sum in hand.

But notwithstanding this instance, Joseph Pennell had a provident business trait, perhaps caught from his Quaker ancestry. Very like Walt Whitman, also a Quaker, "he had a frugal mind," and knew how to take care of himself, even though with both great natures this practical quality was enwoven with the dreams and the philosophy of the artist.

One conspicuous evidence of this was the eager way in which Pennell plunged into work for the War. Though a Quaker, and thus in theory a man of peace, he put all his energies and his art into action, and did wonders in

the production of posters, that were also works of art, and in the sale through them of the Liberty Bonds. Nobody who saw him in the Sketch Club urging the members and others to buy, could forget his rousing enthusiasm. All his humor, the power of his fame, everything he possessed, went into the work; and once, when it was over and he had drawn from me a subscription, he said with satisfaction, "Harrison, thee did buck up." We always used the Friendly language, perhaps a bit humorously, perhaps as a note of affection, and perhaps he could show the freedom of his ancestral traits to a friend who, though not a Quaker, had married one.

Later—too near the lamentable end of that busy and brilliant life whose memories alone we now have and cherish—Joseph was giving his lecture on Illustration—or perhaps it was on Aubrey Beardsley, in Philadelphia. I happened to be seated on the front row to one side where he could see me, and I noticed that he looked my way now and then. When he was nearly through, he made some assertion which, I suppose, he thought I could support.

"Don't thee think so, Harrison?" he said across the large audience.

"Yes, Joseph," I answered, demurely, "for if I didn't there would be an explosion."

And as Aubrey Beardsley was one of Joseph's richest discoveries, I may as well give here my only meeting with that young genius.

I was walking down Pall Mall in London one summer night with John Lane, the publisher of the "Yellow Book," when we saw coming toward us a very tall person in evening dress, white waistcoat and top hat, white kid gloves—very spiffy indeed.

Lane led me up to him and introduced him—Aubrey Beardsley. They were both making for the same place, a small tavern, I think the "Mitre," where we presently found ourselves. The barmaid was fetching, in black with starched white apron, and the interior was snug with alcoves and enticing bottles.

There we found two comrades of Beardsley, Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson, with whom we all had a good crack as also some refreshment. I sat a long while in one of the alcoves with Johnson, who was not a little lively with his cups, but most eloquent in talk. He spread himself on our American Revolution, which he knew by heart, and I drew him out for his beautiful diction. His poetic gifts were mingling in his prose; for he and Dowson are enduring figures in English poetry, even if of the more minor type.

XXVIII

PERHAPS I should have paid my regards to my old friend George De Forest Brush, in company with his associate and neighbor in Paris and in Dublin, New Hampshire, Abbott Thayer; but as Brush, luckily for us all, is still alive and evoking his genius in the creation of beauty, it seemed logical to divide him from those who had already entered Valhalla.

Brush's pictures are not his whole history. He is a thinker deeply moved by the defects of the social system, and a speaker of fluency and eager talker on this theme. But his art—that is a national possession, reaching to our highest point of achievement. And both of these attributes may be illustrated, perhaps, by an early incident occurring between us.

One of his large beautiful Italianesque Madonnas, belonging to people in Boston, had been secured for an annual show at the Academy and was hung in a best place. It looked, to my taste, most perfect in condition. But Brush came over from New York, and saw it with some concern for its preservation and its effect for display. He said it must be varnished, and asked my permission to do it. I was very uncertain of his right to assume such an unauthorized act, but said he must take the consequences if he did. His argument was that a work of art in the last analysis belongs to the artist. It is his creation, and if it endures, the temporary posses-

sor of it, whose only title to it is some trifling payment entirely out of proportion to the artist's higher claim, will be forgotten.

Well, Brush got varnish which he was accustomed to use, and he varnished that picture. Thereafter there was trouble. When the canvas went home, the owner discovered differences in the surface. As he entertained no such theory of ownership as was held by Brush, he made his views audible. I, too, came in for some warm comment in the rather droll encounter, but the artist assumed his burden with chivalry, without bending his convictions, and the picture in time was made whole.

One after another of these masterpieces of human beauty and pathos came to the Academy from Brush, and now rest in the museums and the older and finer private collections. It is always to me a problem how this charming painter, sometimes almost ascetic in character, who came to our house for the night long ago, in search of a simple and modest place to settle among the Philadelphia suburbs, with that picturesque family of his which is so often the subject of his compositions—how, I wonder, could the sacred and serene art, and the vigorous humanistic theories, live together?

One instance might partly illustrate the conflicting elements of so noble a nature. Duality of impulse seems to be the spur of genius, mingling high mental gifts with technical skill and forming the most complete adjustment of the intellect. The genius, as Tennyson said, is

> "dowered with the hate of hate,
> The scorn of scorn," etc.

Brush and I were standing together after a dinner of the National Society of Arts and Letters, when he asked me:

"Is that ——?" I must not mention the name. It was a younger artist of celebrity whose practice was of the newer extreme order.

I said, "Yes. Don't you know him? Let me introduce him to you."

"Oh, no, no!" he said. "I hate him." Meaning his art.

But I did introduce them and they were polite enough, though each probably detested the creations of the other.

Yet both were giving hostages to posterity; both in the lap of Destiny.

And bound up with Brush's characteristics is a twinkling sense of humor—that quality too often lacking in the equipment of the lesser men of his craft. Not long ago, in his most genial mood, he told me with laughter of a picture of his, one of the exquisite delineations of the American Indian, full of wild nature and romance, which had been invited for inspection by a millionaire of the Southwest. The rich man, growing conscious of art, wanted an example of Brush in his collection. But to Brush's surprise the picture was rejected. It was explained that the collector had married an Indian squaw; and she did not want an Indian; she wanted a Madonna. And she got one.

With the living painters of the older group we are lucky still to have Childe Hassam. He has experimented much with the problems of light, producing many effects of dark heads against the full sunlight of window frames. But whenever I see a view of a Paris *rue,* with buses and

cabs, often wet, sometimes full of sun, with the glittering movement of the French *boulevardes*—then I bless myself and say, Hassam! Or a cliff of red rocks and blue sea at Newport or Newport Harbor with its white Trinity steeple which I saw him paint—or in the same vein, Lyme Church in Connecticut.

One day he and I stood before his best canvas of this church in an exhibition at Pittsburgh, and Hassam said:

"Morris, it's never been painted before."

"Oh, run away," said I, "everybody who ever went to Lyme has painted it."

"Yes," said he. "But it's never before been painted right."

And what he said was true. It never had been painted with such sympathy and taste, such severity.

Such is Hassam—an artist every inch, with an artist's temperament, and knowledge of himself and his own powers.

One fresh day at Lyme, Connecticut, the snug little watery and rocky town where Miss Florence Griswold presides over comradeship in art, there was heard across a hill from the high road, by Henry R. Poore, the lover and painter of dogs and landscapes, a whirring which his huntsman sense told him was a partridge. He leaned his bicycle against the fence and climbed over to see the bird. But the bird was not of the winged species. It was Childe Hassam, stripped to the waist before his easel, beating himself on the chest for warmth and health. Poore stayed with him till he folded his easel and draped his body, and they walked to Miss Florence's together.

The forgetful Poore next day began to feel the loss of his bike. He could find it nowhere. He wrote a placard with a reward and pinned it up at the post office. He

went sniffing about everywhere, asking friends if they had or had seen his bicycle. Nobody had an idea where it was. Days went by. Then Poore, now reconciled to his loss, went the same route afoot he had followed the day he met Hassam, and lo and behold! there was the bicycle just where he had left it.

XXIX

THROUGHOUT these years of the Nineties and the early new century, there are remembrances of John La Farge which, though neither frequent nor intimate, still should not be lost. He came over and gave his course of lectures called "Considerations on Painting" at the Pennsylvania Academy, and it was my pleasant task to read his proofs and prepare the notices for the press. Thus I was not only in close contact with him, but I was reading the first freshness of those profound chapters on art than which there are no others known to me that go so deeply into its functions and its origin and its creation. He was a rather silent man, of deep brown skin and black hair, with eyes somewhat bulgy and a little deterrent, but his somewhat Gallic smile was a pleasant antidote and the Gallic grace of carriage a reassurance. I remember him usually in black. His gestures were his most conspicuous movements, and when he opened his studio door and looked out askance, they welcomed you in with much form. This, however, was but seldom, as there was a solemn routine of induction through outer offices.

One of my calls was greeted with instant directions to go upstairs to a workshop, where I found him seated before a packing box just opened, of Japanese prints, which he was lifting out one after another and commenting on, each in turn, to those around him. It was indeed

a wealth of education to hear those views fresh from his first impressions. He knew, as few did, the whole gamut of Japanese art. He was influenced by it in his own productions. You could see it in the arrangement of planes even in his Biblical pictures; and he always had around him some native-costumed Jap, either to attend on the door, or as a companion in the craft—Okakura, a Buddha to the life.

Then in Newport, Rhode Island, where his family lived, I made an annual call upon him, as an acolyte in the service to the High Priest, and I always had a most gracious welcome. It was equal to being received by the Pope, but the Vatican in this case was a little frame house of climbing vines and bordering gardens in a tiny street with a dead end. The Commodore Perry strain in his wife's lineage, as well as La Farge's own early life as a student of William Hunt in Newport, made that sylvan town his appropriate abode.

From Newport, too, come these characteristic stories of La Farge. They were told me by John Du Fais, his devoted pupil, who could see the fun in the Master as well as the serious purposes.

A wealthy lady in Boston, patroness of art, was bargaining for an expensive rug which she meant ultimately to buy. She had a balance of her income which she could safely thus invest. A friend asked her to buy a picture of John La Farge, which she did not particularly want, but she was persuaded against her will to spend her balance for the picture. But presently she had un unexpected windfall of funds, and felt that she could now safely buy the rug. She went to the dealer to bargain for it, and was told that it had been sold. She also learned

that John La Farge had bought it—with the money she gave for his picture.

Again, there were two old ladies who engaged a picture from La Farge which, when delivered, they found fault with in a certain respect. They asked him to go and see it. He took a train and called at their house. He was confronted with the picture and shown the defect. He looked keenly at it, then took his high hat and asked for a pin. He stuck a hole in its top and peered through the hole. Then he asked the old ladies in turn to squint through it and demanded if it didn't look all right. They were mystified but not convinced; but he gave them no time to argue. He pulled out his watch and said, "Oh, my! I have just time to catch the train!" and hurried away.

To conclude these too brief notes of a very great artist, I "feel to," as Walt Whitman used to say, give a characteristic letter of La Farge, which shows his lack of patronage, as well as of dates, which is as good an index of his moods as an analysis at length might be.

"New York, Jan'y 20.

"Dear Mr. Morris:

"Thanks; I wish you could sell something for me: it would be much to your credit and to my pocket.

"I hope I haven't put too large sums on my pictures. Alas—they are costly and as I only sell spare pictures betimes I have to ask sums that may appear large to some judges.

"Thank you again & I shall try to get down only I am *just* back from Europe and not so well. I went in great part for health on recommendation of physi-

cians and to consult these. But I return not so well as I left.

"But I still have hopes, and our air suits me better than that over there at least now. I saw something of yours while ill in Paris and write to compliment you.

"Yours sincerely,

"La Farge.

"Could I be spared a copy of the Catalogue.

"I ask as Prest. of the Society of A. Artists."

XXX

OTHER faces, other forms, come back in procession from those busy days, but only the conspicuous can be paused over. There was Tanner, the student of the Pennsylvania Academy who went to France and got a picture into the Luxembourg. Only a mighty few of any nationality can achieve that high place. Sargent and Whistler and Alexander Harrison and McLure Hamilton—likewise Americans who remained in Europe—entered those select portals, but Henry O. Tanner had much more to overcome, a more difficult hill to climb in making his entry there, and thus his attainment gives the proportionate honor.

Only one incident may stand for his clear honesty of artistic perception and principle. One day he and I were together in a gallery in New York, where the specimens of painting bordered on Madame Tussaud in their eccentric and affected futurism, and I said, as we paused and talked over them:

"Tanner, there's a Matisse." He wouldn't look at it. I repeated my words.

Turning away, as though some frightful vision was haunting him, he said, "Yes; he is my neighbor"—then a pause; "but I don't"—I felt the words to come might be, "respect him" or "accept him," but anyway they were not to be consenting.

In my day, the Schools of the Academy were teeming with names which, like Tanner's in an earlier time, have taken a place in the history of painting and sculpture. The instructors as well as some of the students, as they are grouped in a general way, reflect the quality of that period in our art. We had in the classes talent typified by Maxfield Parrish, and Robert Henri, Glackens and W. Elmer Schofield, E. W. Redfield, and the trio always named together—Violet Oakley, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Jessie Willcox Smith.

Many of the instructors have already appeared here. Besides these, were Miss Cecilia Beaux, and Walter Appleton Clark, Carl Newman and Charles Grafly, John J. Boyle, Will S. Robinson, and the well-loved of everybody—Thomas P. Anshutz.

Of Miss Beaux there is so much to say that is personal—recollections of intimate talk and correspondence that must be kept as a cherished reserve—that one may only try to reflect the sensation aroused by her successive portraits as they appeared in the annual shows. There was, indeed, a sort of halo about her and her work; she was liked so well, she was so rarely talented, so unaffected, so simple, so winning and, if I may say it, so beautiful, that everybody was eager to give her the praise which she so richly deserved.

Her gift for art was wholly a natural one. She had had no formal instruction. She had not been to Europe, I think, at that time, and she was living in a town not too lavish in encouragement to young ability.

But when one after another of those portraits of children appeared, picturing their toddling infancy with no sentimental appeal and making them live as in the accustomed surroundings; and when one could see fresh with

its new pigments such portraits as that of her aunt, in white, or of Mrs. Ludington with its luscious green ribbon—then, indeed, there was something to live for.

Only the other day she and I were looking at one of her earliest groups. It was of her sister, Mrs. Drinker, with the baby Harry in her lap.

"That," she said, "was done without lessons when I was very young and had just begun." I remarked that that was surprising, as it was like Whistler's composition of his "Mother," and in tone it was like his painting.

She had never heard of Whistler, she said, at that time. It was long before his painting had begun to appear over here.

Somehow, she said, Thomas Anshutz, then a teacher at the Academy, heard of this canvas; somebody sent him to see it. He noticed particularly the child's legs, which, as I stood there, I, too, had remarked for admirable painting. Anshutz said, "What were you thinking about when you painted those legs?" She answered, "Just legs."

Which recalls the remark of a nice colored woman who came to the Academy evening public view, when we had ladies present to explain the pictures to the crowd. The subject was a painting of idealized pigs, by Horatio Walker. She possibly thought of Circe. "What's these pigs mean?" she asked. The instructor said they had no meaning. "Oh, I see," said the colored lady, "just natural hawgs."

I find a letter from dear, genuine Raffaelli of 1896, which gives an artist's view of Miss Beaux. Here it is, in all his innocence of English:

"I hope Miss Beaux had a great pleasure with the article of Rochefort in the *New York Herald?*—

I had the pleasure to be with Rochefort when he passed before the picture of Miss Beaux without paying attention at all! Because he is 'myope.' He is obliged to put his nose on the picture to see if it is a landscape or a portrait!—But I talked of Miss Beaux, for whom I have a good admiration, and Rochefort wrote the fine note concerning the good exhibition of your charming and powerful *concitoyenne!* Good remember to her."

An episode, hardly that, but perhaps worth keeping because connected with Miss Beaux's portraits, occurred when Bernhard Berenson came to call on me when I was absent. I was told he was upstairs in the Galleries, and I hastily went to find him. To my amusement he was surrounded by a group of spectators, going from picture to picture and giving his well-trained comments to the attentive audience. Just as I came up, he had reached the group by Miss Beaux, and he was quizzically pretending they were by Sargent.

In view of the somewhat noisy controversies over his ascriptions of Italian pictures of other ages, my amusement was further incited and I said to him, after a cordial greeting:

"Isn't it rather dangerous as a reflection on the clamor in other fields to play this pleasant game even with works that are beyond the reach of doubt?"

He laughed genially, and said it was only a little joke. Some may think the joke was in the wrong place.

One of the most conspicuous young illustrators of that day, just rising into merited repute, was Walter Appleton Clark. I had known him when he was engaged by

Scribner's Magazine to make a double page illustration in color for a poem of mine called "The Three Kings." His use of flat decoration for the figures against a deep blue background, the Virgin swathed in white and the Three Wise Men duskily kneeling before her, was so original, so deep in imaginative realization, that it was plain here was a new talent we ought to engage for the Schools of the Academy.

He was very young, but very competent. He taught the Classes for a season, but so free a spirit was not to be captured. The cage of the Classes was oppressive. He was too much in love with production to care for teaching for re-production. He was one of those free souls that clung only to his art; and like too many such in the annals of the service of beauty, he was not long permitted to pursue it. He died very young, very deeply lamented.

There, too, was Robert Henri, from some downtown section of the city, who was an eager student and always a leader. He had, while quite young, decorated an Episcopal church in Catharine Street, which you may now visit as the annex to Mr. Samuel Fleisher's Graphic Art School.

There are the murals still doing their well-planned duty in enriching an interior that has every ecclesiastical attribute except conventional worship. As a part of the Graphic Art School, the edifice once a church may be regarded simply as a thing of beauty, which in its present abundance and wealth of color it is; or it may be taken as an invitation to peace and devotion in which its quiet loveliness of light and decoration will be a persuasion to worship.

Henri was always busy with his brush. He had pro-

duced enough canvases, while he was still in the Schools, to form an exhibition sufficient to fill the largest gallery of the Academy. They were, as I recollect them, scenes of the sea, very vigorous; perhaps, in color and design, deriving from James Hamilton, of whom I have earlier spoken—or I may be quite wrong; but they were of a gray note with drawing of some power, of a sort that I have not found in Henri's later productions. My remembrance of the show is that he was much disturbed because the public did not fill the galleries every day. He said to me in some irritation, "I know they are good pictures, Mr. Morris, for I painted them myself."

Still another lad who began to make professional pictures even when a student in the Schools, was Maxfield (we called him Fred) Parrish, a noble looking boy, with overflowing ability; and he was designing panels and entering the caricature contest that lampooned the annual exhibitions with such original ideas as we now know for his alone. They have since met with the widest flattery of imitation. He called into service the jig-saw, and obtained effects of surprising quaintness by applying the cut-out figures or filigrees on his panels. He was with us the laureate, in wood and paint, of Mother Goose, and you felt all the emotions of the little child in seeing his toy-like contrivances. It is this interest of his for the charm of the nursery, for the appeal to our juvenility that runs through and captivates—even in his more mature and less spontaneous designs.

A greater figure, one of the leaders of his time, was Howard Pyle, whom I used often to see and in whom everybody found a sweetness and firmness beautifully mingled in sterling American character. He was tall

and large, and when I talked with him I would have to look up physically, as I did mentally, to his commanding bulk. A nicer mind, more friendly, more devoted to its sense of duty hardly ever existed. I recollect his telling me how, when he got home to his house in Wilmington, Delaware, from his studio, and called up to his wife from the entry below, if she did not answer, he was desolated by his emotions and inconsolable until she came in. It was this sense of domestic sentiment, of the peace of home, that you saw in his nature, whether you touched him on his art or met him in social intercourse. His students, too, found this the source of their love of him; his almost boyish simplicity won them as it won the friends he had wherever he went.

I would have letters from him like this:

"Dear Mr. Morris:

"You said that you had a copy of Holman Hunt's 'Procession of the Innocents' which you would let me have for the purpose of making a lantern slide. I know how busy you are, and that it has perhaps slipped your memory: will you forgive me for jogging your recollection?

"Very truly yours,

"Howard Pyle.

"December 29th, 1905.

"1305 Franklin Street,
"Wilmington, Delaware."

In another letter he asks for a print of the painting called "Leaving England," by that great silent force in English art, Ford Madox Brown, who was the inspiration of the Pre-Raphaelite School. Rossetti, Holman

Hunt, William Morris, Millais and the rest, regarded him as their master. Pyle said this was to his mind the greatest modern picture, and those who know it even by photographs will probably agree with him. It is of a husband and wife, of the soil and soul of England, with their baby wrapped in a concealing shawl, leaving their native shores in the rain, on the tender of a liner—emigrants whose faces give the restrained agony of broken ties.

In the flippant slang of an irreverent age, this is called an illustration, and as such discarded; but in the regard of a mind like Pyle's, it was valued just because it was an illustration. The imaginative appeal in it touched a key in his fine nature such as gives no response in a lesser sort.

One other incident connected with illustration should not be omitted. I went to a dinner long ago in New York which the illustrators gave to Mark Twain, when his book on Joan of Arc had just appeared. I had the good fortune to sit near him and see the play of passing sentiment on his genial face. There were the inevitable speeches and toasts, and then the stir when the great guest was to be heard. He got on his feet with energy and enjoyment, and was about to begin when the blare of trumpets drowned his words. At the opposite entrance of the long room there appeared Joan—a real Joan, in glittering armor, flanked by pages and preceded by the band of trumpeters.

The medieval procession slowly marched up the long room to the head table where the invincible Mark was standing, and when she reached him, Joan, from an elaborate cushion which was carried before her, presented

Menu for a Dinner to Mark Twain

him with a crown in token of her prerogative as the maker of kings.

Mark Twain was exuberant. He struggled with the fanfare of the horns for a chance to speak, and when they were through he burst forth:

"Now, that's an illustration! That's an illustration!"

And so he went on, in that nasal, vibrating, half-comical twang that made even his solemnest utterance near to be funny. And pretty soon he had the table roaring.

But such was the habit of the Illustrators—they had very good times in their prosperous and comradelike foregatherings. One annual show at the studio of Albert Sterner, noted for his illustrations of American types, was memorable. A sheet was stretched between the audience of very boisterous craftsmen and the performers on the other side. Thus we had shadow pictures thrown up life size, and I recall a fantastic dance by one of the artists, round and round with a model who cast off her costume bit by bit as she whirled opposite her partner. It was indeed "naked, natural and Greek," and unforgettable as a Bohemian frolic.

Another scene in Bohemia takes me back to the tall ceiling and balconied end of Henry B. Fuller's studio, which was the resort of all the younger element of that day—not so very long ago, either, and most of them are luckily still with us. There at lunch time they would come in, one or two together, on the way to eat at a favorite resort.

Harry Fuller had under way on the wall above the balcony a large, imposing and beautiful decoration which, somehow, he thought had been ordered by the Christian Science Church. It was to be called "The Triumph of Truth over Error." It represented as noble a concep-

tion of a militant angel in a Grecian white robe as ever a true union of drawing and imagination conceived. The celestial warrior was overcoming the dark figure of Death, muffled and masked and defending itself with long bony arms.

This was planned as one of a series enforcing in art the conception of Mrs. Eddy's theories. The series was, I seem to remember, to be sent over the country to carry conviction to the unelect.

Well, as one young painter after another arrived, discussion and criticism of the canvas would grow in warmth, and almost everybody had his ideas.

Then some one—Everett Shinn, for instance—would climb up to the balcony and catch up palette and brush, and paint some passage to show how it ought to look. There was so great a community of interest, that Fuller made no objection, and perhaps the small additions helped the work which by superior talent and intellectual command was indubitably his.

What became of the enterprise I never knew, though I believe Fuller had an entire misconception of the business as the Scientists regarded it, and only the one noble canvas of the set was ever finished. He gave me a print of it, which arrests by its beauty and meaning every eye that sees it.

XXXI

OF course it is plain that the foregoing incidents and associations are strung on the thread of activities more or less connected with the Pennsylvania Academy. While one met at intervals with such friends and events as I have narrated, the work of navigating the old ship went steadily on. It had to make headway, or sink.

Some of the acquisitions and discoveries of this period will repay notice, for they are foot-marks in the dust which had accumulated over the art with which I was to deal.

For years there had been search made for the lost bust of John Paul Jones by Houdon. It was as great a mystery as his place of burial. Dr. Weir Mitchell had been, through correspondence and friendly help, scouring Europe for a likeness of the naval hero of the Revolution. Nobody could furnish a likeness, nor could any one discover the precious bust.

One day in my effort to clean off the age-old dirt that had accumulated on many of the possessions of the Academy, we got around to the painful row of busts in the corridor, that had been staring each other out of countenance for numberless years. They had all been painted a dark and unfeeling brown to look like bronze, so that there was not much to choose between them. They might have been members of one monotonous family. One by one they were cleaned off down to the original surface, and as I inspected the sanitary purga-

tion, I noticed something glittering under the breast of one bust that looked like a faded metal inscription. We took it to the light, and found gold letters that came out of their concealment, a good deal blurred but still legible. It told the story. This was Jean Antoine Houdon's bust of John Paul Jones. The lost had been found; the dull brown plaster had become a thing of precious value. The quest was ended; Dr. Mitchell was relieved; and the lineaments of the romantic Commodore, who had "just begun to fight," and who fascinated the Empress of Russia with his gallantry and charms, were saved to history.

The Academy had casts made from this original plaster and presented examples to several institutions of learning and art, so that never again can the lost features be quite lost forever. Coming from the chisel of Houdon, who carved the majestic Washington in Richmond, Virginia, the bust of John Paul Jones can be nothing but a masterpiece of the first order; and the intrepid features of a singularly handsome type show the good taste in the human article exercised by Catharine of Russia. His face, like his fame, is an heirloom of our romantic history.

In those days, the Nineties and after, you could pick up examples of Gilbert Stuart, if you had the taste and vision, for a song. A few hundred dollars would then buy a portrait that many thousands would not even begin now to secure. It was an apathetic over-stocked market. Beauty as a commodity had not then declared itself. Scarcity had not yet stimulated cupidity.

Thus it was that we acquired the Alexander James Dallas and the Fothergill portraits, both Stuarts, now of the Pennsylvania Academy collection; and I single them out here from other Stuarts acquired in my day, because

to each of them there hangs the twist of a little tale.

The majestic Dallas head, almost heroic in size, lofty in intellect, supreme in manly beauty, but singularly gray in tone for Stuart, belonged to well-known Philadelphians, but was in the hands of a relation of theirs in Washington. A Director of the Academy, not innocent of a deal in pictures now and then, offered it to the Board at $2500. I had learned that it could be bought at $1500. So one day I went for afternoon tea to the house of the owners or part owners who lived not far away, and found, through the pleasant interchange over tea and cakes, I was right about the price.

Though it caused a rumpus in the Board, was not according to a gentleman's code, and all that, that a Director should thus have behaved, the portrait was bought for the lesser price and it now hangs, when not stored in the cellar, a jewel of Stuart's crown, on the walls of the Academy.

The Fothergill portrait—early patron and friend of Stuart when he was of the "Tribe of Ben" West, in London—was bought with some misgivings. There was an engraving of the subject that varied slightly from the example we were seeking. This canvas had not altogether the stamp of Stuart upon it. His name, as he jokingly said one time of his portraits, was not written all over it. But in spite of all this, I am satisfied that Stuart painted it.

But when in after years that exact critic and historian of Stuart, Mantle Fielding, came to deal with the Fothergill in his writings, he discovered the lack of those significant elements that stamped a Stuart as an authentic Stuart. He said so much to an official of the Academy, and he thus produced one of the most extraordinary dicta

in art criticism that has ever come under my observation. He was told that if he questioned the authenticity of that portrait, he would be proceeded against in the courts. Here, indeed, was a new motif in art investigation. Exact knowledge, wide experience, sense of beauty, acquaintance with paint, all these are as naught. The ermine of the Bench is the final art critic. The whole difficult method of authentication is unnecessary. Take your doubtful canvas to court, and the dictum of the Judge (not necessarily of art) will settle the matter very conveniently! How simple to run an art institution with the assistance of the law—nothing could be less perplexing!

Another example of Stuart acquired about the same time came in with the Gibson collection bequeathed by one of the members of the Board. This was the portrait of Isaac Franks, a Jewish merchant of Philadelphia who was connected with Stuart's family by business ties. This canvas was not susceptible of a doubt. Stuart's impress was visible all over its lovely color and its powerful character. Its facial tones may be described, in studio language, as juicy.

Now this Stuart was distinguished from all others I have known by having attached to its frame, in a little brass frame of its own, that rarest of earthly things, an autograph of Stuart. I cherished this with care equal to its value and always in passing through the gallery cast my eye up to see if it was there. But now, I notice, it is gone, and I wonder where? Is it in some vault of security? Has the slender bit of old paper been pasted in some album for safety? Or has so precious a relic been lost by forgetfulness, or "conveyed" by some more intelligent visitor to the Galleries, whose instinct for

collecting overcame his conventional morality? The temptation was great. A signature of Stuart may, I am no doctor of ethics, excuse a fall into the pit of iniquity. I can only hope the unmatchable relic is secure; safe in some niche where the Academy's paintings annually retire from sight, undiscovered and uncatalogued.

Around Stuart's portraits, which were the chief possessions of the Academy—indeed, in its permanent collection, then and now, its one claim to distinction—there were always happening incidents of deep interest, even to the layman who listens rather than takes a technical view, but absorbing to the initiated. For Stuart had begun even then to take on, in the view of the expert, his inheritance of glory as not only the greatest American portrait painter of his day, but the equal of any European in his own time and of times past.

I suppose, therefore, I need not have been surprised one day to have a visit from Sir Henry Irving and his manager, Bram Stoker, who had called to see Stuart's full-length portrait of Washington—the so-called Lansdowne portrait, replica of the one presented by Mr. William Bingham to Lord Lansdowne. The canvas in the Academy was, however, claimed always by Charles Henry Hart to be the original picture, because it is one of a very few that bear Stuart's signature. It also was painted for Mr. Bingham and retained by him. It came to the Academy from his estate.

I had once called on Henry Irving in Chicago to seek the loan of Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry, which he cordially granted; and I often met Bram Stoker in New York or London. Thus we were on pleasant terms and needed no introduction.

We went to the gallery where the Washington hung

in its tranquil majesty of pose and its beauty of composition and color, and there Irving stood without a word for a long, long time. He cared for nothing else in the Galleries. He was absorbed in the Stuart alone. When he had taken in every detail, he turned with that grace of carriage which I knew so well in his "Charles I," and we went downstairs.

Nothing was said or asked about the motive for Irving's study of the canvas; but I learned, either from Stoker at a later time or somewhere else, that Irving was planning to do a drama of Washington, perhaps by Wills, author of "Charles I."

Conceive what the world lost by the failure of this intention! In deliberate pose and bearing, stature, sympathetic knowledge, and the dramatic grasp of Washington's career, with the scenery of the colossal events in which he was the leading figure, Irving could have brought a magic to the subject equal to the romantic and heroic characters that pass over the stage of Shakespeare.

Why the idea was never brought to birth, I do not know; but I can picture the figure of the Lansdowne portrait made animate, and I am thrilled to contemplate the materialization even in fancy.

As a foot-note to this episode, I venture to add here, though perhaps out of place, a letter of the most telling importance on the history of the Lansdowne portrait of Washington by Stuart. It was written to me by John Sartain, and carries the tradition from Stuart down to Irving, and to our own day.

"DEC. 7TH, 1893.

"Of the two whole-length portraits of Washington painted by Stuart for Mrs. Bingham, one to be

presented to Lord Lansdowne, the other to be retained by herself, we had an opportunity of judging their relative qualities when the one owned in England was loaned to the Art Department of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. Not that they could be viewed side by side, but so far as remembrance could be carried from one to the other, I got the impression that the picture in the Academy was the fresher and more brilliant of the two.

"As soon as I was appointed Chief of the Art Bureau late in 1875, Mr. Wm. D. Lewis asked me how I would like to have the Lansdowne picture? I need not repeat my answer. His effort to obtain it was successful, and it came out along with those in charge of the British Commission, and was hung in one of the galleries I had assigned to them, they claiming possession on that account although not the work of a British artist. I tried to get it out and hang it with the American pictures, but in vain, so I wrote to Mr. Lewis and when he arrived we went together to the residence of the English Commissioner and on the earnest representation of Mr. Lewis who had secured the loan of the picture expressly for the American Department, the point was yielded and I got the picture, but not before undergoing a tedious process of untieing some knots of British red tape. I hung it in the Rotunda, the only place left, and immediately under it I securely fastened behind thick glass a note from Washington to Stuart in relation to an appointment for the sitting for that very portrait.

"This note was loaned along with the picture to which it referred. I have a copy of it somewhere.

In substance Washington wrote that Mrs. Bingham had asked him to 'set' for his portrait, but he was uncertain whether it was to be at the State House or at his room on Chestnut Street. It was dated April 4th, 1794, *to the best of my recollection.* It was returned to the owner with the picture, but that I did not first have a photographic copy made of it I regret exceedingly. On the lower margin of it was written by Stuart in a feeble and tremulous manner, that in searching for some writing of Washington to send him, he found the above and it was the right autograph for him to have because it related to the picture that he owned. It said, 'There are but two portraits of Washington that I painted from life, the one you have and the other is in my own possession. I did paint a third in the winter season but I afterwards rubbed it out.' This was dated 1825.

"Somewhere about 1826 or 7, I went to see this Lansdowne portrait in the gallery of an auctioneer in Old Bond Street, London. It was bought by a business man at a rather large price, who some years afterward died leaving his affairs in an embarrassed condition. Those having them in charge were anxious that this picture should realize a sum equal to what it cost, and found that it could only be done by means of a raffle, and the chances were placed at £50 each. A Mr. Lewis (who was a nephew, I think, of Wm. D. Lewis), a confidential agent of a firm, ventured in the absence of his principal to subscribe for one of these shares for the firm. On his return learning what had been done, he was angered, and determined to repudiate the transaction. But some one whispered him that he was endangering the

loss of an important American branch of his business, which might be diverted into another channel, so he subsided. *That* ticket drew the picture.

"About 1824 the owner wrote to Stuart asking for an autograph of Washington and the result was the note already described, with Stuart's remarks below it. It shows, I think, that the London picture is the original unless Stuart did not know which of the two paintings was boxed up and sent away. The one in his own possession became the property of the Boston Athenaeum."

This, too, is the place for a further incident bearing on another portrait of Washington by Stuart.

There was a very capable and very odd salesman of pictures in Lindsay's shop at Eleventh and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, whose name was Detwiler. I used to exchange views on pictures with him for the sake of his knowledge of those owned by families who never exposed them, and for his instinct for what was genuine.

I once had a call from him, as was not unusual, when his slouch black hat and theatrical black coat—he affected the style of an artist, perhaps to denote his professional connections—were somewhat more mysteriously carried than usual. He asked me to go with him somewhere far down Pine Street to see a picture. I was very busy and made excuses; I had so often been lured to see a rubbishy gold brick. But his urgency was so great and his mystery so provocative that I paused to inquire what the picture was. He veiled it in whispers that did not explain; but he insisted that I should go. The occasion seemed so unusual, and my reliance on his judgment had had so

much to support it, that I got my hat and went out with him. His infrequent talk on the way showed his excitement, well held in by his usual reserve.

After the rather long walk we came to a small house with a roof that sloped down to the second-story windows, a relic of the period when people of means and position dwelt in such modest abodes in Pine Street. The whole front breathed of respectable antiquity, and a ring at the bell admitted us to a small parlor without the intervention of a hall. An elderly lady was presented to me by Mr. Detwiler, and we were led into a back room like the one in front, which looked out through windows on a city yard.

By a gesture of Detwiler I was brought to turn to the wall behind me, and there, in the serenity and freshness of its initial beauty was a two-thirds length portrait of Washington, such as my eyes had never before had the luck to look upon. "It made a sunshine in a shady place"—it lit up the plain little white-washed room like the visit of the angel to Peter in prison.

The Father of his Country wore a moiré black silk coat, with a sword, accompanied by great richness in the details of his surroundings. The face was one of those known as the Vaughn type, turned to the right instead of the left as in the "Athenaeum" portrait, a variation which gives to Washington more of the elegance of his stature and face than the other, which shows him in his heavy strength.

The hush of astonishment overcame me. Sutter's discovery of gold in California could hardly have stunned him more. Here was a new Washington by Stuart, not a mere replica such as we all knew, but a new composition, a new figure, new costume, new beauty.

Of course, I asked, when settled into my accustomed sobriety, my more professional mood with pictures, how the portrait came there; but the story was very prosaic, with nothing very clear in its course, some family inheritance, and I could learn little to the point. So overwhelming was the discovery that other things seemed to be lost in it.

I learned from Detwiler on the way back that the little old lady wished to sell the portrait for the benefit of a charity in which she was interested. What was the charity, I asked? He said it was a Dogs' Home. I grinned, but Detwiler was serious.

And so this lustrous pearl of painting, this incomparable gem, this reincarnation of President Washington, was to go, like "imperious Cæsar's clay, to stop a hole to keep the wind away" from the sensitive skins of little dogs. Beautiful charity—oblivious of its sister Beauty.

It was plain that here was a great opportunity to enrich the Academy's collection; to install another "Washington" which would show Stuart at his highest point of achievement in both of his Washington poses. I went busily to work on the Directors. The price was not great; the stake was very great. But there was no vision, no interest but that which each one took in his own limited circle of taste, and I could not find the funds to secure the treasure so nearly within reach.

Fortunately there was a purchaser of intelligence not far away, and the precious canvas was taken for a sum that would be twenty times or more enlarged should it ever reach the market again.

In that art store I have spoken of, Lindsay's, at Eleventh and Walnut, I also knew Garritt Neagle, who was

employed there in selling the works of art. He was the son of the painter, John Neagle, of fame and skill almost equal to Gilbert Stuart, whose portrait he had painted as a pupil. This is our only authentic likeness, except the younger bust in the Redwood Library at Newport, of the greatest of our painters in his later age, and lucky we are to have it.

Garritt Neagle had been deprived of his right arm in some early year of his life, and he used to dwell sometimes on his sensation of feeling the hand and fingers, even though they had long been amputated. This was not an unknown physical illusion, as Coleridge touches on it, and the medical profession is aware of it; but it is my only encounter with it; and as I was always glad to see Garritt Neagle as a son of his father and to gossip with him on his more eminent grandfather, Thomas Sully, it has left a mark in the memory of our intercourse.

As another connection with the notable past of art in Philadelphia, it was always a sort of a rather ghostly visitation, when Miss Jane Peale, herself a capable artist, would in her gentle ladyhood, with her plain bonnet and alpaca gown, come in to see me.

As the daughter of Julia Ward Howe attended the funeral of the very old man of Plymouth, her distant kin, who had known an old man who knew Peregrine White, the first white child born in America, thus carrying back our living generation to that of the Pilgrim Fathers, these associations with the descendants of that noble company of artists who attested our right to a high place in the art of the world, seemed to carry me into their company as their works or their traditions would never do.

Besides, I may be pardoned, perhaps, if I introduce an emotion of mine always aroused, even day by day, by the portrait of an old gentleman by Neagle which hung amongst the noises of coin and the murmur of business in the Farmers and Mechanics National Bank, Philadelphia, when I as a lad daily, often several times a day, went there with deposits for the Coal and Iron Company. There it was, always a welcoming object of beauty and, indeed, of benignity—the dear old gentleman, I believe the first President of the Bank, with his flowing locks of silvery hair reaching down nearly to his shoulder, and as kindly a look from his eyes and his red cheeks and his old crossed legs in a red leather chair, as ever a fine old spirit of dignity and benignity gave forth. I used to look forward to seeing him as a relief from the hardness of trade and money, and I would wonder if he also looked for me, as likely the only soul in all that crowd of money-changers who cared a rap for his beauty.

This was one of the most complete examples of Neagle's talent I have ever seen. It deserved a berth where it could greet all those who could understand and respond to it. But when the bank petered out under management not disconnected with our depreciating art institutions, the portrait was taken for sale to a dealer and disappeared somewhere in New York. I tried to buy it when it was still at the dealer's, but the inimical group who controlled it caused me, to my deep regret, to lose it.

So also with others of our precious relics, notably those of Thomas Sully, which had descended to Mr. Francis Thomas Sully Darley, Sully's grandson. All the traditions of Philadelphia cried out to save the sketch for the full-length portrait of Queen Victoria which Sully painted from life. But it went finally to the Metropolitan

Museum, where I confess it will be more widely seen and safer from neglect than it could be under prevailing conditions in Philadelphia.

Sully, Neagle, Peale, these are names we cannot forget; and just now the fame which is due them is reaching its deserved culmination. In their offspring, last of the race, at least in the field of art, there was something to venerate, something that moved the imagination. You were in the breathing presence of what otherwise had become to our generation merely a glowing tradition.

XXXII

THROUGHOUT all the years, twelve or more, when the foregoing incidents were taking place, and the characters sketched were passing over the stage, the exhibitions of the Academy were growing in quality and in acceptance by the press and the people—but rather from outside than from inside Philadelphia. Of course, approval from outside made the native sit up and take notice; and that was something.

But success also brought its own accompanying dangers. Nobody had wanted to tinker with an old dilapidated plant that had staled and rusted in neglect, but here was another matter.

A brilliant advancing movement, engaging in its onward march all the forces, intellectual and technical, of the art of its day, was an enviable object. To be associated with it, to have the credit of running it, was an asset both material and social. You could, if you required such elevation, build on it toward those higher spaces in the social ladder to which "all creation moves." Thus the covetous and stealthy figure of desire came in to shoulder out experience.

The structure we had built of friendship and patronage was not any too strong. It might have grown in firmness with more years to settle and sustain it. But a breath of internal disorder would almost tumble it down. There was little money to go on. There was little enough co-

hesion from without. Internal envies and acrimonies, feminine pique, would be fatal.

It was amidst this sort of ambushed struggle, then, that the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the venerable Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts approached. A dinner was planned to be given in the Galleries during the One-hundredth Anniversary Exhibition. All the opulent forces of the city, who never did a stroke for the Academy, were, of course, invited to sit with two or three genuine exceptions at an elevated table, no doubt in the hope that they could thus be inoculated with the germ of art. But they were not; and when they were contrasted with the throng of artists who dined below them on the floor, they shrank into obliteration.

For on the floor there sat the cream of American Art, the quintessence of our creative life. Everybody known in the United States for original work in the Fine Arts was there. The names at the tables duplicated those on the surrounding pictures. The factions and feuds of the contending schools of native art were forgotten in an harmonious wish to do honor to the Academy that had done so much for the artist. No recollection of mine recalls any such inclusive gathering of American artists in the annals of our art.

Such, then, was the esteem to which the Academy had attained. It was at the topmost reach of its history; its possibilities for the future, for culture in beauty, and taste, for the education of rising talent; for gathering into knowledge of the best things the tragic masses of ignorance—all these uses, if it had been allowed to follow its course, it would have served with growing power.

But this was not to be, and in 1905 I retired, and went

with my old friend, Edward Bok, as Art Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

There I was with friends, and in the congenial field of illustration; and the two years spent in that way were fruitful of many things. For one, I learned New York, in an intimacy I had never known before, and tasted of its awakening power. To eyes limited to provincial Philadelphia, the illumination was glittering and profound. Then, too, it was a gain in knowledge of men, to know better Mr. Cyrus Curtis and George Lorimer, to see them in their element and watch the play of their active minds. To create, as they and Edward Bok had, that vast human concern in which I had an insignificant part, was no small or ignorable achievement. It stands as a mark in the evolution of the American temperament, and it must be reckoned with as a gauge of our history.

But other things happened, and I was drawn away into the management of the great business of my father-in-law, Joseph Wharton. Iron and steel replaced art and editing. I became a reversion to type, and was back again after a dozen or more years, in the trade where I started.

Yet not altogether, for my years in New York had brought me into close alliance with the National Academy of Design, the only art body amongst us belonging to and managed exclusively by artists; and presently I was asked to take up the task of establishing a new site and building for them in New York, which was an essential of their progress. I was appointed Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the National Academy.

Well, this was very pleasant, and it brought many new contacts and experiences with the art of my day. Some of

these have already been touched on in the past pages, others I must try to picture.

Andrew Carnegie had gone to live in New York, and he liked to cultivate the society of artists and authors. Of course, this could only mean that he would spend some of his exaggerated fortune for them. Thus he had already done much to help the National Academy in the advancement of its larger aims. He had some years previously taken an option on all the properties between the Fine Arts Building at 215 West 57th Street and the corner of Broadway and had made his first payment on the price.

But where many artists gather there is sometimes confusion, and as there was divided opinion in the Academy and some not too gentle attacks on the interference of the benefactor, Mr. Carnegie withdrew his support and forfeited his initial payment.

Those who regretted this still held the hope that, when it was shown that a united Academy would be grateful for Mr. Carnegie's aid, he would forget the unruly conduct of the few and join with the many in a new effort. For, if the Academy was to develop as the country grew, it should meet the issue with larger and more modern facilities to show what American Art could do.

Thus, in our renewed efforts, we naturally turned to Mr. Carnegie. I had known him long ago through his liberal patronage of art in Pittsburgh. He once asked me to recommend a painter to make a copy of the portrait of Judge Ross, an early patron of his, by Sully, in the Pennsylvania Academy, which I did to his satisfaction. He had a mind that grasped a subject quickly, a watchful sense of choice in men and things. His education was not deep; he once told Mr. Wharton, who

had asked him what style his New York house was to adopt, that he didn't know whether it would be Georgian or Elizabethian. But his shrewdness was inspired, better than most learning.

Thus, in the pursuit of my new task, I saw a good deal of Mr. Carnegie and I found him as nice and kind and as ready for a talk, or to help when he could, or wished, as most plain men—far more so than the common variety of industrial captain. I went to his new house, where he entertained the newspaper reporters as cordially as he did Mr. Gary, and where there were evidences of an early taste in the simple landscapes of Linford, a painter out in Pittsburgh now unfitly forgotten. And there are remembrances of other meetings, such as that I must narrate at the studio of Howard Russell Butler.

This admirable painter of the sea is also one of the few trained men of science and business in the field of art. It is to him in great measure due that the National Academy's business has been safely and intelligently conducted. He probably met Mr. Carnegie in those earlier negotiations and won his friendship and favor. Thus when the new Carnegie residence was to be put up on then far northern Fifth Avenue, Butler was chosen by Carnegie to watch over its plans and erection; and it was Butler who suggested and put through Carnegie Lake, handsomely contributed to Princeton University.

One morning I had a telephone call from Butler (not without collusion, I may say) to come immediately to his studio, as the gentleman was there.

I hastened uptown and was soon bowing in puzzled surprise in the doorway of a roomy, well-lighted chamber. There sat Mr. Carnegie in the throne-chair common to portraits, on a dais raised above the floor with the sky-

light concentrated on his bristling white hair and beard and searching eyes; and, the cause of my surprise—five portraits of him, like reflected forms in a mirror-maze, on easels or walls around the sides of the room. It was dazzling. There was Mr. Carnegie as a bank president, white-cuffed hand inserted in frock coat; Mr. Carnegie as donor of library, surrounded by inutile books; Mr. Carnegie as iron-master in the undress of the office; Mr. Carnegie speaking at a banquet over the cups and napery; and then Mr. Carnegie as himself, the pleasant, genial, inquiring, eager man of the world and of his own domestic household.

Perhaps I have misnamed some of the Mr. Carnegies in the list—forgetfulness of the details does not alter the astonishment I felt on entering that prismatic interior.

We talked a good deal: he from the dais, I from the floor, while Butler painted. We wanted him to take the old Lenox Library—afterward bought by Mr. Frick and now the site of his civic château—and build there a great gallery for the National Academy. I think he was half inclined to do it; indeed, he later took some hopeful steps, but the idea never bore fruit. What Butler and I got out of the interview is all that remains of a well-planned monument in art for New York; and this remnant, in its exhibit of character, will not be lost.

The portraits obviously could not all be accommodated by Mr. Carnegie himself. They were intended for the various libraries and other institutions which his noble generosity had founded.

Nor can I forget the call I made to his house on much the same errand, when he had fallen on the ice, I think, and was confined to his room. Of course, I was not aware of this; but, when my name was taken up, I was

bidden to his bedchamber where he was nursing his leg bound with linen swathes, in a chair before him. There was a plain maple table near his elbow covered with books which he had read till he was probably bored. Thus my visit was a timely relief, and he was very eager for a talk.

In the course of this, I expressed satisfaction that the Carnegie Institution had published the "Chaucer Dictionary" and the "Old Yellow Book," the origin of "The Ring and the Book" by Browning; and I gave him warm thanks for this benefit to letters.

But whether it was *ennui* that had embittered his views or a lack of interest in literary scholarship, his expression wore distaste.

He said: "Yes, Dr. Weir Mitchell got me into that. Little did I think that money of mine would ever be spent for such a purpose."

"But," I said, "Mr. Carnegie, what would you wish it spent for?"

"Oh," said he, "to provide a ship for determining the electric pole, and things like that."

But even so he was ready to talk about the books he had just read, and I asked him if he had seen the "Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Ferris Greenslet. He said he knew Aldrich very well, and was interested. I told him some of the anecdotes, and as the poor multimillionaire seemed so low in his mind, I promised to send him a copy. I sent him mine immediately on going home. I hope he got more out of it than he did out of Chaucer and Browning. But I made no progress in my errand for art.

If my visit proved, indeed, a timely relief, it only fell in with Mr. Carnegie's own earlier experience, for he

used to tell this story on himself with much wicked enjoyment.

He was, before the War of course, invited, with my father-in-law, Mr. Joseph Wharton, to dine on the Kaiser's yacht *Hohenzollern,* of blessed memory! Mr. Carnegie was late, and arrived only as the guests were leaving. The Kaiser that was (once upon a time) following them to the gangway, encountered Mr. Carnegie coming aboard. Mr. Carnegie was politely apologizing for his dilatory sin, when the Imperial Royalty of yore roared out in good English:

"Oh, I know you! You are Mr. Carnegie."

The author of "Triumphant Democracy" was far from being crushed. He said much, then asked:

"Why don't your Majesty come over to see us in America?"

"But I couldn't," said the Imperial lips. "You see my subjects could not do without me."

Whereupon Mr. Carnegie told his story.

"When I was pretty well off," he said, "and getting on in years, I felt that I needed a rest in the summertime far from the noise and grime of Pittsburgh. So I called the heads of my business together and addressed them. I said I was going away; my health was good, the mills were giving me no anxiety—but I needed the relief. After I was through, my old foreman, Jones, got up to make a reply, and this is what he said: 'Well, Mr. Carnegie, if it is going to be a relief to you, what do you suppose it will be for us?' "

Whether the Imperial wit was good at taking a joke, Mr. Carnegie did not reveal, but the point was so sharp that it could hardly fail to enter the Majestic ribs.

And I cannot omit another tale the canny Scot unfolded

for us on a visit to Mr. Wharton. He had, said he, been dining with Dr. Weir Mitchell. Somebody remarked that he was in high society. With artless innocence he asked, "Indeed, was that high society? I didn't know it." And then, perhaps to emphasize his artlessness, he told us of a visit he had recently made to his sister-in-law down on Jekyll Island. Her sons, it seemed, were in Yale College and she could get no letters from them. She was anxious for their health and their safety. Mr. Carnegie said he would bet her he would have a letter as soon as the mail could reach New Haven and return. The bet was accepted.

He wrote the boys that their mother was worried about them; that he was visiting her; that all were very well at their home, and gave them other news that would interest them. Then he added that he was enclosing five dollars for each, and he signed himself their affectionate uncle.

But he did not enclose the ten dollars.

As he told the story, his twinkling little eyes enjoyed the slyness of it immensely.

Then, in two or three days, a reply came. It revealed the atrocious fact that he had forgotten to send the five dollar bills. He should send them at once, as the boys were nearly dead-broke.

He had outwitted his nephews and won his bet; the power of his money was demonstrated.

That he had a lively sense of the origin of that wealth was made manifest, when, on another visit he was enlarging on the luxuries he had installed in his Scotch castle of Skibo, where, in his later years, he passed much of each season.

"You see, Joseph," he said to his confidential old friend, "I have no religion to speak of; but on a Sunday

morning when other people are at church, I like to float about there in my swimming pool, while a Highlander in all his regalia plays sacred music on his pipes; and as I lie there on the water thinking over my possessions, the conviction comes to me that if a commission was sent down from Heaven to assess my right to what I have, I should be deprived of a goodly part of it."

XXXIII

BEFORE I retired from the Pennsylvania Academy I had been asked for advice on the formation of the proposed semi-annual exhibitions of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. These had been made possible by the liberal prizes offered by Senator Clark, always an eager collector and patron of American painting.

Thus I joined the forces in Washington in preparing the first exhibition and in inaugurating the system which has since been followed.

The key-picture in that show was Sargent's portrait group of the four eminent doctors of Johns Hopkins University. It belonged to the University, and had recently arrived there. It had not before been shown nor has it since. To secure it was an achievement that would at the start give the exhibition a leading place. To omit it would be acknowledgment of defeat. It belonged in Baltimore, next door to Washington, and it ought by right to be the *clou* of Washington's first show.

But there was an irrevocable law at Johns Hopkins against the loan of its portraits for exhibition. The forces in Washington had been met with this at every angle of their approach. It seemed that there was only one other thing to do. That was to go to the President's office in Baltimore and make a personal appeal, supported by the arguments of public interest and, indeed, the implied right of the citizens to see so noble a work of American genius.

One obstacle to be overcome in the mind of the owners, as well also as a physical problem for us of the Corcoran Gallery, was the means of safe transportation from Baltimore to Washington and back. I suggested a motor truck, then a novelty of the day; which acted as a persuasive in winning the consent of Johns Hopkins.

Thus, step by step, the object was gained, and the painting, great in size and in quality, was hung in the grand center of the show.

At that time there was a fine old-fashioned character in charge of the Corcoran Galleries, as Director—Mr. McGuire, whom I had known and liked for years. His love of his job and his care for the artists and students was of a pleasant fatherly vein that made him most likable. He was serious in his views and responsibilities; the Corcoran Galleries must be guarded and protected. They were the apple of his eye.

So, when I said to him one time:

"Mr. McGuire, why don't you hold the exhibitions when Congress is in session, and more people can see them?" he replied solemnly:

"No—it wouldn't do. The crowds would wear out the marble tiles on the floors."

He flattened his lips in an expression which left no doubt that that subject was closed.

One of the Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery in those years was Mr. Victor Fischer, and very appropriately, for he conducted the richest and most important art store and gallery in Washington. It was the resort of the Senators and Congressmen, the Diplomats, and even the Presidents, of several administrations. Mr. Fischer was, I believe, an Austrian of education and wide knowledge in the field of art. I went more than once to see his un-

common collection of European painting, sometimes with Dr. John Van Dyke, a critic keener than almost any of his time.

Our whimsical game was to go into the sacred inner gallery and ascribe the rare examples there, before asking Mr. Fischer to give us the names of the painters. Nearly always Van Dyke was right; for even though without signature, a canvas of actual merit would appeal to trained experts as coming from the identical brush.

Mr. Fischer was much cultivated by President Roosevelt, who, though an amateur in most of the arts, liked to be busy about them. When Sargent was engaged to paint the official White House portrait of the indomitable Theodore, Mr. Fischer was, let me repeat, invited to be present at every sitting; not, I suppose, to give views on the progress of the work, but to be a snug sort of support to the sitter, and to promote the conversation that I imagine was without check.

Not, let it be said, from Sargent. He was always taciturnity itself. And I must here introduce an illustration which seems to fall into place.

Edward Simmons, once, alas, in the days of the return from Paris, and of the Ten American Painters a leader in the front of the new art, tells me how Edwin Booth sat at Sargent's invitation for the celebrated portrait by Sargent in the Players' Club of New York. Day by day Booth would come to the studio and pose for the allotted time, then get up and leave without ever looking at the canvas. Nor, should I suppose, between two such taciturn minds was there very much said. One day, as he thought the portrait nearly finished, Sargent plucked up spirit enough to say as Booth was leaving:

"Don't you want to look at the picture, Mr. Booth?"

"No," said Edwin Booth; "it doesn't belong to me, and it will not be mine, and I have no interest in it."

Sargent then begged him to look at it. Passively, he did, but said nothing. Sargent said that he earnestly hoped that he would give his opinion. The work was nearly done, and he hesitated to finish it without the views of the sitter.

"Well, sir," said he persuasively, "what do you think of it?"

Booth said, "I think it's rotten. The face hasn't my expression at all."

Sargent then begged, "Will you give me fifteen minutes more?"

Booth gravely consented. Sargent then scraped out the entire head, covered the spot with some dark color, and painted it swiftly over again.

The masterpiece that was thus perfected hangs over the hearth at the Players' Club as a conspicuous example of the sudden inspiration and achievement of a great artist.

But to resume, Mr. Fischer's experiences with President Roosevelt were many and memorable, but to me the most interesting was the part he took in the conferences over the acceptance of the Freer Collection.

I had known Mr. Freer, as all of us did in his day, and my intercourse with him was rather pleasant. He lent us a group of Whistler's paintings for one of the annual shows of the Academy; and he followed this up by paying me a visit. He was nice enough until he went upstairs to the gallery and saw his pictures, small and not important, hung in a group beside one of the entrances in the main gallery. Then he showed particular pique

and broke out in quite unnecessary *blague*. I told him the canvases had been hung by Whistler's devoted friend, J. Alden Weir, and that they thus occupied a place of honor. He would not be consoled. Then he stiffly held out his hand, and said, "Well, good-by, Mr. Morris," in a pretty offensive manner. I did not take his hand, and we parted with a bow.

Mr. Freer had offered his matchless collection of pictures, mainly by Whistler, with some oriental sculpture, to the United States Government, with a costly building to be erected for their installation in Washington. Of course, this was a princely gift to be accepted and acknowledged without a moment's reflection. But, according to Mr. Fischer, the Smithsonian Institution, to which the subject was referred, saw fit to reject the offer. It was then that Mr. Fischer, so he said, got busy and went to see Mr. Roosevelt, the President. There was an immediate explosion in the vicinity of the White House. In consequence of this, the Regents of the Smithsonian were summoned to the White House on a certain evening by their ex-officio officer, the President.

They were forcibly told that they should organize then and there into a meeting of the Board, and that the President as one of them would take his official part; and as Mr. Fischer, who was present, repeated it, they were expected to vote to accept the gift of Mr. Freer.

They naturally did. And the present galleries on the Smithsonian grounds, holding an incalculable treasury of our art for all of us to enjoy, for our education in taste and beauty, and for the enrichment of our history, is the brilliant consequence.

Mr. Fischer moved in later years to New York, but

the attraction of his Washington more intimate and quiet surroundings was lost in the tumult of Fifth Avenue; and when the War came, he quickly disappeared to Berlin.

I've often wondered if he might not have found art the primrose path toward diplomatic offices not on the roster?

XXXIV

DURING these years there were other associations that grew up out of the self-consciousness of some intelligent collectors toward American painting. There was Dr. Alexander Humphreys, President of the Stevens Institute, and Mr. Gellatly and Senator Clark, who had formed a Collectors' Club, and with these I was frequently in consultation. They designed to hold an exhibition of American Art in London in which I could be of use to them.

It will be a surprise to most proud natives of this country that there never has been a real show of our best in painting in England. Perhaps this is due to the incredulity of the English; perhaps to the want of self-respect and of self-assertion amongst ourselves. At all events, the stay-at-home Britisher has never seen what the native genius amongst us has done in the Fine Arts.

After the St. Louis Exposition, Halsey C. Ives, who was the Art Director there, and I, had a long correspondence with the Guild Hall in London where other nationalities had shown their art, and there was hope of displaying our painting there. But Mr. Ives, against my advice, exacted too much insurance, and made other conditions, which cancelled that attempt.

Thus I was eager, when the chance occurred, to reach an agreement in which the wealthy and enlightened Collectors' Club should be sponsor for a show at the Guild Hall; and as Dr. Humphreys was sailing for London, I

gave him an introduction to Mr. Temple of the Guild Hall, and had high hopes that the deed might now be done—and done on a rich and thorough plan.

But Fate also overtook that effort. For as Joseph Pennell was the most famous and active American artist in London, Mr. Temple invited him to dine with Dr. Humphreys—and that was the end of the glittering possibility.

Joseph at the dinner, bad boy that he was, characterized the Collectors' Club as a band of Dealers in Art, which they were not, and ramped over its remains to the consternation of Mr. Temple and the astonishment of kind Dr. Humphreys, who had thought he was doing an act of transatlantic amity in spending money and time and energy, and risking the costly paintings in this quite altruistic effort.

An adequate exhibit of American Art in London is still necessary to a valuation of our intellectual level by the English, if that really seems desirable. But if Lady Spielman, wife of the Commissioner of England at the Roman Exposition of 1911, could say to Mrs. Morris, after asking many questions about this country, which Lady Spielman had never seen: "Fawncy—I wonder if any other of our Colonies will become independent," it seems time, even thus late, that we should put our best foot forward in that chilling atmosphere where we are always apt to be misunderstood and where we have never been overrated.

The Directors of art museums and academies in my day were an educated, trained and enlightened group, who knew their business, for it was a business to run a successful institution, with an added school, and to keep close

to all the events and movements in art the world over. Even to be informed about the emerging productions of American painting and sculpture was no small task. But if the freshness of the first bloom of new talent was to be secured and encouraged, there were required alertness, tact, technical knowledge and much good sound sense. These traits were evident enough in the accomplished Edward Robinson, then Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, now, luckily for us all, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of New York; and they were clearly possessed by our friend John W. Beatty, of the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburgh. At the Chicago Art Institute was W. M. R. French, a careful manager with the same sort of artistic traditions as those of his brother, Daniel C. French, the leader amongst our sculptors. Kurtz I have described, who later went to the Buffalo Art Gallery; and his successor there was Cornelia B. Sage, now Quinton, who has held a brilliant course for many years there and later in California. In Cincinnati was, and happily is, J. H. Gest, the philosopher of art education.

But to me the most intimate and close in various ventures was Halsey C. Ives, to whom I have just alluded.

Ives was, in his best years, those of the Chicago and the St. Louis Expositions, a big, robust, tireless spirit that let nothing escape him. His manner was sympathetic, his address cultivated and accomplished, and he had a sort of persuasive kindliness that was catching. To have won the regard of Whistler, especially in forming a great exhibit, was a conquest not often permitted to anybody —indeed, anybody had to be somebody to do it. Ives did. And not only Whistler, but all the rank and file

went along with him; for his geniality held within it a core of command that the leaders respected and the followers obeyed.

My long association with him, the many enterprises we undertook in common, gave me a deep regard for him. Though he was older, he was not the less eager to follow the same pursuits, and even to the end of his long struggle in the campaign for American taste and beauty, we continued in close alliance.

Out in St. Louis, where he was Director of the Art Museum, he had by his own efforts built up a fine new structure in the Park, of modern equipment and handsome proportions. He found the management chilling toward the new developments he thought necessary, so he decided to go to Jefferson City, the Capital, and live there, so to speak, on the doorstep of the Legislature until he got the appropriation he required. And he did get it, and the great Art Galleries now established were put up by his energy and vision.

But Ives grew old, and his activities were checked by forces that were rising in his institution, and he told me he was even denied his traveling costs from the funds he had created. This and other annoyances were sore evidence of ingratitude and waning power, which hurt him deeply and probably curtailed his useful life.

At all events, when I was head over heels in the Exposition in Rome in 1911, there appeared a pitiful figure, uncared for, with eyeglasses blurred and broken, and a mind distrait, which I never could have guessed was my old friend Halsey Ives. He had traveled out, anywhere —as aging men have done before; and, knowing I was in Rome, he came there with no purpose but to find me and then to wander on, further and further, to the end.

We tried to keep him, but the fatal urge to go on was upon him. He found his way to London, where he luckily fell in with John McLure Hamilton, who tenderly cared for him; and there he died—a noble, helpful spirit in the cause of our better and truer natures.

XXXV

ALL this naturally leads, as all roads do, to Rome. It was in 1910 that the "Cinquacentenario della Proclamazione del Regno D'Italia" was announced. To me, at least, the news of it then came as of a far-off event whose celebration I much applauded, but in which I had no expectation of having a part.

But as De Quincey pointed out in the "Cæsars," the thing most positively remote from you may be the very point of your destiny; by one agency and another, the Commissioner Generalship for the United States to that Exposition of Art approached me step by step as a tempting possibility.

This was mainly due to the loyalty of my very dear friend, Maud Howe Elliott, herself long a dweller in Rome, with her husband, John Elliott, painter of the decoration in the Boston Library and of the portrait of Julia Ward Howe, the mother of Mrs. Elliott.

As I once walked through our galleries at the Exposition with the Queen Mother, Margherita, and her suite, she paused longest at this portrait of Mrs. Howe and praised both painter and subject, as well she might, for it was a perfect combination.

Mrs. Elliott was in Washington that season and, as was natural, she was meeting all the dignitaries of the Government. Mr. Taft was President; Mr. Knox was Secretary of State, and with these she used her persuasive knowledge of the qualifications that an art commissioner

to Italy should possess. She and I had been much thrown together in the cause of art, and she was good enough to think I might do, and might accept.

There was, besides this, the favor of Mr. Fischer for me; and his position in art in Washington was, as I have said, very prevailing.

Well, I was summoned to Washington, and had an interview with Secretary Knox and Senator Penrose. I was not keen to leave the exacting iron business I was now deeply involved in; nor did I relish the alleged need for endorsement by a Pennsylvania politician, whose public acts were not to my liking; but I had always wished to spend a winter in Rome; and the event celebrated was one I had long dwelt on with my friend, William R. Thayer, who has fixed it forever in history in his "Life of Cavour."

So I consented to accept the task—for it was one—and I prepared to go to Rome on a preliminary visit.

There is no need to describe the Exposition, nor my travels. These notes deal with people and their highly illustrative acts, oddities, idiosyncrasies and qualities good and bad. If histories were written around characters instead of around events, I have a notion they would be more attentively read and more agreeably enjoyed.

Thus I began my experiences with a stay of three or four days in Rome in the tropical heat of August. I put up at the Grand Hotel, grand in gold leaf and dimensions, and at breakfast on my first day I found myself all but alone in the vast dining room. My only fellow-guests were two unmistakable Americans seated near me, to whom I spoke. They were having cocktails for breakfast at nine in the morning, and I felt a good deal alarmed for them. Alcohol in the heat of a hot Roman day might

have fatal effects. So I ventured to ask where they were from. The husband answered that he was Mr. ——, I need not mention his name, maker of automobiles in a city of the West, and he seemed friendly enough to warrant a comment on the liquor. But my remonstrances had no effect. They were joined to their idols. What they swallowed in the United States was good enough for them.

When, an hour or so later, I perilously hurried with the pace of home, over the frying and super-hot Piazza of St. Peter's, reeling almost through the great portals for relief in the cooler interior, I could only wonder what had happened to my indiscreet friends of the beverages at breakfast.

To select a site for our American Pavilion in the grounds, next the Borghesi Gardens; to meet with Count San Martino, the President of the Exposition; to dine with Mr. and Mrs. John B. Garrett of our Embassy; and to call on my friend Nelson Gay—that was about all that then could be done.

I returned to Lucerne, joined my family there, and motored to Cherbourg; and so home, to prepare for the show.

In February, 1911, we were in Rome to carry on our American unit in the Exposition. We had chosen for our Pavilion a hill overlooking the whole area of the extensive Exposition, which filled both sides of the valley leading down to the Tiber, where the old museum of Pope Julio lies in encrusted age. On our hilltop I had engaged my friends Carrére and Hastings, of New York, to design and erect a building typical of the United States. At all events, that was my intention, but the design got out of hand by reason of the choice of Mr. Hastings'

house on Long Island as the model. In the hurry needed, for we were very late in being ordered by the State Department to begin, I suppose I did not notice that in this house there were elements of structure kindred to the architecture of Italy; brick was the material, and brick was coals to Newcastle in Rome. Thus, what I had in mind, an American colonial house, was defeated; but the result we produced was nevertheless very fitting and beautiful.

What went into it was, of course, the main thing; and this I suppose was the most representative group of all phases of American art that had yet been brought together in Europe.

We were much behind time with our building—indeed, as usual, the whole show was backward and in disorder when I arrived; artisans had struck, material was scarce, and the Italian lethargy was not without its effects. But in our own case I found the remedy was some so-called American efficiency; and having an automobile from home, we would swing into Rome from the show, when the workmen struck, or were just too tired as they so often were, and collect them from their shops or even homes. One day it was necessary to have the immediate presence of the engineer of the Exposition to decide a serious problem. I could find him nowhere in office or grounds. Then I inquired for his house, and I went there, about lunch time. He was not yet out of bed, and I waited till he dressed and with sleepy eyes presented himself. He said he had been out late the night past, and of course it seemed that the work at the show could go hang.

Another time I needed to see the contractor who was supplying some of our metal work. I hunted for him

up and down the offices of the Exposition and elsewhere with no success. Then I found out where he lived, and in the early afternoon I had an interview with him while he lay in his bed, not any too tidy at that.

As we went on with our construction it was needful to have some loads of soil to complete the terraces. But, as always happens, just at that pressing time the Exposition authorities ordered that no cartloads should enter the grounds after a certain early hour. At the same moment they were pressing me heavily to finish the work and open the show. One evening I went down to the great gate by Pope Julio, where the loads had been held up in a long waiting line, and as the rule against their entrance seemed so inconsistent and absurd, I found, by a trial, that I could push open the gates. I gave them a shove, and motioned the carts to come in. But there was an immediate and unexpected flurry. Officers quickly appeared who pressed the gates back into place and glared menacingly at me. I uttered two or three times the word "Stupid!" That had magic in it. At once there was outcry and commotion. I was told that I was on the point of being arrested; one of my men informed me that that word was the most fatal one that could be used in Italy, and that, seeing I could not, in my capacity, be actually put in durance, I would certainly hear further about it. But we eventually got our soil, and nothing worse happened than the natural delay we always looked for in our literally uphill proceedings.

But presently we somehow got our exhibit open and our gardens planned and planted—so we thought—and along came my old friend Hendrick Andersen, the sculptor of many original ideas, who offered to adorn our gate-posts with some of his airily flying cherubs. This gave a lovely

finish to the gables and loggias of American tapestry brick we had brought to Rome, and with the Stars and Stripes waving over us, even a little higher than the British ensign or the French tri-color, we began to feel rather vain of our efforts.

But as warmer days came and passed, I found the privet border of the garden dying. It was watered in cascades, but it faded out and dried up in spite of sunshine and sprinkling. I then had the brilliant idea of pulling some of it up. There wasn't a root on any bit of it. The plausible contractor had built on our foreign gullibility. After all, he probably judged us as no better than silly tourists who, for the fun of it, make themselves victims. But this time it was the United States Government he was up against, and, as I had not paid him, the odds were even.

And that contractor thereafter haunted me. I would come out of a shop on the Corso; there he was by the door, silent, appealing, pitiful. If I went for luncheon somewhere, I could see him on the opposite side of the street, almost tearful in his sadness. How he found me, or followed me, I never knew. He wasted enough time to put in several good hedges and get his money. But the native instinct of getting something for nothing was too deep within him.

Then, too, before we were opened, I needed watchmen and other help, and a young gypsy of an operatic appearance came along who looked acceptable, and I engaged him to report the next Wednesday. On that day he appeared in the galleries smoking a cigarette. As this was the unpardonable sin in the rules of the Exposition, I told him I did not want him and sent him away.

Pretty soon I had a summons in a lawsuit to show

cause why I should not pay this dandy of the chorus a month's wages. The suit came up before, I suppose, a magistrate. This one was unwashed, unshaven, and seated at a little deal table in a chamber of stone that must have been the anteroom of an augur of antiquity. I had with me my secretary—devoted, and as capable as any Yankee, Paolo Tuccimei, who interpreted the proceedings; while for the plaintiff appeared an untidy dandy of a lawyer, with cane and curled hair, who tiptoed around the court with mincing steps and conducted both my case and his client's.

As we were in the midst of the inquiry, there was a clatter of horses' hoofs outside and noises of a gathering; and everybody rose to look through the open windows. They probably knew, which I did not, that the Duke of Connaught was to arrive that day in Rome; and before we could withdraw our gaze from the street, our whole court, magistrate, lawyer, clerk, plaintiff—every soul but ourselves—had tumbled down the winding stone stair and forgotten that there ever was a trial, allured in childish innocence by the spectacle.

The case went on when they got good and ready to come back. Before it was finished the magistrate said to me that I had a perfectly good plea, I could readily win it; but he advised me persuasively to settle with the defendant. That person and his lawyer hung in eager suspense on my decision. They were ready for any sort of compromise that offered them *lire*. So I said I would give ten dollars; that was so joyously accepted that I was sure it was more than either of them had seen in weeks.

And that lawyer! I must anticipate to finish with him.

After our exhibition was open, and things in order, it was desirable, according to the general practice, to have

a formal inauguration, with a reception and flowers and refreshments. The Roman society had one supreme weakness—it loved to devour a collation. We had an enormous crush in the very spacious building, and our friends and guests were enjoying themselves greatly; but as the hours passed and nothing was offered to stay—and to whet—the appetite, they, and equally I, began to be restless. The best caterer in Rome had been engaged to bring his most dainty selections. He did not appear. I sent out for him. Still he delayed.

Then, when even the most polite were a little cross and critical, the band of waiters with hampers and cases began to arrive. There was a rush to the gallery where a table stood as a sort of bar behind which the food would be served. This gallery was a mob. I feared for the pictures. Every nook was seething with hungry humans.

In the midst of the disorder, a man with Derby hat and gesticulating cane had jumped on the white cloth of the table. Before the waiters were ready, he snatched the plates and bottles from them and passed them with triumphant gusto to the hands imploringly lifted up to him. Thus appealing, they looked like a hungry nest of fledgling birds, each with its mouth wide open for food.

And this grotesque little person, with the same cane, the same Derby hat, the same greasy clothes, the same effrontery, was the eminent counsel of my opponent in the lawsuit. How he had come to be there I never knew. Certainly he was not invited by me. But a feed of any kind seemed to be fair game in Rome, and one of the humors offered by the social cult was to watch the disappearance of the viands.

XXXVI

OF course the real inauguration was when the King and Queen came, as they did to each pavilion in turn. There was no crowding then; only the Royalties and their suites and our invited guests were with us.

I had been told that I should ask on arriving in Rome to be presented to the King, and this of course I did; but our Ambassador of that day did little but enjoy himself, and thus a very necessary ceremony was delayed and postponed and omitted.

On the day of the Royal visit to our Pavilion, I naturally had to meet and conduct the King and Queen through the galleries. This introduced me as the Commissioner General, but it did not present Mrs. Morris and our daughter. I, therefore, asked Count San Martino, the President of the Exposition, if it would be a breach of etiquette if I presented my wife and daughter, at the entrance to the galleries, to the King and Queen. This he said would be all right, not at all improper, and, indeed, necessary.

Thus I had my small family of two at the door, and when the King and Queen entered, I detained them a moment to make the presentation. The Royalties were most agreeable, just like any other well-bred people, and they shook hands with Mrs. Morris and the little girl. She wore a pair of pink kid gloves, and I remember saying to her after the ceremony was all over:

"Thee could put that glove in thy collection of curios-

ities as the glove that shook the hand of the last King of Italy"—a prediction that happily has not yet come true.

A procession headed by the Royalties was formed and I had the honor to walk with the friendly and yet very consciously supreme little King. He was shorter than I, and I was reminded that if every inch was king, there were not so many inches king as in a good American citizen.

I showed him the pictures and sculptures as we passed, and he had an intelligent opinion on them, which is more than most imperial gentlemen and ladies have ever had; and he talked on pleasantly in perfect English of the things about him. When we came to the garden, he admired it much, and said what a pity that the climate of Rome would wither it all up in another month or so—it would become brown and dry instead of the lovely green spot it then was.

There was with us much of the time in Rome Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who had been traveling in Italy with her friends and was now joined by everybody's friend, John H. Finley. He had tramped down the Italian peninsula on foot, with many adventures, and now added his genial company to the group we had found so agreeable among an alien society.

Mrs. Cleveland was one of the guests with the King and Queen in our Pavilion, and I was most eager to present her to the Queen, but was doubtful if the etiquette would permit it. I asked our Ambassador to do it, but he was not much of a guide in court formalities, in fact he was too much impressed, as we later learned, with the overawing presence of kings and queens. Thus a very appropriate and, in sentiment, perfect contact be-

tween the two ladies was omitted; for Mrs. Cleveland so much resembled the beautiful Queen Helena, that it would have been a thing never-to-be-forgotten to see them together. Each occupied, or had occupied, a seat of power —Mrs. Cleveland's more mighty than the Queen's; for, after all, Italy is not much greater in area, and far less in wealth, than some of our States; and each was a woman of loveliness of bearing and person as well as of beauty of character.

But the best of impulses almost never get accomplished and this one proved only a momentary dream. Perhaps Mrs. Cleveland later met the Queen, but that particular happy moment was lost, never to be renewed.

The friends we constantly saw—as though on a social island amid a strange but imposing sea, full, too, of breakers—were those mentioned, with the Ex-Mayor and Mrs. McClellan of New York and Mr. and Mrs. Carter, who presided over the Classical School at that time, afterwards over the American Academy of Rome, founded by Charles McKim, as I have earlier said. There, too, were Carroll Beckwith and his charming wife, and Mrs. Stanford White and her son. Dinners and excursions and parties with these were frequent, but as this is a vagary in art, I must not dwell on them, except that Mrs. Carter at the head of her table looked so much like a Stuart portrait, radiant with color and animation, that it links me justly with painting.

So does Mayor McClellan—for was it not he that almost secured for us the site of the old Arsenal in Central Park, for the building of the National Academy of Design? Carter, too, was deep in Roman art and in him was accomplished later, on the death of a lamented old friend, Frank Millet, on the *Titanic,* the union of the

Classical School and the Modern Art School on the Janiculum, a marriage which I had long labored for and hoped for, and which has proved so happy a one as to beget some artists that America is well proud of.

Beckwith was a painter of much selection in the beauty and technical power of portraiture. His earlier works are not to be forgotten. The dramatic nude in the Lotos Club of New York is a marked production. He was a fellow-student with Eakins in Paris, and Eakins made a large composition of him and Mrs. Beckwith which alone would embalm his memory.

He had painted a two-thirds-length portrait of a Cardinal for the Exposition, which, like most work done for a particular object, was not of his best quality. This I had many sad moments about, for he wanted it to be conspicuously placed, and my sense of artistic fitness hesitated. There was a compromise, which never is a very soothing remedy.

But the difference in view did not prevent us from the pleasantest intercourse. One memorable evening, a lively party of us—Mrs. Beckwith, Mrs. Stanford White and her son, and the three of us—went to an illuminated fête in the Colosseum. There were flares of light, like those in the prints of old Piranesi, and a band such as Italy alone can turn out. The dance tunes set everybody agog. There was a great crowd in the center of the grim old ruin where the bones of history rest; so we climbed to one of the broken abutments at the end of the arena, once perhaps the box of a Senator, which was big enough to hold us all, and there we danced in a ring to shouts and laughter.

There were ghosts in that vast stone arena, and more ghosts peering through the blind old windows in the walls

aloft. What they saw must have made them shudder and turn away at the irreverence of *forestieri* from a land they never dreamed of.

And these ghosts, to me, used to take on a sort of visible power when, at evening, I would pass the Colosseum, and turn back to look at it for the massive beauty of its ruin. Then, like the mountains that followed Wordsworth as he skated down the moonlit lake, the huge form of it would seem to move majestically after me, till I have almost run away to escape it.

XXXVII

THE varied national Pavilions of Art at the Exposition had opened one after the other in much ceremony and display of official costumes. A high hat was *our* only token of the event. But in the British section the formalities were very elaborate. The procession of the English, with the Italian King and Queen, through the grandeur of the richest of English paintings, was one of those pageants which the tradition of London has ordained. And I can recollect the almost operatic outfit of green and gold of the Commissioner of Austria, when he received the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany on his doorstep—a loose-jointed Prince who popped up and down in a sort of Saint-Vitus courtesy.

But the crowning event was, to be sure, the inauguration of the Exposition itself by the King and Queen and their family of Dukes and Duchesses, Princes, Princesses, and a lessening suite of titles. They sat on a raised dais before us, very grand and glittering and impressive. It was in the main Italian building called the "Belle Arte," and though the hall was vastly spacious, it overflowed with the costliest costumes of Roman society.

All of us men had to wear our dress-suits in the midday, and my most fruitful memory is of J. P. Morgan, just in front of me, sporting a rather mussy shirt across which fell the broad green ribbon of an Italian order, the ends of which disappeared into his right-hand trousers pocket. These foreign orders do not become an Amer-

ican citizen, principally because he has not been bred to them; and he doesn't know how to wear them.

My first interview with Mr. J. P. Morgan was in New York in connection with the Exposition. It was essential to have for the show a coveted example of George De Forest Brush. This was called "In a Garden" and was owned by the Metropolitan Museum of New York. I had tried to secure it through the usual sources, but was each time unsuccessful. So, as a practice of long standing, I turned to the head of the concern. But to do that properly I asked the State Department, of which I was a representative, to write me a letter to Mr. Morgan, asking for the picture.

Armed—for it was pretty sharp—with this, I went one morning to Mr. Morgan's library in New York, where was his office as well, and was told that some ladies were with him; I must wait.

I sat in the atrium of many rich marbles and of harmonious vistas through the doors and pillars, and my thoughts wandered curiously among the pieces brought together, I supposed, by the inveterate habit of the collector. Some people choose to live in a museum. That taste is too exotic for most of us; besides, what are public museums for? Surely to visit.

As I ruminated thus, I was constantly turning to a—shall I call it, a one-piece bathtub cut out of a whole block of marble, which rested between the pillars; and I could believe it to be the very article of furniture in which the learned Seneca, at the command of Nero, his pupil, had floated, when he opened his veins and bled to death. I was seeing, with painful reality, the red-dyed water enveloping his venerable form, when some

ladies, followed by Mr. Morgan, came from an inner apartment and were shown out of the massy portals.

This seemed my chance, after an over-long attendance. I did not ask to be announced, but met Mr. Morgan as he came back from the door, and presented my letter with politeness. He saw the State Department's name in the corner, and he said:

"Oh, yes; my passport."

"No," I replied, "not a passport. Kindly read the letter."

He did so, and he said agreeably, with burning eyes a little awry, "Give this to Mr. Robinson; I'll see him about it."

And in due time I got the picture.

Our next meeting was in Rome. One day Count San Martino, President of the Exposition, picked me up in his motor car headed for the city; and inside I found Mr. Morgan, high hat, high hand, and all. He was as roughly approachable as he always appeared to be. And we had much enlivening talk as we rattled over the Roman streets. He told us of his purchase of the Janiculum villa, where our friend Mrs. Markoe was then living, for the American Academy; and his "high hand" was exhibited in the injunction he said he had delivered to the organization of that body in New York, that he would withdraw his contributions if they did not, I suppose he meant, behave themselves according to his desires. He apparently liked to spend part of the winter in Rome, and though there were daily stories of his activities, and he must have been beset by the ingratiation of the highly expert beggars, he very usefully spent some of his money in thus building up McKim's Academy.

But the fullest opportunity I had in Rome to see Mr. Morgan, and to form an idea of his social amenities, was at a charming dinner given to me by the Reverend Walter Lowry, the Rector of the American Episcopal Church, at the threshold of the Pope.

The ruler of Wall Street sat opposite me, and I did not notice or hear much of the geniality of conversation between him and his neighbors; but when we retired to Mr. Lowry's library for smokes and interchange of talk, I thought it polite, as I was the principal guest, to go over to Mr. Morgan, who occupied much of a sofa, and speak to him.

On the farther end of the sofa, in deferential obscurity, sat our friend Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor of several American monuments of note, especially the one in Richmond, Virginia, of which city he was a native. I said to Mr. Morgan that I had heard much of him from Mrs. Stanford White.

He uttered some guttural sounds that I made out to be, "She's the salt of the earth." And presently he got up and went over to the hearth where he stood, massive and phlegmatic, with his back to the marble mantel. Moses Ezekiel and I followed him, and there was an exchange of conversation on coins—one of the passions of the collector. He apparently carried many specimens about him, and to show Ezekiel a coin struck at the Portuguese convention of Cintra he dived deep into his dress-suit pockets and drew up two deep hollow handfuls of gold and silver. I wondered how his suspenders held it all. Then he began to pass the overflowing coins from one hand to the other in the effort to find what he wanted.

Gold and silver fell around him in a shower, down to the rugs and the marble. He showed no concern. But

small and courteous little Ezekiel did. He stooped to the floor, and gathered from between Mr. Morgan's heavy legs and from the corners where they had rolled, the nimble pieces of money, which had so much more value in the eyes of the sculptor than in the esteem of the financier.

The Cintra coin was at last produced, and much polite satisfaction was expressed by Mr. Ezekiel, as he offered to Mr. Morgan a heaping handful of the coins he had retrieved.

All the polish of a cosmopolitan was possessed by Moses Ezekiel. He had lived an age in Rome, where the Government had long assigned to him as a studio the ruined fragments of the Emperor Diocletian's Baths. But the Exposition had now invaded those ruins and had turned him out, only to afford him a much more picturesque abode for his home and his work, in the Roman walls. Nobody would credit these relics of antiquity with interior proportions so large and well-lighted and adaptable for living as we found them; and besides, the sculptor was able to set up in a studio some of the pieces he was working on. Narrow winding stairways ran up inside the brick walls, and windows on both sides gave views into the streets and into the Borghesi Gardens. No temperamental artist could ask a more snug or more eccentric perch.

We last ran across the trail of the invincible collector at Assisi. The urbane English priest who showed us through the monastery was very thorough in his guidance. Nothing was omitted, and all was absorbing, as though some decayed vestige of man's whims and beliefs, now age-stained and lost in truths of later revelation, had been dug up from the bottom of a lake, like the

ships in Nemi, valued only because of their age and oddity.

Thus we were at last brought before a little shrine, where there stood, in the midst, the holy of holies of the monastery. It was a gold, or maybe brass, cross with a circle of glass in its center, and behind this rested, and for ages had rested, the only piece of writing by St. Francis of Assisi known to exist.

Our courteous priest was perhaps proud, perhaps a bit satirical, when he said:

"Your countryman, Mr. J. P. Morgan, was here the other day. He wanted to know if we would sell this precious relic; and how much we would take for it."

The satire, we somehow divined, was on us Americans, who thus come to be classed with another noted financier who once said to me, "I would sell anything"—then a pause of hesitation—"but my wife and my honor."

XXXVIII

ART was reigning, along with the King and Queen, in Rome in 1911, and it was the favored guest of both; not to omit the Queen-Mother, stately, kindly and exquisite.

The Commissioners General were bidden to a great banquet in the Quirinal, where the stairs and halls of stone were softened with dark red rugs, where powdered seneschals lined the corridors, and where the gorgeous chambers of the palace literally turned one's head, mainly upward to the elaborate ceilings—by their riches of appointment and of decoration.

As I followed the arriving guests, I was wondering how anybody could find comfort in living in the midst of such splendor, when I came upon a niche where wraps were to be left; and as I looked along the vista in front of me, I could see in a distant chamber some of the Commissioners standing together, with their high hats held awkwardly in their hands. I said to the attendant: "Is it customary to take one's hat into the reception room?"

Deprecatingly he said: "C'est une habitude."

If it were such, I thought, why carry my hat? And I decided to leave there the high hat of eternal inconvenience.

As I walked in all the dignity I could assume along the grand aisle to join the group I had seen, I was appalled, though I durst not show it in even the quiver

of an eyelid, by a long row, diminishing from six feet six to more than normal size, of royal butlers, still as stone, lined up at the side of my pathway. They were uniformed in blue and silver short clothes, with powdered wigs, and with the disciplined stare of wooden images. As I advanced by them, I seemed to grow smaller and smaller with each step, until, my stature shrunk to inches, I reached with relief the door which ended them, and admitted me to the rescue of my friends.

There were numberless rooms to pass through to the glorious illuminated chamber where we were received by the King and Queen. Uniforms and dazzling gowns of the court surrounded us, and I remember with the sensation of renewed recognition the pleasant face of the King, with his blond mustache, a little turned up at end, and his kindly blue eyes, as he stood in the alcove between the doors and welcomed us.

Very ceremoniously we were ushered in, behind the Royal group and its attendants, to the grand salon—grandest, in carved gold and mirrors—where the banquet was spread at a table with diagonal wings at either end, so long that it runs, at least in my memory, into a magnificent perspective.

The King took his place at the left center of the table, and the Queen opposite him on the other side. They were flanked by members of their court. Then, I suppose, in the order of their national precedence, the Commissioners were ranked on both sides, in each case accompanied by some high dignitary of the Government. I had the good fortune or, as it turned out, hard luck, to be ninth from the Queen. I was placed just where the diagonal table branched off from the main table, and I suppose this was the logical point for beginning the serv-

ice at the main table where I sat. At all events, as the courses succeeded each other, it was to me the dishes were first offered. This might have been thought a mark of favor, but it led me into much difficulty, for when pagodas of pastry and decorative icing were thrust at me, I was at a loss how to deal with them. "What strange things," I quoted, "does this our Cæsar eat." The only thing to do was to plunge a spoon or fork, as the case seemed to demand, into each as it came, and bring out its contents. Prosaic mashed potatoes, homely beans, or the national dish, macaroni, were the net results.

As we sat down, I had noticed that my colleagues of the high hats were in a dilemma. They had not where to lay their hats. The only refuge was the floor under their chairs, and there they furtively slid them, hoping thus to have broken no social formula. Later, when the dinner was over, the German Commissioner came whispering to me: "Where did you leave your hat?" I told him, at the entrance to the reception room. He started away with his to do likewise, but I warned him he would be lost in the entangling galleries and corridors. The craving for relief was too strong. He took the risk.

When we came out into the yellow glow of the lighted and sparkling drawing-room, rich in damask and silks of creamy hues, with gilded furniture—far from democratic simplicity, but for its Royal purpose, I conjecture, very essential—the King took his place in the center of the room, and the guests formed a circle, as we are told of Napoleon, around him. The Queen, like a lovely spirit of the night, in black and gold, took her seat on a couch, with her ladies-in-waiting behind her; and at right angles with her seat was a smaller sofa, to which in turn the guests were invited for an audience of a few brief minutes.

Thus every one had a conversation, however short, with each of the Royalties. The King spoke to me of conditions and events in the United States, but only in a general way, and I felt more his geniality than any especial intelligence in our affairs. I judge from another experience which I shall presently give, that he spoke to each guest in his own language, a talent probably innate with the House of Savoy, as we know it to be with many Northern Italians.

Pretty soon the abominable high hats were put to their normal uses, to the deep relief of their victims, and the party was over.

To the King and Queen it may have been merely a convention, rather in the course of daily routine; but to the Commissioners General of many nationalities, from England to Spain and Russia and from North and South America to Japan, it was a novel experience, made lasting by the unassuming courtesies of the Royal hosts.

XXXIX

JAPAN thus mentioned recalls another episode with the House of Savoy which shows its benignity and its versatility. The same group of Commissioners of Art was naturally asked to each ceremony and became thus a flock of friends who saw the oddities of each other as well as the human equation.

We were all bidden to a luncheon at the palace of the Queen-Mother, the incomparable Margherita. Her palace stood, as everybody knows, in the center of things, very conspicuous with its many windows and wide reaching wings. Here we were shown into an anteroom, rich with rugs and bookcases and tables of domestic trinkets, and were presented to the ladies of the Court. I found a place to stand in a corner beside the Countess Mazzarino from Sicily, who was most agreeable, most interested in the North Americans, as we were called. The room, though large, was full, and we waited long. I asked what for, and was told we were not to go into the luncheon room till the Queen-Mother came to lead us.

Though rather crowded, everybody was pleasantly talking—for the moment was made enjoyable by the charming ladies—when the door to the left opened and the Queen Dowager, with alert eager movements, came in, followed by some male attendants. She courtesied to us; we bowed low to her. She immediately crossed the room and passed through the opposite door at a double-quick step. We all followed. I was led by the Sicilian

Countess; and we broke into a run to keep up to the leader. Through room after room we went at this high speed to a far salon, where the pace slackened and we found seats that had been assigned us at a horseshoe-formed table, narrow but clothed in immaculate white and silver.

Here each took his place beside the lady assigned to him, but every eye, I am sure, was centered upon the lady who not only spread the feast for us, but was a hostess to the whole world in the ideality of her womanhood. She was stately, yes; and she was the embodiment of what we know as a Queen; her hair was gray, her gown was of black silk with many laces at throat and brow, and her conversation, which I could hardly hear, was animated and amiable.

At each place there was a silver bonbon box as a token to trifle with and to talk about, and the chatter and laughter were as free, and I suppose the jokes as bad—I know mine were—as at any less royal spread.

After it was over we retired to a lofty chamber—I can't recollect a cigar or cigarette—when again we formed a circle with the queenly Dame in the center. She began with those next her and had a brief talk, evidently interesting to each listener; and as she moved around, accompanied by one or two of her ladies-in-waiting, to where I could hear her speak, I found that she addressed each Commissioner in his native language. I whispered this to the Commissioner beside me, who was one of my particular friends, Mr. Sadazuchi Uchida, of Japan.

Then our turn came, and the queenly lady spoke to me in the pleasantest terms and the most genial English imaginable. When we had exchanged some views, and she was about to move on, I remarked to her that I was

amazed at her ability to speak to each guest in his own language.

"Now here beside me," I said, "is a friend who speaks *Amurican;* he learned it in New York. Perhaps you could converse with him in his adopted dialect."

Very gracefully she turned to Uchida, and spoke to him in Japanese. We were both bowled over. I asked her how she had acquired that exotic tongue.

"Oh," said she, "I don't know very much of it. It happens that my brother, the Duke of Genoa"—I think it was—"is going to take a trip to Japan, and he and I have been learning the language together."

We naturally smiled over such an extraordinary circumstance; Uchida was almost intoxicated with joy at it, and the Queen-Mother, with a queenly bow, passed on to the next Commissioner.

XL

I HAD received from our Ambassador, through one of his high-hatted and exquisite young men, a note or two about the presentation of Mrs. Morris and myself to the King and Queen in the formal manner prescribed. It was a ceremony not very alluring to a free American who shuddered at functions he knew not of; but I had been informed before I left home that it was a necessary part of etiquette, and that it would be performed duly by our Embassy. But the notes sent me were not followed by action, and when I was handed a very impressive envelope containing an invitation for me alone to a Garden Party in the Quirinal, I felt that I could not accept, though the invitation was in the nature of a command, without an invitation including Mrs. Morris. I thus wrote to the Attaché of the Court in whose name the card was presented, and mentioned my dilemma. Mrs. Morris, I said, is here with me, and it would hardly be respectful to her for me to attend without her.

Perhaps Italian usage is not so punctilious as our democratic habit is. I do not know. But I felt it, officially at least, in the nature of a snub that I should be thought willing to go without my wife; and I wrote this in most polite phrase, really declining.

Then there came a rather formidable looking document in a heavy white envelope as large as an operatic score. I opened it with trepidation. All it said, in diplomatic round-about, was that as Mrs. Morris had not been pre-

sented at Court, she was not eligible for invitation to the Garden Party.

Neither had I been presented at Court, and I represented the greatest nation on earth, and I felt a bit indignant. Of course, it was all the sort of convention that gets hardened in the hands of bureaucrats. The King and Queen would have soon dismissed it and overcome it.

So I wrote again, politely, that Mrs. Morris *had* been presented to the King and Queen, as I had presented her myself.

This brought an invitation for us both, and the threatening international episode was closed.

We motored in our car to the party; and we found ourselves in a jam as tight as any on Fifth Avenue. But I saw favored cars picked out by the Bersaglieri, in their waving cock-feathers and senatorial cloaks, and allowed or invited to take short cuts to the great gates of the Palace, not far beyond. I called one of the officers and asked why this was. We had waited, it seemed an hour, in the line. He answered one word: "Ambasciatore" (Ambassador).

Well, I thought, an American Commissioner is as good as most Ambassadors, and I said: "Je suis aussi Ambassadeur." Whereupon, there was a swinging bow with the cock-feathers, and we drove proudly forward.

Inside the Palace walls there was an enchanting garden. One would never imagine, from the chilling view of the great cement arch which carries the street under this garden, that above it should be so much beauty of nature both adorned and simple. The greensward was fresh; the trees were blowing with gentle breezes, the Palace fronting them was hospitable. In the center was a great rug, on the edge of which the Royal pair stood and re-

ceived the guests; and to walk about in the verdurous *allées* was a far-off repetition of Versailles—at least, there were here a King and Queen, though still alive and wearing their handsome heads.

To quote Mrs. Morris:

"We motored through the Palace gates, through courtyards and covered ways, to a grilled gate where we descended and received booklets with the music program. We walked into the marvelous royal gardens, between high clipped hedges of laurel and box. It seemed like Paradise sophisticated, or like a scene in the French Court at old Versailles. There were green paths, hidden *allées,* avenues of ilexes, with calla lilies and blue flowers bunched in the joints of branches, orchids growing out of palm trees, fountains, a caged mongoose.

"We walked toward the Palace whence the Royal procession issued. The Queen wore lightest blue chiffon, pearls, light blue straw hat trimmed with tulle and large white morning-glories. She looked lovely. She walked to the garden of the house modeled on the Little Trianon, and there spoke to a few persons, including some foreign attachés. A great feature of the beauty of the scene was the uniforms of the different nations. We looked over Rome from the terrace, at our feet the very heart of the city's narrowest, poorest streets."

XLI

RETURNING to the avenues of Art, I should not omit to relate the visit of the beautifully-poised Queen Margherita to our show. She arranged it beforehand by sending a stately seneschal, with red ribbon on him and a flowing mustache, who delivered a missive of appointment. Then, on the day and at the afternoon hour, she came herself, surrounded by many attendants, male and female.

She was most dignified in her erect carriage and well-balanced head, but still without any aggressive or lofty manners, and she wanted to see everything. With the King and Queen, it was a stiff act of etiquette, but now it was a very friendly and very eager call which it was a delightful thing to receive and to respond to.

There was a matchless row of Whistler, Sargent, Brush, Thayer, Winslow Homer, Weir, Chase—all our most brilliant painters represented by their richest achievement; and beginning with these the Queen-Mother was full of questions and full of admiration. No paintings by Americans in a group like this had, I suppose, ever met her eyes before. She may have seen single examples in the Paris Salon, but it is rather safe to say that she had seen few or none in Rome. American painters and sculptors in Rome were usually expatriates who, finding little patronage at home, emigrated to Rome, because it was cheap to live there and helpful to imbibe its noble traditions. The art of Italy at the date of the

Exposition offered little to inform or to thrill an eager mind like that of Queen Margherita.

So we strolled together from canvas to canvas, with dates and names and histories of each artist from me, and close receptivity from her. I cannot recollect much of her conversation, or of the questions, but I do recall the abrupt stop before the portrait of Julia Ward Howe, painted by her son-in-law, John Elliott, when the queenly lady turned full around to me and delivered a eulogy on Mrs. Howe. She knew her as we do over here, who adore her for her capable simplicity, her judgment, her talents, and her noble "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The Queen-Mother dwelt on all these traits with an ardor which perhaps held within it some recognition of the similarity of their abilities, at least a desire that she might be held to possess equal merits.

Then we walked on till everything had been seen and said, when I accompanied her down the deep stairway of the hall to her carriage in the road below—well within sight of the sluggish Tiber and the old Roman relic of Pope Julio.

Why should I not tell here a story originating with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in a spot far away from Rome, yet linked to it by the thread of American art?

One afternoon of a summer's day we were taking tea with Mrs. Howe at her house in Portsmouth, north of Newport, where she had long dwelt in the warm months. The guest we were invited to meet was Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston, who was staying with Mrs. Howe.

Much talk passed with Mrs. Gardner, not at all a bad companion when her favorite antipathies were avoided, and I at last, rather unguardedly, I felt, but

only naturally, told her that I was going to her Boston house, of many rich works of art, now a public museum, the next day but one, to see certain of her pictures. This you would think harmless enough. But at once there was a flash and an explosion.

"My pictures!" she said, with a dangerous emphasis on the *my*. "They can't be seen. They are all—" and her hands went up and down to denote "covered" for the summer.

That subject had to be dropped with all the delicacy possible, and nothing more was said.

Yet I did go to Mrs. Gardner's house the next day but one; and I did see her pictures—that is to say, all that it was needful to see. For I was engaged in writing some articles on American collections of European art, of which Mrs. Gardner's was a notable one.

I met at her house the engraver of the color-plates and several others, and we had it all to ourselves, at least until the caretaker came in and told us that Mrs. Gardner was expected back by early afternoon. Then I thought it prudent to disappear. To prove that I was right would be a deeper sin than my original offense.

Once, earlier, I went to Mrs. Gardner's with a notable cluster of our painter-stars. Weir, the lovely gentleman, stands out in remembrance as showing marked gallantry to the hostess, who conducted us minutely through the remarkable riches of the things of art she had brought together. It was a palace of Italian taste, too elaborate to live in. I suspected there were some intimate chambers we were not shown, where the owner could clandestinely retire into the comfort of home.

XLII

THOSE palaces in Rome, of which Mrs. Gardner's was a modern counterpart, were more authentically imposing, they had more grandeur of proportions and of decoration; and, to me, they were equally uninhabitable. You felt, once inside them, that your costume ought to be medieval, your stature ought to grow up to their magnificence, and your mien ought to take on a Medicean strut, with sword and plumes.

These were my sensations in the formidable vistas of gold and many-colored ceilings and mirrored walls of the palace of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Italy, the Marquis di San Juliano.

There was a ceremonious dinner in that palace, with the host, himself an international figure, and opposite him the one-time Chancellor of Germany, Prince von Bülow, a perfect blond Apollo of a man, rather appalling in his perfection of poise, who made a speech to us; and there was Professor Lanciani and the statesman Nitti, together with a whole regiment of buttoned-up lesser personalities down to ourselves and the other Commissioners. I suppose this was really the perfection of European dining, for the cuisine of Rome was conspicuous for quality, and the tradition of discipline in the attendants and the formalities was like a long-adjusted machine. That was its limitation, for you were always conscious that you were on a trolley wire of inevitable usage.

After the ladies were joined by the over-lords and

Dear Morris:

I want a catalogue of the exhibition. I don't know the price of it or I would send you certified check, but can give you good references.

Sincerely:

Maxfield Parrish.

Windsor: Vermont. February 13th 1905.

Our house: from a photograph.

MAXFIELD PARRISH HOUSE IN A SNOW-DRIFT

others, we found ourselves in a grand salon of encrusted decoration rich beyond any I had yet seen. Mrs. Morris and I chose seats on a sublimated sofa or couch beside Professor Lanciani and his American wife.

I could not but remember that I owed to him my first consciousness, as a young fellow, that the Romans were not all white marble statues but men of blood and bone just like ourselves. This revelation came to me at a lecture of his in a course at the Pennsylvania University long, long ago, in which he pictured the fall of a great wooden hippodrome outside of Rome, when thousands were killed in a disaster so dreadful that its memory survives even the fall of Emperors and of dynasties. This was to me so much like our own heedless and ignorant sacrifices of human life, that it linked all the races, across the chasms of time, together. In fact, to walk the *vias* of Rome, built on infinite depths of older *vias,* is to perceive that mankind has not changed very much from the beginning, except in the conveniences of life. As Mrs. Morris once observed: "Human nature is united by its vices, regardless of time and space."

As we sat with Professor Lanciani and his wife, and spoke of Philadelphia and friends there of us all, suddenly there came an abrupt change in his attention. He was looking at the ornate ceiling, but with a sort of calculating appearance as though he was trying to recollect something that came slowly into his mind. At last he seemed to find himself, and he said, musingly:

"The last time I was in this room was at a Papal trial when the ecclesiastical judges sat over there," he pointed across the wide chamber, "and tried a prisoner for a civil offense." This brought a pause from all of us. It was like seeing history on the loom. You could materialize

the implacable judges above us, "over there," in their full panoply of temporal power, dealing out punishment from the sacred bosom of a Church vowed to love one's neighbors as one's self. And where were they now? This was a query in the mood of the notable archæologist beside us. But it was more polite of us not to ask an answer. The true answer was obvious enough.

XLIII

AFTER all this social and regulated grandeur it was a happiness to find, often, amid his own home-like comforts, the man of art more productive of beauty and truth than all the throngs we had met in all the corridors of fashion. Who could this be in Rome but the seasoned old thinker in terms of creative paint—Elihu Vedder?

There you would find him somewhat disabled, hand on cane, old artist's velvet skull cap on back of head, loose gray clothes and long flowing blond mustache, taking his ease in his accustomed chair, and enjoying the company of his friends, and of an occasional American beverage with them. There, too, the indispensable accompaniment of his peaceful existence, was his daughter Anita, perhaps named for the beloved of Garibaldi.

To climb the stone stairs, cold even in summer's heat, up to Vedder's perch in a Roman apartment house, was to pass from all that was foreign and not our own—the alien surface of antique glory made grim by decay—into the snugness of American domesticity. Whenever I was worn with duty or the whirl of formalities, here was comfort and good company "made in America," and the top of such company at that.

There were pictures to see, on wall or floor, that held the visions of Vedder's prolific mind. Large and bluff, like himself, they were—yet like his speech and his courtesy, they were perfect in technique. I brought one back with me, a lithograph of an undraped figure with

wings, like an angel on the stair of the heavenly choir, the wings flowing backward in buoyant drapery, and all over the surface of the print marks of Vedder's brush in gold and white: a glorious little masterpiece, thrown off with no vanity, in almost forgetfulness.

And his talk—was like his work. It was stimulating with suggestiveness, full of fun, very wise. I can recollect very little of what flowed so easily on the tide of conversation, but one saying of his I often repeat as a gloss on Italy. He urged me to go to see Paestum, the Grecian ruin on the hills below Rome overlooking the Mediterranean.

"It would have fallen into the sea long ago, if it hadn't been pasted on the land by the dirt."

This was a pun, I suppose, but after seeing some of the less ancient towns nearer Rome, Zagarolla, for instance, its truth was as evident as its wit.

XLIV

OTHER friendly characters were met in the daily comings and goings; but none more amusing than Cavalieri Fortunati.

He was an attaché at the Exposition, and he was most useful and companionable. Thus I asked him to lunch with us, and one day he came in all his best clothes with the conspicuous button of his decoration, high hat and all.

The talk, as always with the Italians, ran on North America. Even the soldier you saw in a dirty town on the coast would inevitably ask you to get him to America; he was receiving only seven cents a day in Italy—America would make him rich.

We tried to picture our cities and people and daily life in the States for Cavalieri Fortunati, and then we drifted into the contrasts in religion. We said, without regarding it as odd, that Mrs. Morris was a Quaker. That puzzled the nice and amiable Cavalieri a good deal; he didn't want to reveal his ignorance. We described the Quakers and their faith and all that; but he could not understand. He twisted his mustache.

At last a gleam of intelligence lit up his countenance. "Oh, I know," said he, "a Quaker—he is some kind of a Mormon." That closed the subject.

There, too, was that surprising American product, David, as I remember, Lubin. I dined with him and heard him describe his amazing career in Rome. The King had built for him an elaborate Palace of Industry,

like one of our Commercial Exchanges, only more adorned with costly architecture and interior stone and ornament. He took us through this and pointed out its uses, which were mainly the accumulation of statistics on the grain crops of the world, as bearing on the needs of Italy, a sort of elaborate Corn Exchange. How he found the Royal favor I could only judge by the agreeable, ingratiating sort of reception he offered, with all his racial suavity in full play.

Another interesting personage long habituated to Rome, whose receptions we attended and whose hospitality was abundant, was Count Luigi Primoli, who lived literally in a museum of his race. He was a descendant of the great Napoleon's sister and thus a great-nephew of Napoleon himself. His walls were covered with relics of his family and his entertainments were crowded with Roman society. To these he sent formal invitations, to be sure, but not always with a guarded sense of humor. One of them is said to have announced that there would also be present:

"Buffalo Bill et ses Indiens,
et Sara Bernhardt,
et mon oncle Jérome."

XLV

AT this time the American Academy, which the clear-headed artist Charles McKim had established in Rome, was managed by that competent artist and architect, F. W. Crowninshield, who had a villa without the gates called "Mirafiori," a spacious white house in the foliage of many trees and near the then Academy. Here one night we were given a dinner with most of our friends to meet us, including Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Finley, and many more, including the Count I have just introduced above, of a type familiar to us in America; and the last remnant of the Beatrice Cenci family, an ornamental man, mainly interesting to me as a descendant of that race my old painting, mentioned at the beginning of this chronicle, had been misnamed for.

All this would hardly pay to dwell on but for one rather memorable incident. After dinner, the notable American opera singer, Ellison Van Hoose, who was also a guest, sang for us in the wide drawing-room, open, through swaying lace at long French windows, to the moonlight outside. The air was delicious that thus came in with odors of the garden; and the music stilled us all in a trance of the Roman spring. I was awakened from the spell, still listening to the singer, by seeing Finley rise, far in the vista of the rooms beyond me, and go to the window nearest him. He touched back the curtain and listened intently. Then I watched him go over and bring

Mrs. Cleveland to the window; and she, too, was evidently entranced with what she heard.

The music went on, piano and voice, and then it ceased. I ventured to slip over to the far window to see what was going on. Others rose also and went there. Everybody was hushed around the moonlit embrasure in a sort of ecstasy.

It proved to be a nightingale, outside in a tree over the window; you could see the form of the dark little bird against the moon, and you could hear it singing with all its heart to outvie the song within. As one of us remarked: "Mr. Van Hoose sang well, but the nightingale in the garden sang better."

You felt and saw not only what was tangible and visible, but the majestic decay of Rome hung in essence over the scene. It was an incarnation of the old and the new Rome with all its pathos and its beauty, its fallen grandeur and its unchanging loveliness of nature, in one memorable experience. We never had its like again.

In view of the experiment of an American Academy in Rome, we were naturally interested in the French Academy, which had long existed. It was founded in 1725, and had brought to France much fame and a brilliant and historic troop of artists who had carried honor and high achievement to their native land—literally brought the impulses in art of Rome, and through Rome, of Athens, to Paris. All of us perhaps would at once point to Baudry as typifying, in his decorations of the Opera House in Paris, the uses of the Roman Academy in unfolding the art of France.

Thus, as one of the Incorporators of the American Academy, I felt a compelling need to see the French Academy in Rome and to learn something, if I might,

of its teaching, its methods and its students. I was not at all sure of a welcome, but I was bound to try.

So, one day, by appointment, Carroll Beckwith took me to call on Carolus Duran, the Director, who was Beckwith's preceptor in Paris—the great Carolus, the exquisite in dress and manner, the beau-ideal of a Gallic painter.

It was at the *porte* of the venerable Villa Medici that we knocked—to knock was in form at that given portal, though I believe we touched a button—and we were admitted to an apartment within, where we were announced, and then greeted in the studio by the magnificent painter himself. He was dressed in the mode which individualized him, as much as did his noble art—velveteen short jacket, bulgy red silk necktie with its jewel; I can't recollect it, but I suppose the *"gilet"* once remarked by Alexander Harrison; double-pointed beard and waxed mustachios, with a crown of gray curls set in irrevocable order. He was, indeed, a dandy of the *atelier,* and his courtly manner was a cloak that fitted perfectly over his elaborate surface.

The politeness of his race was intensified by his bearing. He had a palette on his thumb and a canvas on the easel before him. He spoke no English, so Beckwith told him of my wish to meet so great a man; and incidentally that I, an American whose infant Academy was newly born in Rome, would hold it as a great privilege if I might know something of the French Academy. Then Beckwith suddenly left for another appointment.

Thus I was put on my mettle for conversation, and I did pretty badly. I could not altogether understand M. Duran and he, in his turn, must have thought me illiterate. But we managed to exchange some syncopated

views, and I at last asked him if I might see the living-quarters and the studios, or *ateliers,* of the young men.

"Oh, no, no, no!" He was horrified. "See the rooms of the young men! But one cannot intrude there. The young men alone can invite guests. No, no, no!" And his gestures, while habitually graceful, expressed the appalling nature of what I had proposed. That subject was dropped, but I paid some compliments to his highly sophisticated art, the celebrated ceiling in the Luxembourg, and the "Madame Croisable," and we parted, with mutual bows, on the pleasantest terms.

This I have dwelt on only because the practice at the American Academy was the opposite of that I had come into collision with. There, whether from our democratic habits, or because the management had not enough regard for the students as artists, self-poised and self-sustaining, the visitor was at that time allowed to wander into the domestic vista. Quoting Laurence Sterne: "They order, said I, that matter better in France." The developing artist there was evidently regarded as an artist, and as a self-contained entity, from the beginning of his Roman course.

XLVI

OTHER artists encountered were that witty companion and accomplished painter, John Lavery, who came up to Rome, from Tangier or somewhere, probably Tangier for I had an earlier letter from Alexander Harrison at Tangier, saying:

> "The weather here has been glorious, and I have been sketching with enthusiasm. Lavery is doing some charming impressions."

We had a frivolous lunch at the Hungarian Restaurant in the Exposition, on a balcony under the open blue and the sunlit air, at which were a cosmopolitan company such as art alone—the common ground and common intercourse of men of alien races—can win together.

There were Lavery, who invited us to the feast; Ivan Mestrovic, the Servian sculptor of massive forms; Innocenti, the best by a lot of the Italian painters; Ruza Mestrovic, wife of Ivan, a sculptress in her own right; and lastly, the exotic Spanish painter Anglada. Everybody spoke English or French, and the talk was flowing, and rich with the flavor of art. I recollect none of it worth recording; but I cannot forget the consumption of cup after cup of blackest coffee by Anglada y Camarasa, the dark, handsome and romantic Don of some tawny Valencian castle, turned artist by a flip of Fate. He had in the Exposition the most talked-of group from any country. It was colored like a prism; huge horses,

green, blue and red, ridden by gypsy cavaliers and ladies, and adorned by clusters of grapes and oranges and arches of flowers. Such is my kaleidoscopic memory of it, but the pictures by themselves were worthy of recollection for their beautiful hues and their well-chosen arrangement. If Sorolla, with more definiteness of idea and of treatment, painted the same way, that was because both painters saw and recorded the Spanish light and color, and human crowds as they flowed around them and filled their eyes day by day. Should any reader feel like knowing what this is in its completeness, let him visit Mr. Archer Huntington's Hispanic Museum in New York.

But one met most, in the beautiful house of the Marchesa Etta de Viti de Marco, the people of mark at that day in Rome. She was Miss Etta Dunham, of New York, the subject of one of Sargent's most notable portraits; accomplished, hospitable, attracting friends from everywhere, and at her parties the more intellectual side of Italian life—music, art, letters—were discussed in delightful exchanges of wit and wisdom.

One met there the imposing Secretary of Foreign Affairs, the Marquis di San Juliano, and Professor Lanciani; and as a foil, such English men of letters as Comyns Carr, settled in a comfortable chair and laying down theories of criticism. There were Nelson Gay and Mrs. Gay; he the sustaining American pillar of the Keats-Shelley Memorial on the Spanish Stairs, known to all as the house where the poet of deep misfortune and of resilient genuis, died; where now the few in America and in England who hold poetry dear preserve the relics, the memorials and the books of his slender history, and that of Shelley and Byron.

Conversation always flowed in rich currents at the house of the Marchesa de Viti. Not least in the give and take was the Marchesi de Viti himself, who would freely express his convictions, as when he said: "Church and State have an eternal struggle in every country; the price of liberty is to fight always"—which I suppose would be imprisonable treason now in Rome. But perhaps, as he was a Senator of high social position, he could, as we say, get away with it.

There we would meet Mayor and Mrs. McClellan, and a throng of Italian titles; and, as characteristic of the varied company, one night as Mrs. Morris had been conversing with one of these gentlemen, Mayor McClellan came up to her and whispered, "Who was that you were speaking to?" She told him.

"Oh," said he, "don't get too intimate with him. He's Mafia."

There, too, in the inviting rooms, we found one of our cherished objects of the journey to Rome. The Reader will remember, perhaps, in the first pages of this veracious confession, the mention of the precious old copy of Guercino's "Persian Sybil" by Monachesi. It was known to us that relatives of that graceful painter had remained in Italy when the elder Monachesi had come to Philadelphia, in the Forties. I had always hoped to bring the circle of associations true by finding some of these Italian cousins, and I asked the Marchesa de Viti if she knew them, and could give me directions for finding them.

She told me that she knew Tito Monachesi very well; he was the leader of Queen Margherita's orchestra—quite a notable musician—and, if I liked, she would ask him to lunch and have us to meet him.

Of course, this kindness was accepted, and one day

we all gathered at that hospitable table, and found each other. Tito Monachesi and his wife could speak no English, but they realized our identity and showed by every gesture, and such converse as French afforded, how interested they were in these Americans who had known their kin and who still possessed an example of the work of that uncle they perhaps had never seen. There was music by the Maestro that afternoon, delicate and appealing pieces on the violin. It was plain that he was a true artist of his artistic race—his father also was a painter —and that he was highly valued by the Romans.

We met often, after that, and exchanged remembrances of our strangely connected families; and on one noteworthy occasion we saw the Maestro lead the orchestra in the Queen-Mother's garden, when she gave a party behind those walls, which every one knows as the Villa Ludovici. The overhanging ilex trees within the walls made a bower; the nightingales competed with the music; the pebbled pathways and dripping fountains were of the Versailles period of rustic make-believe; and when the procession of notables came from the portal of the palace, led by the Queen-Mother, so alert in her unburdensome age, I recollect how our Ambassador, with whom we were talking at the moment in American unconcern, tilted forward his high hat, stretched on his white gloves, pulled down his cuffs, and turned in becoming reverence toward the Royalties. He was from that moment a changed man throughout the chattering and animated party.

More democratic, much, than our Ambassador was the Queen-Mother herself. As Mrs. Morris and I stood watching the Grand Duke Boris of Russia and the rest of the ring of personages, notable probably alone for the luck of birth in the softness of the Courts of Europe—

as we spoke together of the rather ennuied people they were, blasé with too much of everything—including publicity—like our own idle consumers of notoriety at Newport and in Florida, suddenly we were pleased to have the nice Queen-Mother, in her plainness of rich black, separate from the group, with which maybe she was bored, and come over to us with the greeting of a friend.

She was, as usual, curious about the United States. She said at another time that she always meant to visit North America; she asked questions about us that showed her knowledge drawn from reading, and her eagerness for more. She spoke much about our pictures in the show, which had much arrested her, as well they might; for as I now go back over the illustrations in the lists of the other lands represented, I am struck by the lightness, the freshness and the originality of our own painters and sculptors. We have somewhere a notation on this rare Queen that, "She is much beloved—and much hated," but that did not mean a great deal in Rome, for there seemed to be quite as many to hate you as to love you in any class or set or trade in which you moved. Can I ever forget the confidences of an aged American clergyman, walking up and down his little housetop garden apartment with me, and pouring out a muddy stream of the most complaisant scandal about all the Americans in Rome I did and did not know? And the Bravo, who mocked me at a reception—but that must wait.

No, there were no flaws, except perhaps some minor physical ones due to age, in the beautiful, stately and benign Queen-Mother.

The King and Queen, democratic like herself, and surely the sustaining roots of Italy's tree of state—even

now, when they seem to be in the eclipse of a more advertised and less enduring growth—came in just as we were parting from the elder Queen, and as she turned toward them, we took our way to the Piazza d'Armi where were the pavilions of the Italian States, each in character, and very imaginatively planned.

XLVII

WE left Rome in May, and I went back in October. The Exposition was to close, as I recollect, in November. The financial expectations had not been met, and there was delay everywhere.

Our works of art had been lent for the limited period of the show, and I could not prolong this period without a detailed correspondence with each artist or owner of a work in my custody. This was impossible in the short interval between my arrival and the announced date of closing.

I had learned from friends on the Exposition staff that the main cause for the desired postponement of the close was that excursion tickets over the railroads were being sold to tourists covering the Industrial Exposition at Turin and the Art Exposition at Rome, and from the profit from these it was hoped to recoup the failing finances at Rome. I could not feel it right, for a purpose such as this, to consent to the retention of our precious works beyond the date specified; and I declared that I would pack them up and deliver them to the owners as pledged when they were entrusted to me.

Moreover, I discovered through my warm friend Uchida, the Japanese Commissioner General, that the authorities of the Exposition had let the insurance on the exhibits run out. They had been insured, of course, only to the date of the close, and for transportation back to their owners. This was fatal. I had a half a million

worth of other people's property in my possession, and I was thus alarmed beyond measure. The thing obviously to do was to begin dismantling and packing at once, so as to take advantage of the transportation clause in the insurance policies. This I did.

And it led to one or two rather droll encounters. One, at least, is worth telling.

I went to the final dinner of many given by the various Commissioners in turn, and by the Italians, as has been told; and this one given by the collective Commissioners General to Count San Martino de Valperga, the President of the Exposition. When the dinner was over and the guests were gathered in conversation about the hall, I was arrested by a voice behind me, close to my ear, which hissed the words, "Mine enemie!"

Well, in a town like Rome, where villains are dark and dangerous or *opéra bouffe,* it was hard to decide whether to laugh or to call for help. I did neither. I turned quickly, and found a man I had known as a publisher for the Exposition. He did not look murderous; but the most innocent and appealing character might be a Bravo with concealed stiletto. Nothing happened. He had expressed his emotions and I was not hurt. But this was evidently the reaction from my decision to protect our property.

And then, the last episode of all: I had received an invitation to call on Miss Agnes Irwin at her hotel. It was my last night in Rome. I went punctually, but she was at dinner. Thus I turned to the house of my other warm friends, the Andersens, to whom I wished to say goodby, with thanks for many favors. Hendrick Christian Andersen is a sculptor of ideas and beautiful fancies; with his mother and sister-in-law, the accomplished sister of

Howard Gardiner Cushing, he occupied an apartment on the Porta del Popolo. Here I called, with my secretary, and in the dark of a rather threatening night, descended to the plaza below and found a cab. A gaunt, unclean, rather tragic figure emerged from the night, as though through the wings of the operatic stage at a fatal moment, and got up to the box above us. He switched the horse. It would not go. More blows and it staggered into an epileptic walk. We were due to see Miss Irwin, and at this gait we were sure to miss her. We moved on to the Corso, deserted and dim, and there I whispered to Ezra to get out on his side of the fiacre, and I would jump out on my side. I got out, but Ezra was slow, and the long-armed stage villain reached back and took him by the cap and the hair and tried to hold him in the vehicle. Ezra pulled away, and we began to look up and down for another cab. The driver, like a shabby specter in the misty night, drew up behind us at the curb and, holding a bayonet in one hand and an ax handle in the other, came hobbling after us. I ran a step or two; but my senses came to me at once. I could not afford, as an official of the United States, to be running away from even a menacing guy like this. So we stopped, and let him come up to us. I could not understand his lingo as he flourished his weapons, but just then one solitary foot passenger came by, and he interpreted the woes of the tall, slouch-hatted, dirty brown brigand, who by now did not seem so dangerous. He wanted pay for service he did not render. I gave him what he asked, and we hurried toward the gate of Popolo for another cab. As we drove past the spot of our encounter, there was somehow collected a little knot of by-passers, and our

"enemie" was addressing them in the oratorical vein we learned to know so well among the Romans. We could hear only a few words. They were of his wrongs by the vicious *forestieri*—those aliens who brought most of the financial aliment to Rome, and who were, for it, most cordially hated.

ENVOI

THESE experiences, and episodes, traits of character, bits of life and the illustrative tales of it, are naturally the observation of only one person. They can carry to the reader only a single angle of vision. They are perhaps faulty even in their reporting. Others might have viewed the scenes, touched on the men and women moving through them, in a different way. But, even so, when all is said and considered, when every deduction is made, is it not perfectly clear that the period described was a momentous one for the soul of America?

Here we were among the ruins of our ethical life after the Civil War; harassed by financial problems; organizing a new nation out of the fragments of the old; dependent on English thought and English books for our culture, and living in as arid a period of the Fine Arts and Music as history records.

Then, as the new generations matured, as the appeals of outdoor nature were more genuinely felt, as the refinements of French painting and sculpture crept in, or were sought out by our adventurous young artists—from such spurs, and impulses, and allurements of beauty, the native sweep toward creative achievement came upon us and we exceeded, in our inspired energy, what any people but the French were doing.

How momentous that period was we are only now beginning to see. In it were the New England poets, Emerson, old but still inspired, Longfellow, Lowell,

Whittier, nearing their end—and most profound of all the voices of that day, or of any day, Walt Whitman. There were the beginnings of a new valuation of music, personified in Theodore Thomas and the rise of the Civic Orchestra. There was the homely, but deep-rooted poetry of John Hay, and Riley, and Eugene Field, with Stedman and Stoddard; and in fiction we had Cable and Stockton and Joel Chandler Harris.

But, exceeding all these later manifestations of the American spirit, surpassing them in refinement and in the material of lasting creative beauty, was the new birth of the Fine Arts, principally in Painting, though also rich in Sculpture and in Illustration.

However much it may be said that this renaissance in Art owed its birth to French influences, or that the objects expressed were not the raw material of American life, yet there was in the brilliant movement the desire and the actual presence of the soul of us all; the average of our aspirations toward delicate beauty, reserve, culture.

Every native expression in Art grows on the stem of some previous plant. The world, in truth, at its best, is knitted together by its devotion to Beauty. Thus it was legitimate to see and to follow the technical methods of France, to imbibe its high sense of taste; and then to build on these with traditions drawn from the instincts of our own birth.

Such was our renaissance; such the impulses and the fruits of that period of our best exclusively national production in the Fine Arts. And this period, I feel, will be a mark in our history to denote the efflorescence of our highest possibilities up to that time, and perhaps to a time far distant; at least until we amalgamate the raw elements that have come to us to be formed into a new race.

It was a hundred and fifty years from Chaucer to Shakespeare, and in that epochal term the English race was formed out of material as incongruous as our own. We stand at the brink of stupendous events, of a great new Art and Literature and Music.

But to this date, our highest reach in these intellectual gifts has been those I have attempted to picture in terms of personality; to illustrate by anecdote; and to bring within human touch by records of friendly intercourse.

INDEX

Abbey, Edwin A., 109
Adams, Herbert and Mrs., 47
Adams, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, 147
"Aldrich, Life of Thomas Bailey," by Ferris Greenslet, 225
Alexander, John W., 130, 148
  and Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Wrong Box," 159
  at Albany, for Arsenal project, 158
  in studio, 155
  letters from, 160, 161
  personality of, 159-160
  President of National Academy of Design, 156
Alexander, Mrs. John W., 51, 149
Alma Tadema, visit to villa of, 54
American Academy at Rome, 250, 255, 279
  plans for, 127
American art, unappreciated, 43-44
American art exhibition in London, proposed, 235-236
American artists in France, 88-91
Andersen, Hendrick Christian, 244, 290
Anglada Camarasa, 283
Anshutz, Thomas P., 196, 197
"Ariadne in Naxos," 110
Arnold, Matthew, on critical verdict, 130
Arsenal, Central Park, New York, as site of National Academy of Design, 148-149, 157-159
Assisi, monastery at, 257
Augustine, Mrs. Pennell's French cook, 79, 176

Bancroft, Samuel, Jr., Pre-Raphaelite collection of, 10, 13
Barbizon French School, collection of paintings of, 11
  popularity of, 21, 44, 146
Barnhorn, Clement J., 84
Barrie, Sir James, home of, on Adelphi Terrace, London, 176
Bartlett, Paul, 15, 180
Beardsley, Aubrey, 184-185
Beatty, John W., 237
  Whistler Memorial replica by Rodin first sold to, 182-183
Beaux, Cecilia, 196
  at studio of, 11
  personality and work of, 196-198
Beck, James M., 67
Beckwith, Carroll, 250, 281
  work of, 251
Beckwith, Mrs. Carroll, 250
Bellows, George, 146
Benson, Frank Weston, 5, 66
Berenson, Bernhard, on Miss Beaux, 198
Bingham, William, 209
  full-length portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart presented to Lord Lansdowne by, 209, 210, 211
Bisbing, Henry C., 89
Blake, William, 56
  collection of, exhibited at Pennsylvania Academy, 10

Blakelock, Ralph Albert, story of, 146-147
"Blue Boy," Gainsborough, 149
Bok, Edward, 221
Bolton, 5
Booth, Edwin, painting of portrait of, by Sargent, 231
Boris, Grand Duke, of Russia, 286
Boston Athenæum, Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington in possession of, 213
Boston Museum of Fine Arts, 237
Bougereau's "Orestes," 22
Boyle, John J., 126, 196
"Breaking the Home Ties," 5
Briscoe, Frank, 25
Brown, Ford Madox, 201
"Leaving England," 201-202
Brush, George De Forest, 186-188
"In a Garden" by, 254
on camouflage of ships at sea, 142-143
personality of, 187-188
varnishing painting of the Madonna, 186-187
Bülow, Prince von, 272
Butcher, Professor, 53
Butler, Howard Russell, 47
portraits of Andrew Carnegie by, 224
Butler, Mrs. Howard Russell, 47

Camouflage of ships at sea, 142-143
Campbell, Lady Archibald, Whistler's portrait of, 46
Cannon, "Uncle" Joe, and Dr. Weir Mitchell, 124-125
Carnegie, Andrew, and books, 225
and Dr. Weir Mitchell, 225, 227
and his house on Fifth Avenue, 223
Carnegie, Andrew, and the Kaiser, 226
gets letters from his nephews, 227
interest in National Academy of Design, withdrawal, 222
Harrison Morris' attempts to re-interest, 224, 225
on origin of wealth, 228
on ways of spending his money, 225
portraits of, by Howard Russell Butler, 224
takes a vacation, 226
Carnegie Art Galleries, Pittsburgh, 237
Carnegie Lake, Princeton University, 223
Carolus-Duran, Charles Durand, 91
in his studio, 281
Carr, Comyns, 284
Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Ridgeley, 250
Cauldwell, Leslie Giffen, 49
Centennial Exposition, 1876, art exhibition at, 211
Central Park, New York, Arsenal for site of National Academy of Design, 148-149, 157-159
Chapman, Frank, 137
Chase, William M., 69, 70, 71, 85, 86, 130, 177
and his still-life of fish, 98
and Pennell's Adelphi Terrace apartment, 177
and Rodin, 86, 87
and the Rubens, 94
and the wandering artist, 84
and Whistler, 95-96
at Clover Club, 96
at Düsseldorf, 170
fondness for artistic trinkets, 81
gifts of, 97
Harrison Morris's trip to Europe with, 70 *et seq.*

Chase, William M., head of the Pennsylvania Academy Schools, 70
in classes, 93
on W. T. Richards, 28
portrait of, by Sargent, 70, 73-74
portraits by, 96
studio in Philadelphia, 94
Chicago Art Institute, 237
"Christ before Pilate," 14
"Christ on Calvary," 14
Clark, Thomas B., 146
Clark, Walter Appleton, 196, 198
work of, 198-199
Clark, William Andrews, Senator, prizes for art in connection with Corcoran Gallery exhibitions, 229
Collectors' Club, 235
Clarkson, Thomas, 51
Classical School at Rome, 250, 251
Cleveland, Mrs. Grover, 279
visit to the American Pavilion at the Roman Art Exposition (1911), 249-250
Clover Club, 96
Cohen, Louis, 156
Collectors' Club, 236
Colosseum, fête at, 251
Concarneau, 91-92
"Concarneau, Route de," 5
Connaught, Duke of, arrival in Rome, 246
Conway, Eustace, 12
Cook, Mrs. Weda, 35
Corcoran Gallery, Washington, first semi-annual exhibition at, 229
Cortissoz's eulogy of Sargent's work, 120
Cottier, Mr., 162
Cox, Kenyon, for Arsenal project, 158
Crowninshield, F. W., 279
Curran, Charles C., 130
Currier, J. Frank, 170
Curtis, Cyrus H. K., 221
Curtis Publishing Company, 221

Dallas, Alexander James, portrait by Gilbert Stuart, 206, 207
Dannat, William T., 89
Darley, Francis Thomas Sully, 217
Day, Frank Miles, St. Gaudens, Harrison Morris and, on committee for Vicksburg battlefield monument, 128
De Camp, Joseph, 5, 170
head of Academy Schools, 64, 66-68
work of, 66
Detwiler, of Lindsay's art shop, Philadelphia, 213
Dewey, Charles Melville, 130
Dielman, Frederick, 149, 156
Donohue, John, sculptor, 35
Dowson, Ernest, 185
Drake, Alexander, 86
Drexel, Anthony, 91
Drinker, Mrs., and son, portrait of, 197
Du Fais, John, 192
Dunham, Miss Etta, 284. *See also* Marchessa Etta de Viti de Marco.
Duveneck, Frank, 84, 169
and Robert Reid's "Paul Revere's Ride," 171
at Düsseldorf, 170
in Venice, 170
sculpture for tomb of his wife, 171
work of, 169, 170

Eakins, Thomas, 8, 24, 129, 146, 170
life and works of, 30-37
portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Beckwith by, 251
Edward VII, coronation of, 76, 81

Edwards, George Wharton, 89
Elliott, John, portrait of Julia Ward Howe by, 240, 270
Elliott, Mrs. Maud Howe, 240
Este, Florence, 90
Eugene of Sweden, Prince, 101
Evans, William T., 146
Ezekiel, Moses, 256
studio in the walls of Rome, 257

Farufini's "Cæsar Borgia," 22
Field, Mr. and Mrs. John W., 23
Fielding, Mantle, on the Fothergill portrait, 207-208
Finley, John H., 279
Finley, Mrs. John H., 279
Fischer, Victor, 241
and Theodore Roosevelt, 231
art store of, at Washington, 230
Flanagan, John, 180
Fleisher, Samuel, 199
Forman, Buxton, 13
Fortunati, Cavalieri, 277
Fosdick, J. William, burntwood exhibition of, 40
Fothergill portrait by Gilbert Stuart, 207-208
Franklin, Benjamin, medal by Louis St. Gaudens struck by Congress, 124-126
Franks, Isaac, portrait by Gilbert Stuart, 208
Freer, Charles Lang, and Harrison Morris on hanging of Whistler paintings, 232-233
Freer Collection, acceptance of for Washington, D. C., 232-233
French, Daniel C., 237
French, W. M. R., 237
French Academy at Rome, 280
Fuller, Henry B., painting of "The Triumph of Truth over Error," 203-204
Furness, Dr. Horace Howard, 19

Gainsborough "The Blue Boy," 149
Gardner, Mrs. Jack, art collection in home of, visits to, 271
Garrett, Miss, 113, 114
Gastaldi's "Parisina," 22
Gay, Nelson and Mrs., 284
Gellatly, Mr., 146
Collectors' Club, 235
Gest, J. H., 84, 237
Gilbert, Alfred, 55
Gilchrist, Alexander, "Life of Blake," 11
Gilchrist, Mrs. Alexander, and Walt Whitman, 11-12
Gilchrist, Herbert, 10-13, 162, 177
and Harrison Morris, in London, 53
and Walt Whitman, 12
Gilder, Richard Watson, 36
"Ginx's Baby," 56
Glackens, William J., 196
Glasgow School of painting, 60
Grafly, Charles, 196
Graphic Art School, Philadelphia, 199
Gratz, Simon, 23
Green, Elizabeth Shippen, 196
Green, Valentine, engraving of Van Dyke's portrait of Sir Thomas Wharton, 151
Griswold, Miss Florence, of Lyme, Connecticut, 189
Guercino, "The Persian Sibyl" of, 1

Hagner, Miss, 121
Hallowell, Miss Sarah, 105
Hamilton, James, 200
paintings of, 25-26

Hamilton, John McLure, 195
care of Halsey Ives in last days, 239
Harrison Morris's visit in London with, 53 *et seq.*
luncheon with, in Philadelphia, 180
Hamilton, Lady, portrait of, 113, 114
Hampstead Hill, 57
Harrison, Alexander, 85-88, 90-92, 195, 283
Harrison, Apollos, 87
Harrison, Birge, 87
Harrison, Frederick, 110
Harrison, Mrs. Joseph, 110
Hart, Charles Henry, on Academy Board of Directors, 38, 39
on Gilbert Stuart, 38
on Gilbert Stuart's full-length portrait of Washington, 209
Hassam, Childe, 188-190
painting of Lyme Church, Connecticut, by, 189
Hay, John, portrait by Sargent, 123
Hearn, George A., 146, 148
Henri, Robert, 196
decoration of Catharine St. Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, by, 199
work of, 199-200
Homer, Winslow, 62, 130
story of a painting by, 44-45
"The Gulf Stream," 63
Houdon, Jean Antoine, bust of John Paul Jones by, finding of, 205-206
statue of George Washington, in Richmond, Va., 206
Hovenden, Thomas, 124, 131
"Breaking the Home Ties," 5
"John Brown," 7
quarrel of Secretary of Pennsylvania Academy with, 3
St. Gaudens and, 5
Hovenden, Thomas, trip of Harrison Morris with, in search of canvases for exhibition, 4-6
work of, 6-7
Howard, Francis, 108
Howe, Julia Ward, at her summer home in Portsmouth, 270
portrait of, by John Elliott, 240, 270
Queen-Mother Margherita on, 270
Humphreys, Dr. Alexander, 146
Collectors' Club, 235, 236
Hutchinson, Charles L., 10

Impressionistic painting, 174
Innocenti, 283
International Society of Painters, Gravers and Sculptors, 182
Irving, Sir Henry, visit to Pennsylvania Academy to study Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington, 209-210
Irwin, Miss Agnes, 290
Italian estimate of Americans, 245, 252, 292
Item, 23
Ives, Halsey C., 17
and American art exhibition in London, 235
and Whistler, 49
Director of Art Department, Chicago World's Fair, 48
St. Louis Art Museum, 238
St. Louis Exposition, 237
efforts for new art museum building in St. Louis, 238
last days of, 238-239
personality of, 237

Jayne, Dr. Horace, 96, 110
Jayne, Mrs., 96, 110

Johnson, John G., 46, 94, 103, 107
house of, 108-109
Johnson, Lionel, 185
Johnson, Robert Underwood, 109
Jones, Frank, 5
Jones, John Paul, Houdon's bust of, finding of, 205-206
Johnston, Colonel Richard Malcolm, 8-9

Keats-Shelley Memorial on the Spanish Stairs, 284
Kendall, Sargent, 130
Kennedy, E. G., 76
Kenton, Louis, 35
Kirby, Robert E., 102
Kurtz, Charles M., 48, 49
of Buffalo Art Gallery, 237

La Farge, John, 191
and the Japanese prints, 191
home of, at Newport, 192
lectures on Painting at Pennsylvania Academy, 191
letter from, 193-194
President of Society of American Artists, 194
Lambdin, 27
Lambert, John, 115, 116
Lanciani, Professor, 272, 273, 274, 284
Landor, Savage, 178
Lane, John, 184-185
Lansdowne portrait of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, 209
John Sartain on, 210-213
Launt, Father, 52
Lavenue, 91
Lavenue's, dinner at, 85
Lavery, Sir John, 60, 283
Lawson, Ernest, 180
Leighton, Lord, 53-54
Lenox Library, as site for National Academy of Design, 224
Lewis, Edwin, 25
Lewis, William D., 211, 212
Lorimer, George, 221
Low, Will, 130, 156, 157, 182
Lowell, Mass., birthplace of Whistler, 182
Lowry, Reverend Walter, dinner by, to Harrison Morris, 256
Lubin, David, 277-278
Ludington, Mrs., portrait of, 197
Lyme Church, Connecticut, painting by Hassam, 189

Margherita, Queen-Mother, of Italy, 264
and Japanese language, 265
garden party of, at Villa Ludovici, 286
interest of, in the United States, 287
luncheon at palace of, 263
on Julia Ward Howe, 270
visit to American Pavilion at Roman Art Exposition, 1911, 269
Mark Twain and Joan of Arc, at Illustrators' banquet in New York, 202-203
"Market Street, north of," 18-19
Markoe, Mrs., 255
Marr, Carl, 170
Mason, George C., "Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart," 38
Matlack, Miss, marriage of, to W. T. Richards, 27
Mazzarino, Countess, of Sicily, 263
McClellan, George B., 250
for Arsenal site for National Academy of Design, 157
McClellan, Mayor and Mrs., 285
McDougall, Miss, 105-106
McGuire, Mr., of Corcoran Galleries, 230

McKim, Charles, 250, 279
at dinner in University Club, New York, giving plans for American Academy at Rome, 127
St. Gaudens, Harrison Morris and, on committee for Benjamin Franklin medal, 125-126
Meakin, L. H., 84
Merritt, Mrs. Anna Lea, 32
Mestrovic, Ivan, 283
Mestrovic, Ruza, 283
Miller, Professor Leslie, 35
Millet, Frank, 250
Miniatures, exhibition of, 38-39
Mitchell, Dr. Weir, 19, 116
and Andrew Carnegie, 225, 227
and "Uncle" Joe Cannon, 124-125
portrait of, by Sargent, 120
search for Houdon's bust of John Paul Jones, 205
Modern Art School at Rome, 251
Monachesi, 1
"The Persian Sibyl" of, 285
Monachesi, Tito, 285, 286
"Monadnock, Sunrise on," by Abbott Thayer, 138, 140
Montross, Mr., 167
Monvel, Boutet de, 109
Mora, Louis, 130
Morgan, J. P., 254, 255, 256
and the relic of St. Francis of Assisi, 258
interest in the American Academy at Rome, 255
interview of Harrison Morris with, 254-255
library of, New York, 254
on coins, 256
Morris, Catharine Wharton, devotion of Joseph Pennell to, 179
lessons in etching, 179, 180, 181
Morris, Catharine Wharton, marriage of, Pennell's gift for, 181
presentation of, to King and Queen of Italy, 248
Morris, Harrison S., and John Wanamaker, 14-16
and Whistler, in Paris, 49
appointed Managing Director of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 2, 3
Art Editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 221
at garden party of Queen Margherita, 286
at reception and banquet in the Quirinal during the Roman Art Exposition, 259-262
Chairman of Ways and Means Committee of National Academy of Design, 156, 221
Commissioner-General for the United States at Roman Art Exposition, 1911, 240 *et seq.* *See* Rome, Art Exposition of, 1911.
conversation with King of Italy, 262
with Queen-Mother Margherita, 264, 270
dinner at palace of Marquis di San Juliano, 272
helps prepare first semi-annual exhibition of Corcoran Gallery, Washington, 229
in iron and steel company of Joseph Wharton, 221
Life of Thomas Sully by, 1
marriage to Miss Anna Wharton, 150-151
portrait of, by Thomas Eakins, 32
presentation of, to King and Queen of Italy, 248
retires from Pennsylvania Academy, 220

Morris, Harrison S., St. Gaudens, Charles McKim and, on committee for Benjamin Franklin medal, 125-126
St. Gaudens, Frank Miles Day and, on committee for Vicksburg battlefield monument, 128
Thomas Hovenden and, 4-6
trip to Europe with Mrs. Morris, William M. Chase, and William Thorne, 70 *et seq.*
trip to Europe with Vonnoh, 47
trustee of funds for Lowell Memorial to Whistler, 183
verses of Albert P. Ryder to, 166
visit to Delaware home of Thomas Eakins, 33-35
visits to London, 52, 73-82
visits to Paris, 47, 82, 83 *et seq.*
with Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Co., 3
Morris, Mrs. Harrison S., 85
at dinner of Mrs. Joseph Pennell, 72, 78
at garden party of Queen Margherita, 286
contribution to Pennell's "Whistler's Journal," 72, 178
description of garden party at the Quirinal by, 268
marriage of, 150. *See also* Wharton, Miss Anna
presentation of, to King and Queen of Italy, 248
trip to Europe, 70 *et seq.*
visits London, 73-82
visits Paris, 83 *et seq.*
Morris family and Thomas Sully, 1
Mouquin's, New York, lunching at, 180
Mulholland, General, 25
Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate" and "Christ on Calvary," 14
Murphy, J. Francis, 130
Murray, Samuel, 35-36
Murray-Smith, Mrs., 56

National Academy of Design, site for new building of, 156
arsenal in Central Park, New York, as site of, 148-149, 157-159
Lenox Library as site for, 224
Neagle, Garritt, 215
Neagle, John, 216
portrait by, of the first President of the Farmers and Mechanics National Bank, Philadelphia, 217
Newman, Carl, 17, 196
Nightingale, song of a, 280
Nitti, Signor, 272
Norton, Professor Charles Eliot, 10
Nourse, Elizabeth, 90

Oakley, Violet, 196

Palais Royal, Paris, dinner at, 48
Paris, sojourn in, 83 *et seq.*
Parrish, Maxfield, 196
work of, 200
Peale, Charles Willson, 22, 24
Peale, Miss Jane, 216
Pennell, Mrs. Elizabeth, 176, 177
dinner at home of, in London, 72, 78
with Whistler, 178
Pennell, Joseph, 25, 53, 149
and Whistler Memorial by Rodin, 182-183
devotion to Catharine Wharton Morris, 179

Pennell, Joseph, devotion to Catharine Wharton Morris, gift to, upon her marriage, 181
lessons in etching, 179, 180, 181
in coal company offices, 176
lunching at Mouquin's, New York, 180
on Aubrey Beardsley, 184
on Collectors' Club, 236
personality of, 175, 178, 179, 180, 181
printing from etched plates, 181
Quaker frugality of, 183
return to Philadelphia, 179
studio in Buckingham Street, Strand, London, 176
studio on Adelphi Terrace, 176, 177
visits to home of, 72, 78, 177, 178
War work of, 183
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, description of, 3, 4
exhibition of American painters, 1893-1894, at, 17-18, 19-20
exhibition of burntwood art at, 40
exhibition of miniatures at, 38-39
exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite and William Blake paintings at, 10
Harrison Morris appointed Managing Director of, 2
one-hundredth anniversary dinner of, 220
"Persian Sibyl, The," 1, 285
Philosophical Society, medal of Benjamin Franklin by Louis St. Gaudens presented to France by, 124-126
Picknell, W. L., 90
"Route de Concarneau" by, 5
Poe, Edgar Allan, and John Sartain, 8
Poore, Henry R., and Childe Hassam, 189
Pre-Raphaelite collection exhibited at Pennsylvania Academy, 10
Pre-Raphaelite School, 201
Primoli, Count Luigi, 278, 279
Protective coloration, Abbott Thayer on, 135-138, 142-143
Pyle, Howard, letter from, 201
personality of, 200, 201

Quinton, Cornelia B. Sage, 237
Quirinal, Rome, garden party at, description of, 267
invitation to, 266
reception and banquet at, 259-262

Raffaelli, J. F., 55, 102
lectures of, 103-104
on Miss Beaux, 197-198
visit to, in Paris, 104
Ranger, Henry W., 130
Read, Thomas Buchanan, "Sheridan's Ride" by, 22
"Recollections of a Very Old Man," 7
Redfield, E. W., 196
Reid, Robert, "Paul Revere's Ride" by, 171
Ribbesdale, Lord, 113
Richards, F. de Berg, 25
Richards, William T., 24, 26-27, 28, 62
letters of, 29-30
Richmond, Va., as Whistler's birthplace, 182
Riley, James Whitcomb, 115
letters and mementos from, 117, 118, 119
portrait of, by Sargent, 115-117

Robinson, Edward, 237
Robinson, Theodore, 173-174
  Impressionistic painting of, 174
Robinson, William S., 17, 196
Rochefort in the *New York Herald* on Miss Beaux, 197-198
Rodin, 85, 86
  Chase and, 86, 87
  President of International Society of Painters, Gravers and Sculptors, 182
  visit to, in studio, 106
  Whistler Memorial by, 182-183
Rolshoven, Julius, 130
Rome, American Academy at, 250, 255, 279
  plans for, 127
Rome, Art Exposition of, 1911, 240 *et seq.*
  American Pavilion, building for, designed by Carrére and Hastings, 242
    difficulties with Italian labor, 243
    difficulties with the garden contractor, 245
    formal inauguration of, with visit of King and Queen of Italy, 248
    Italian lawyer, 246-247
    lawsuit by employee, 246
    popular inauguration of, 246-247
    site for, 242
    visit of Queen-Mother Margherita to, 269
  fête at Colosseum, 251
  garden party at the Quirinal, description of, 267
    invitation to, 266
  garden party of Queen-Mother Margherita, 286
  inauguration of the exposition itself by the Royalty of Italy, 253
Rome, Art Exposition of, 1911, luncheon at palace of Queen-Mother Margherita, 263
  opening of national Pavilions of Art, 253
  preparations for, 241
  reception and banquet in the Quirinal, 259-262
Rome, palaces of, 272
  specter cabby in, 291
Roosevelt, Theodore, and acceptance of the Freer Collection, 233
  and protective coloration, 135, 136, 142-143, 144
  Sargent's portrait of, 121-122
  painting of, 231
Rosegarten, Joseph G., 39
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 11
Ryder, Albert P., 129, 162
  "Jonah and the Whale," 163
  personality of, 162 *et seq.*
  studio of, 163-165
  verses of, 166

Sage, Cornelia B., 237
St. Francis of Assisi, relic of, 258
St. Gaudens, Augustus, 116-117
  and Thomas Hovenden, 5
  Charles McKim, Harrison Morris and, on committee for Benjamin Franklin medal, 125-126
  Frank Miles Day, Harrison Morris and, on committee for Vicksburg battlefield monument, 128
  paying his assistants, 126
St. Gaudens, Louis, medal of Benjamin Franklin by, 124-126
San Juliano, Marquis di, 284
  dinner at palace of, 272
San Martino de Valperga, Count, 248, 255
  dinner to, 290

Sanden, Dr., 167
Sanden, Mrs., 167
Sargent, John S., 13, 112-123, 152, 195
"Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," 18
letters from, 112-114, 122
painting of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Field, 23
painting of the four eminent doctors of Johns Hopkins by, 229-230
portrait of Dr. Weir Mitchell, 120
portrait of Edwin Booth, painting of, 231-232
portrait of James Whitcomb Riley, 115-117
portrait of John Hay, 123
portrait of Miss Etta Dunham, 284
portrait of President Roosevelt, 121-122, 231
portrait of William M. Chase, 70, 73-74
visit to, in his studio, 75
Sartain, John, 7-9
and Edgar Allan Poe, 8
on controversy regarding Lansdowne portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart, 210-213
Sartain's Magazine, 8
Sauter, George, internment of, in England, during War, 178
marriage of, to sister of Galsworthy, 78
secretary of International Society of Painters, Gravers and Sculptors, 182
visit of Harrison Morris with, to Mrs. Alexander, 51
Scandinavian exhibition, 100
Schmitz, Charles, orchestra of, concerts by, 21, 23
Schofield, W. Elmer, 196
Schuessele, instructor at Pennsylvania Academy, 8
Seelye, Dr. L. Clark, portrait of, 65
Shafter, General, 72
Shaw, Bernard, and Ramsay MacDonald dinner, 60
home of, on Adelphi Terrace, London, 176, 177
Shippen, Edward, 36-37
Simmons, Edward, 231
Smedley, William T., 119
Smith, Berkeley, 85
Smith, Berkeley and Mrs., 85, 86, 87
Smith, Jessie Wilcox, 196
Smith, Xanthus, 25
Smithsonian Institution, accepts Freer Collection, 232-233
Sorolla, 284
Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 8
Sterner, Albert, show at studio of, 203
Stevenson, Robert Louis, and John W. Alexander, 159
Stewardson, Edwin A., "The Bather," 92
Stoddard, Richard Henry, 8
Stoker, Bram, 209, 210
Stuart, Gilbert, 22
bust of, in Redwood Library, Newport, 216
portrait of, by John Neagle, 216
portraits by, 206
of Alexander James Dallas, 206, 207
of Fothergill, 207-208
of Isaac Franks, 208
of Washington, Lansdowne full-length, 209
John Sartain on, 210, 213
of Washington, two-thirds, discovered in Pine Street house, Philadelphia, 213-215
signature of, on Washington portrait, 208-209

"Sullied or Chaste," 97
Sully, Thomas, 1, 22, 24, 216
  Life of, 1
  portrait of Judge Ross, 222
  works of, 217
"Sunrise on Monadnock," by Abbott Thayer, 138, 140
Swan, John Macallan, 55
Sword, James Brade, 25

Tanner, Henry O., 195
  and futuristic art, 195
  picture in the Luxembourg, 195
Tarbell, Edmund C., 5
  portrait of Dr. L. Clark Seelye, 65
  work of, 65-66
Taylor, W. L., portrait bust of, by St. Gaudens, 127
Tennyson, Alfred, 12
Thaulow, Fritz, 107
Thaw, Mrs., 160
Thayer, Abbott, 129, 134, 186
  and the camouflaged duck, 143
  "Caritas," 45, 134
  letters from, 135-142
  on protective coloration, 135-138, 142-144
  "Sunrise on Monadnock," 138, 140
  "Young Woman," 138, 139, 140, 141, 142
Thayer, William R., "Life of Cavour," 241
Thomas, Seymour, 84, 90
Thompson, Launt, 52
Thorne, William, 70, 177
Thoreau, Henry W., 41-42
Transatlantic Society, 60
Tuccimei, Paolo, 246
Tussaud, Madame, 195
Twachtman, John H., 129, 131
  letters from, 132-134

Uchida, Sadazuchi, of Japan, 264, 289

Van Dyke, Dr. John, as an art connoisseur, 231
Van Hoose, Ellison, and the nightingale, 279-280
Van Rensselaer, Alexander, 21, 23
Vedder, Elihu, 275
Vicksburg battlefield monument, 128
Victor Emmanuel III, democracy of, 288
  visit of, to American Pavilion at the Rome Art Exposition of 1911, 248
Victoria, Queen, Sully's sketch for portrait of, 217
Villa Ludovici, 286
  garden party of Queen-Mother Margherita at, 286
de Viti de Marco, Marchessa Etta, at the home of, 284
de Viti de Marco, Marchesi, 285
Vonnoh, Robert W., 17
  resigns from Academy Schools, 64
  trip to Europe with Harrison Morris, 47

Wanamaker, John, 14-16
  a patron of art, 14
  at home, 15-16
  installs Munkacsy pictures in Church of the Epiphany, 14
  views the art gallery, 14
Warner, Olin, bust of Alden Weir by, 145
Washington, George, portraits of, by Gilbert Stuart, 213
  at Boston Athenæum, 213
  Lansdowne full-length portrait of, 209
  two-thirds portrait discovered in Pine Street house, Philadelphia, 213-215
Watrous, Harry W., 130
Watts, George Frederick, visit to studio of, 54
Weeks, Edwin Lord, 84, 90

Weir, J. Alden, 129, 145, 148-153, 233
and George Hearn, 149
and Whistler, 150
letters from, 153, 154
Olin Warner's bust of, 145
"Red Bridge," 45
visit and presents to Miss Anna Wharton, on her marriage to Harrison Morris, 151, 152
work of, 151, 152
West, "Death on the Pale Horse" by, 22
Wharton, Miss Anna, visit of Alden Weir to, upon her engagement to Harrison Morris, 150-151
wedding presents of Alden Weir to, 151
Wharton, Joseph, 71, 221
dines with Kaiser on *Hohenzollern*, 226
Wharton, Sir Thomas, Van Dyke's portrait of, 151
Wheeler, General Joseph, 71
at West Point, 72, 79
in Cuba, 72
Whistler, James A. McNeil, and Alden Weir, 150
and the Bishop's hat, 50
at dinner of Mrs. Joseph Pennell, 78-81
at West Point, 72, 79
birthplace of, 182
Chase and, 95-96
copy of Delaroche's Cromwell at coffin of Charles I, 80
in Venice, 170
on Boer War, 80, 81
paintings of, 17-18
Freer Collection of, 232-234
"Fur Jacket," 17, 45
"Miss Alexander," 51
"Mother," 45
of E. G. Kennedy, 76
"Princess of the Land of Porcelain, 17, 45
Whistler, James, paintings of, "Yellow Buskin," 17, 45, 46
President of International Society of Painters, Gravers and Sculptors, 182
quarrel of, with William M. Chase, 78
visit to, in Paris, 48, 49, 50
Whistler Memorial replica by Rodin, for Lowell, Mass., 182-183
"Whistler's Journal," 72, 178
White, Dr. J. William, 109
lunch for Sargent at home of, 120
White, Mrs. Stanford, 250, 256
Whitman, Mrs., Boston museum of Fine Arts Schools, 66, 68
Whitman, Walt, bust of, by Samuel Murray, 36
Herbert Gilchrist and, 12
painting by Thomas Eakins, 35
Quaker frugality of, 183
Willcox, 25, 27
Williams, F. Ballard, 130
Williams, Francis Howard, 87
Williams, Isaac L., 25
Williams, Mrs. Talcott, 35
Wilstach, Mrs., quarrel of Secretary of Academy with, 3
Wilstach Collection, Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, 3, 46, 103
Wister, Mrs. A. L., 19
Wister, Owen, 115
World's Fair exhibition of paintings, 17-18

"Young Woman," by Abbott Thayer, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142

Zorn, Anders I., 100
at Wanamaker's, 100
letter of, 101-102